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# THE NEW YORKER

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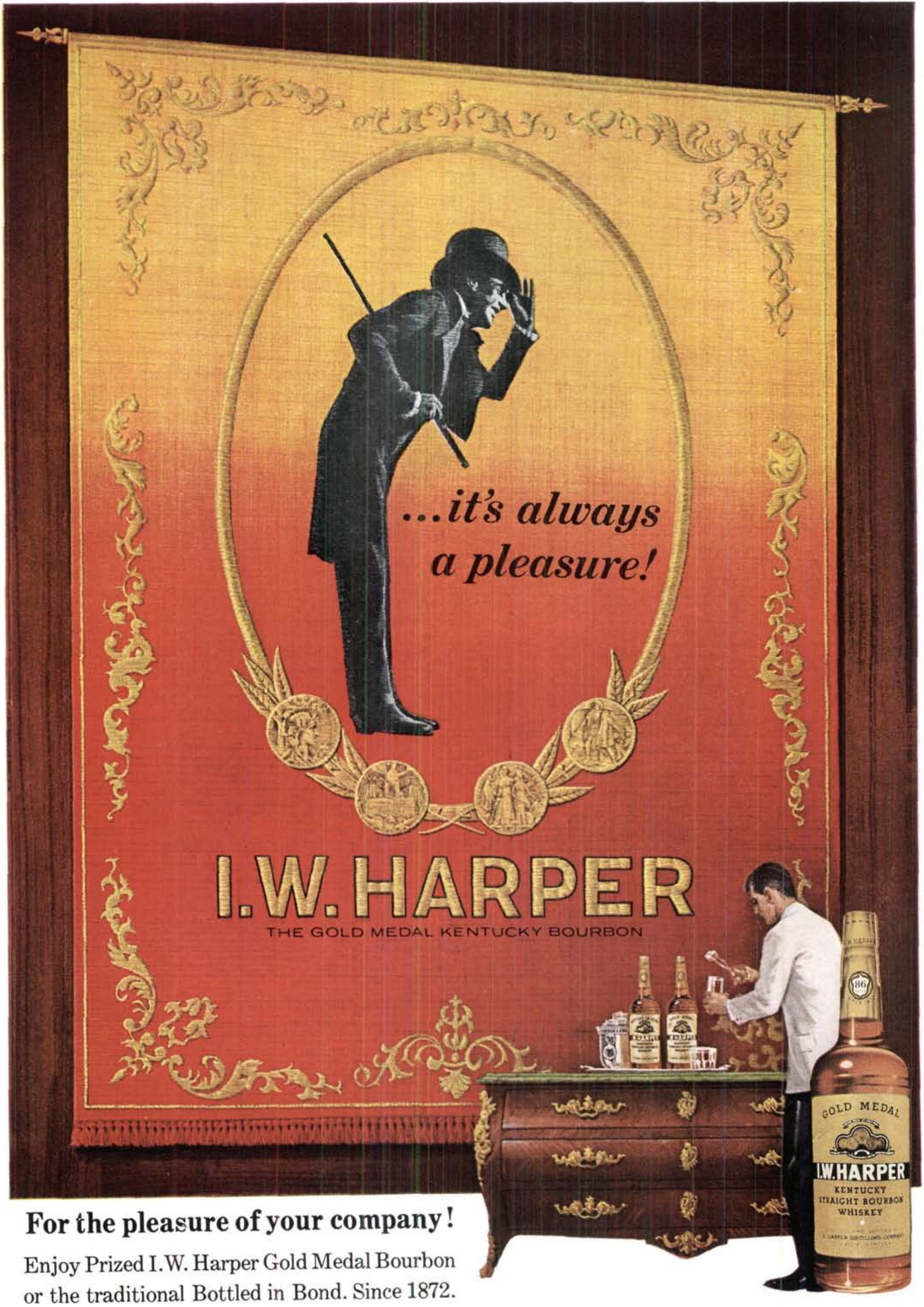
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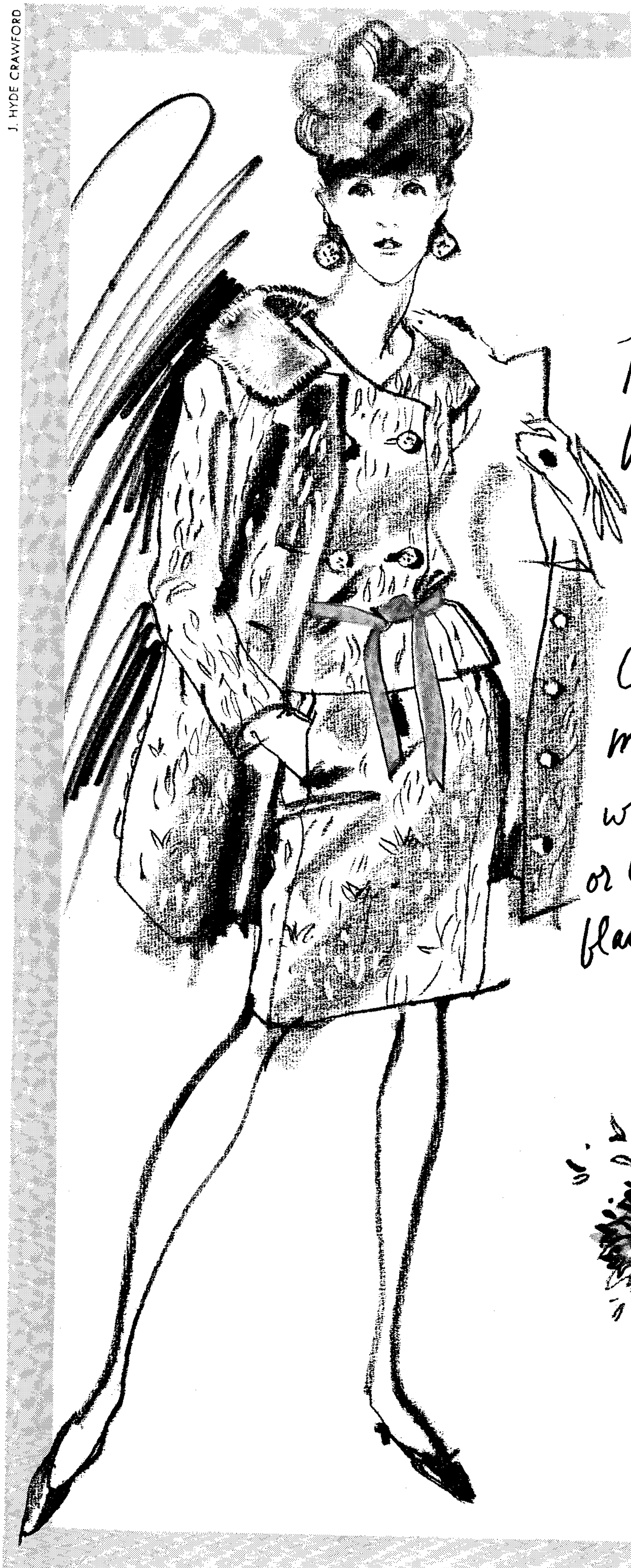

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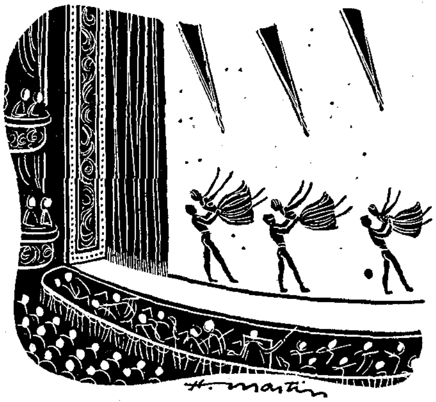
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Entertaining Mr. Sloane**—A strange importation from England, which deals with a lunatic spinster, her brother, and a demented youth who is the spinster's lodger and for whose affections the sister and brother contest. Sheila Hancock, Dudley Sutton, Lee Montague, and George Turner make up the admirable cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Generation**—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Impossible Years**—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A very noisy but not very stimulating comedy, which was written by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Mrs. Dally**—William Hanley has expanded his one-act off-Broadway drama of a couple of seasons ago into a two-part play that has little to recommend it. Arlene Francis is the frustrated, middle-aged Mrs. Dally of the affair, who dreams long dreams of improving her station while cuddling a simple-minded juvenile lover, Robert Forster, and putting up with a boorish husband, Ralph Meeker. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Odd Couple**—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau and (starting Monday, Oct. 25) Eddie Bracken lead the cast, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A Very Rich Woman**—Ruth Gordon as a Boston dowager throwing her capital around against the wishes of her potential heirs. A fairly pleasant featherweight in which Miss Gordon is assisted by Ethel Griffies, Madge Kennedy, Ernest Truex, and Raymond Walburn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday, at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

**Long Runs**—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **LUV:** Larry Blyden, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy about a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**The Right Honourable Gentleman**—A play by Michael Dyne, imported from London, with Charles D. Gray and Coral Browne. The director is Frith Banbury. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Baker Street**—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye and Inga Swenson a lady in love with him. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Half a Sixpence**—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Pickwick**—A rather limp musical interpretation of Dickens' rambling masterwork. Book by Wolf Mankowitz and music and lyrics by Cyril Ornadel and Leslie Bricusse. Harry Secombe heads the industrious cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd**—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Hetty Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**On a Clear Day You Can See Forever**—Barbara Harris and John Cullum in a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music). Robert Lewis directed. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Royal Hunt of the Sun**—Christopher Plummer, David Carradine, and George Rose in Peter Shaffer's play, imported from London. Staged by John Dexter. Previews through Monday, Oct. 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 26. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center**—The first play in the company's inaugural season (four productions) in its new home will be **DANTON'S DEATH** by Georg Buechner. Opens Thursday, Oct. 21, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7;

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 36, October 23, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Amato Opera Company**—Presentations of DON GIOVANNI. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

**American Savoyards**—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 21-22: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 23: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 24: RUDDIGORE. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Oct. 26-27: THE GONDOLIERS. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 28-29: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 30: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

**An Evening's Frost**—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Friends** and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

**Good Day** and **The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love**—Two one-act plays, the first by Emanuel Peluso, with Nancy Marchand, and the second by Jerome Max, with Clarice Blackburn and Betty Lou Holland. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

**Hotel Passionato**—Phil Leeds, Marian Mercer, and Jo Anne Worley in a musical (book by Jerome J. Schwartz, music by Philip Springer, and lyrics by Joan Javits) based on an 1886 French original, which also served as the inspiration for Peter Glenville's farce "Hotel Paradiso," in 1955. Preview Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 22. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

**Kill the One-Eyed Man!**—A play adapted by Herb Schapiro from a story by Nikolai Gogol. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Knack**—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Trigon**—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A View from the Bridge**—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Zoo Story** and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Episodes," "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Tarantella," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1:15: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7:15: "Con Amore," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Donizetti Variations," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Four Temperaments.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Dim Lustre," "Concerto Barocco," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Piège de Lumière.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "La Valse." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Oct. 31. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

**Royal Winnipeg Ballet**—Appearing for a single performance in a program that consists of Agnes de Mille's "The Rehearsal" and "The Bitter Weird" and Brian Macdonald's "Aimez-Vous Bach?" and "Les Whoops De Doo." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**The World of Charles Aznavour**—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Oct. 30.)

**ANTA Program**—Bramwell Fletcher in "The Bernard Shaw Story," adapted by Mr. Fletcher and presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 2. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

**La Contrescarpe**—A French cabaret entertainment consisting of songs, ballads, and poetry set to music. With Bernard Heller, Francesca Solleville, Hélène Martin, Paul Villaz, and Jacques Marchais. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 9.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Tony Martin is indulging in a long, leisurely sort of singing-in-the-shower session and *conversazione*. He and the water are turned on at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is there practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Everyone who takes the floor (George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen) of the sedate restaurant wears a good-conduct medal. From eight to nine, they execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some of the latecomers who still wheel while they deal during the wee hours report regularly for duty. A brace of bands play industriously for the entrancemakers in the main hall. In the Champagne Room, people who prefer to sit everything out listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

**Mark Twain Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The night boat to the nineteenth century and the era of all-out interior decorating. Amid the fond recollections is the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra (music to really *dance* to), now under the guidance of Lee Castle. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

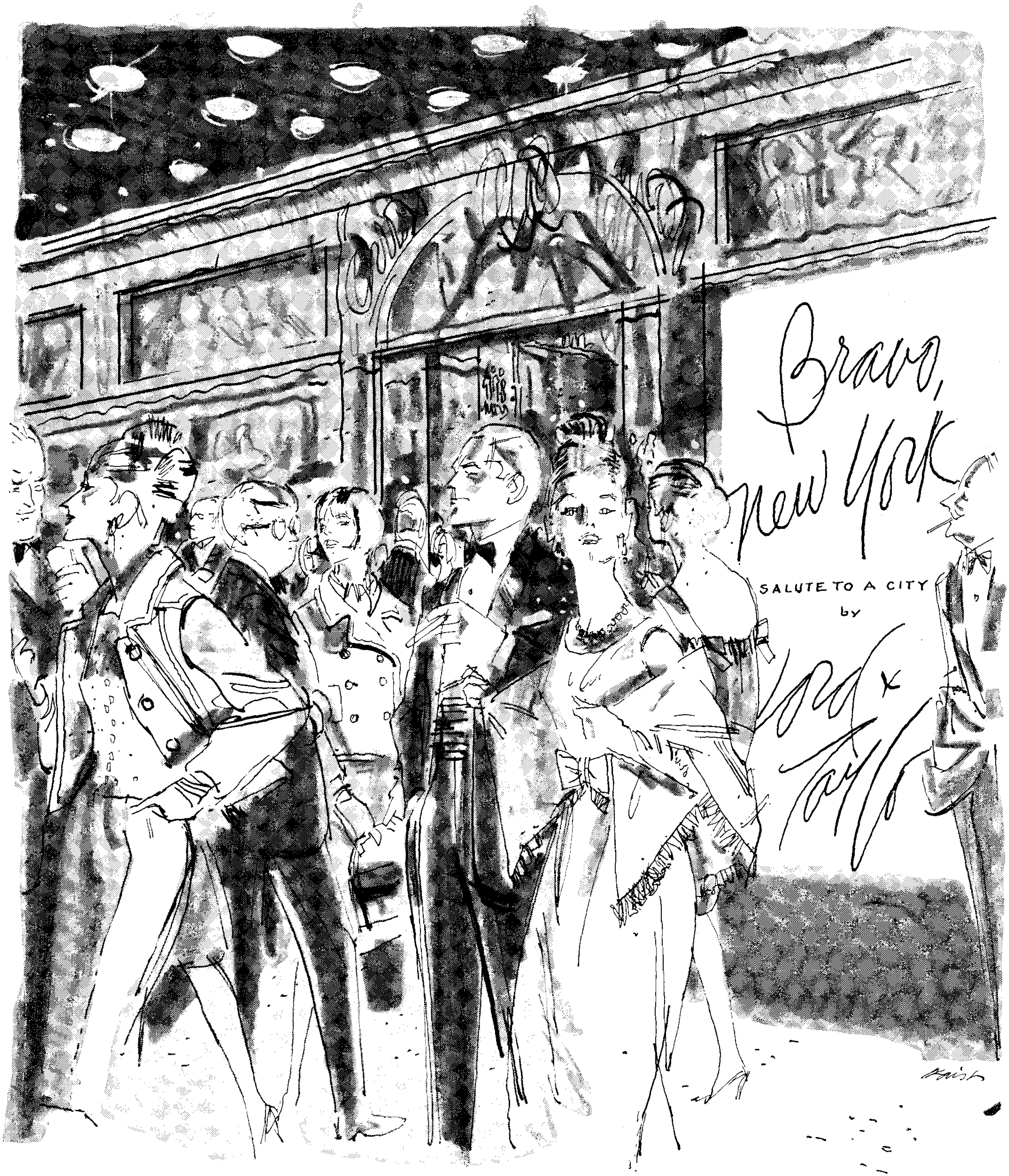
**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—For God, for country, and for Yale, not to mention for the customers of the snug little Café Pierre, is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, the dinner-and-supper tenant and tenor of the Persian Room, is a handsome, vigorous boy wonder who lives up to Great Expectations, even when an overwrought orchestra snarls at him. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The Ark on top of Mount Ararat. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The red carpet, a Londony one, that has been laid out for the customers of the Maisonette is new, and so is the scenery (a library with non-library murals), but the musicians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—are old familiars. They ply their trade from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

**Note**—Mass (and merry) participation is no problem at all in ROSELAND DANCE CITY, at 239



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting *Sunday session (three-thirty until one).* Mondays are rest nights.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No great rush disturbs the peace of this residential quarter of Florence, nor does any great sound, except when a tenor and a soprano undertake one of those set pieces by Puccini or other old neighbors. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That thing called love and what tied it into Gordian knots are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Steve Iles plays piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a short cut to a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain has set up his portmanteau piano in a corner of a picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. He keeps late hours. No piano Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco), and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look *at this West Indie tells you that out of the* woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The old-school dropouts from daytime life are apt to show up, as late as ever, in this shelter, where Nancy Steele gives them rumpus-room ballads and Murray Grand gives them piano filled with nostalgia. The music (Ronnie Ball's duo) commences at eight-thirty; the Steele ditties and the Grand piano commence after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The open road to a bustling Rome, rife with chatter and floating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano of George Feyer is on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is now that grand old seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think *he must be in the prompter's box when his* waiter hastily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella,* into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Almost the smallest bar in town, and one of the neatest of the lot. Gustavo Lopez, his guitar, and the décor are cool, correct Iberian. The music goes from nine to one, except Mondays. *No dining.*

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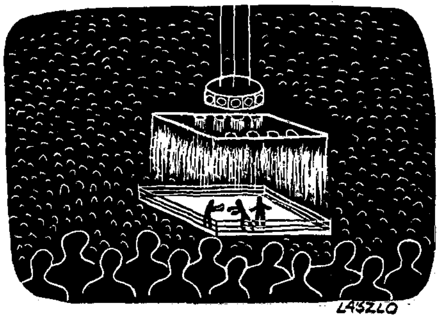
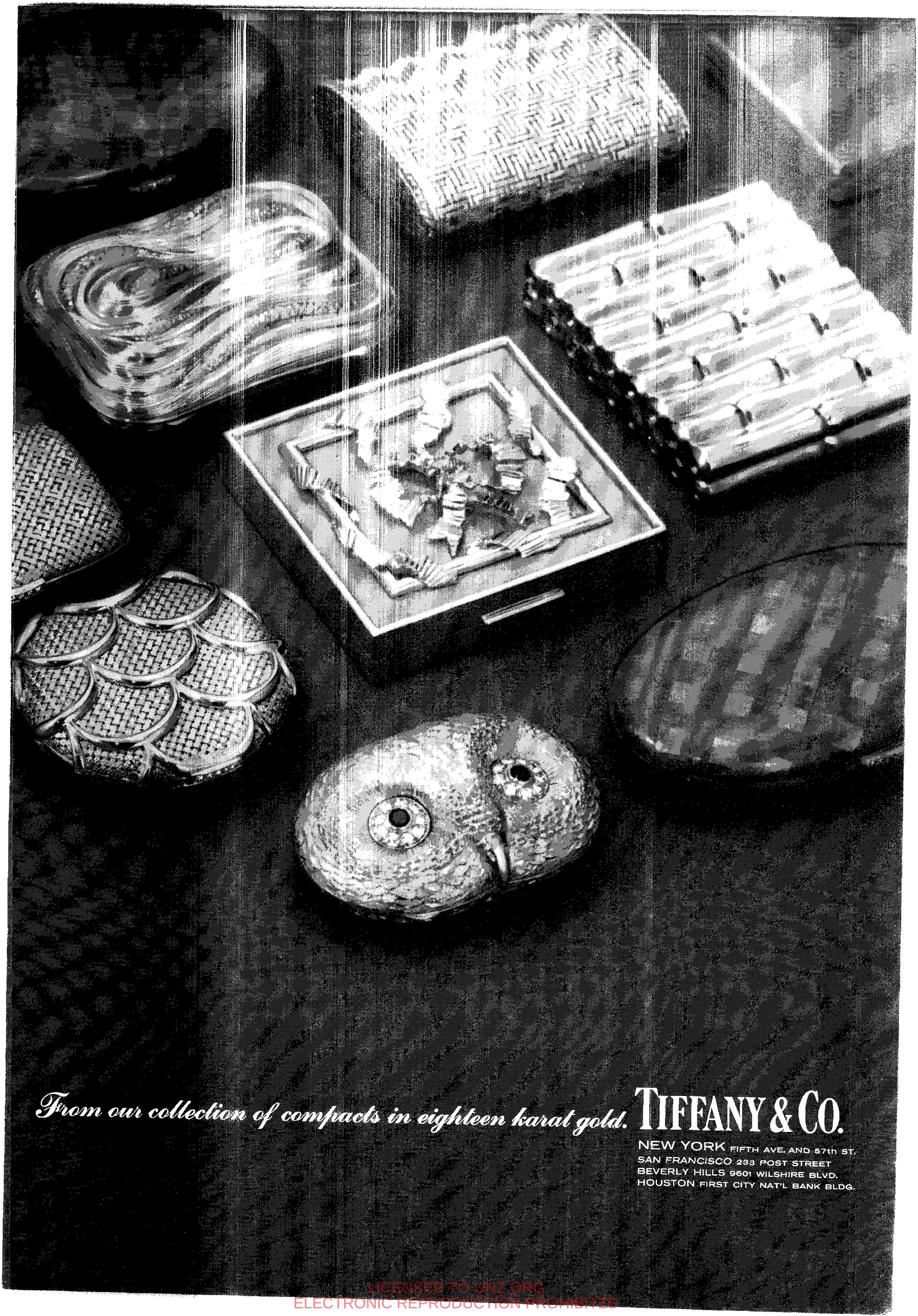
Note—The discothèque, a fact of life that is too much with us, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—a senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are opulent, the music is insistent. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that it is issued by computers, which run until three or four; Sundays, when one is curfew time, the music is entirely popular mechanics. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon, and how to let youth have its fling. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Another children's home. All the Pied Pipers here, though, are windup toys. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are original and amusing. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, *and there is a supper menu.* Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A spate of young ladies with nothing on their lovely minds and practically nothing on their lovely backs. Amid their innocent high glee stands Jackie Kahane, a gregarious, garrulous, and very funny fellow from Montreal; here also stands Ted Lewis, singing (or more often declaiming) in his familiar top-hat-and-cane manner. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Petula Clark, a cheery British blonde composed of Devonshire cream and spun gold, has just the right sound for "Downtown" and all the other discothèque anthems; Lee Tully, the incumbent humorist, has very little for anybody. On Thursday, Oct. 28, a change of scene: Billy Daniels, the old trembling aspen leaf, and his ditties. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where the sun rises at ten o'clock in the evening and seems never to set, rumpus music does the same thing. . . . **BASIN STREET**





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Astrud Gilberto, the girl who has made us all long to be beachcombers at Ipanema, is singing perfect-pitch, perfect-poise Portuguese and contiguous tongues. Tijuana Brass, her companion, is a band that is Latin on the Mexican side of the border. Kickoffs at nine and thereafter. Closed Sundays.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, is—like all his other diatribes—sharp as serpents' teeth, swift as swallows. The sharpest of the teeth is Elizabeth Wilson, who "studied whimsey at Bryn Mawr," and the sweetest of the swallows is Lee Beery, girl caroller; Liz Sheridan, Rex Robbins, John Keatts, and Bill Hinnant fill out a cast that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The staging, full of nimble nuance, is the work of Frank Wagner; the orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together zings together, which means that Los Chavales de España (the new boys as well as the old boys) are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," the collected works of a philosopher who circled the world and found it square, gives Kaye Ballard an opportunity to run riot—a sport in which she holds track records. Harold Lang's footwork makes up for the absence of a chorus. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A new miniature revue, "Just for Openers," is working out under lights in preparation for its formal début. The principal point of interest is R. G. Brown, who is just about perfect in the role of antisocial butterfly. Nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba in exile, and in exultation when Olga Guillot begins her passion-flower song recital, which she does two or three times during dinner and supper.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The piano of Bill Evans, sublime and subliminal, decorates the local threesome. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Monday nights, other musicians congregate. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Mongo Santamaria's outspoken octet winds up on Sunday, Oct. 24, but Cal Tjader's quintet, a venture into the future, will stay on. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, Gloria Lynne and her turbulent arias will be added; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, the addition will be Dick Gregory, a humorist who has been viewing life from the front row center. Mondays, the place is given over to a collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses and the one most likely to amuse. The singers, all folk, are the Tarriers; the wits are the Uncalled-For 3. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught—even the pleasant persiflage of the fivesome run by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Jimmy Rushing fires a guest shot (one heard around the world) with his voice every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Max Roach, a Judgment Day drummer, has decided opinions about progressiveness. Jorge Morel's Iberian guitar does the musing. Mondays, another band fills in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Henry Goodwin are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. There is Dixieland on Sunday afternoons, too, after five. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

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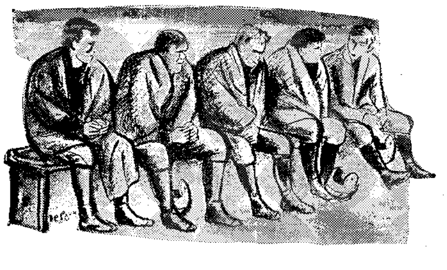
## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**DAVID BURT**—Metal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**CARROLL CLOAR**—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)



**SEYMOUR FOGEL**—Kaleidoscopic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**SIDNEY GOODMAN**—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**HANS HARTUNG**—Etchings and lithographs by this Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

**PATRICK HERON**—Abstract oils by a British artist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**DAVID JACOBS**—Welded-aluminum sculptures; through Nov. 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ELY JACQUES KAHN**—Watercolors of landscapes and street scenes; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Incurable Collector, 36 E. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM KIENBUSCH**—Oils and caseins; through Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**FRANCISCO LAREZ**—Intaglio prints; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**REUBEN NAKIAN**—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ABRAHAM PALATNIK AND IVAN PICELJ**—Cinechromatic screens by the first, a Brazilian artist, and reliefs by the second, a Yugoslavian artist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WALDO PEIRCE**—A retrospective of paintings dating back to the thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**ANN COLE PHILLIPS**—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PICASSO**—Oil paintings (1963-65); through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (1909-63); through Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOE RAFFAELE**—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

**MAN RAY**—"*Objects of My Affection,*" a showing of objects and collages; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM**—The desert is the theme here; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GEORGE SEGAL**—Plaster figure sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**LEON POLK SMITH**—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULIAN STANCZAK**—Optical paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ELAINE STURTEVANT**—Pop art; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

**REVA URBAN**—Shaped canvases, 1960-65; through Nov. 6. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

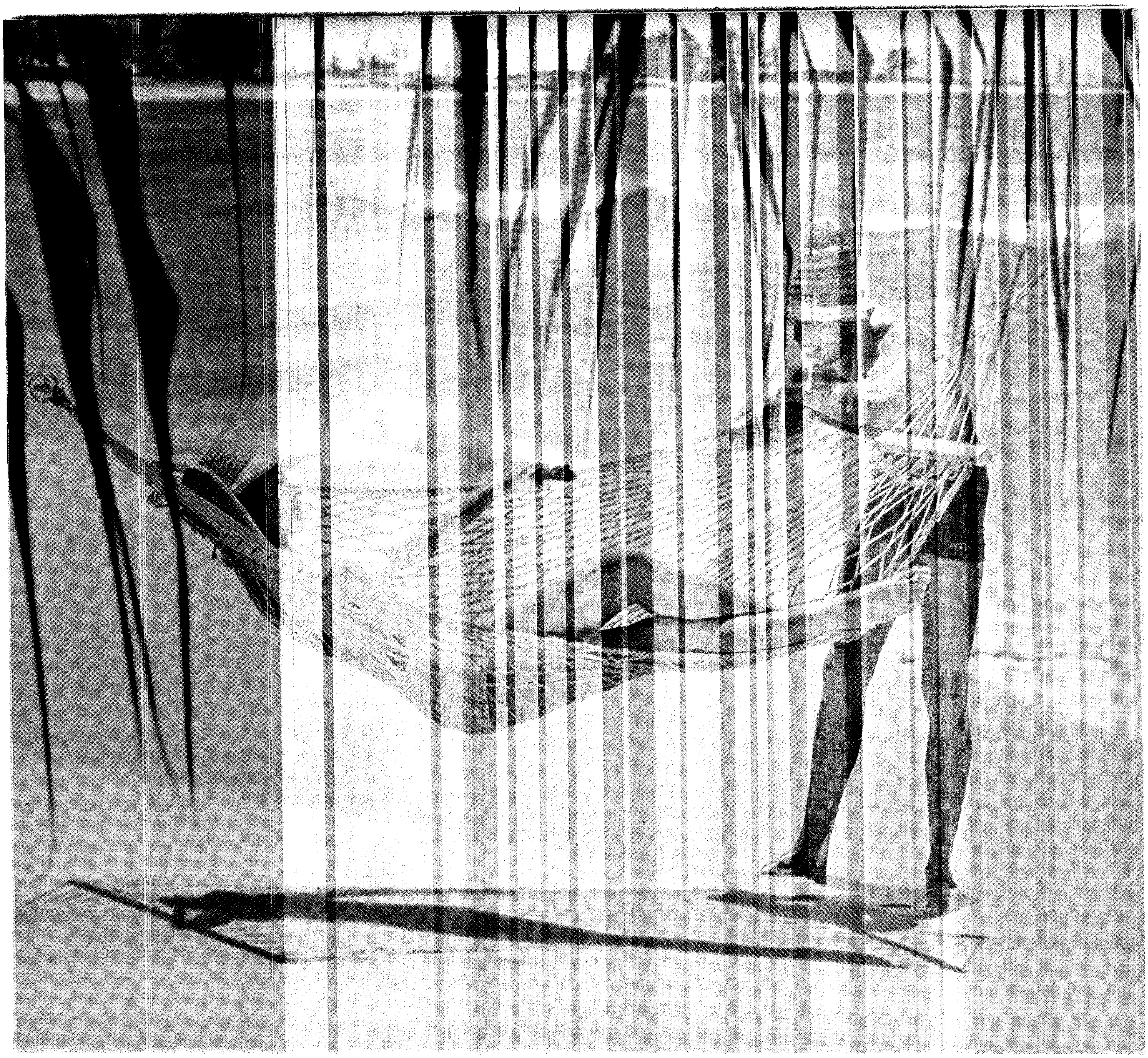
**VICTOR VASARELY**—Optical paintings, sculptures, collages, and constructions; through Nov. 3. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JAMES WEEKS**—Figure and landscape paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**JOHN WILDE**—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

**JACK YOUNGERMAN**—A joint exhibition: paintings at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.) and ink drawings at the Byron (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 23.

**SYNCHROMISM AND COLOR PRINCIPLES IN AMERICAN PAINTING 1910-30**—Works by Synchromists Stanton Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell and by representatives of parallel movements, among them Robert Delaunay and



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Joseph Stella; through Nov. 6. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Drawings**—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century examples by, among others, Cézanne, Ingres, and Toulouse-Lautrec; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Sculptures**—Pieces by Roger Bolomey, Duayne Hatchett, Robert Howard, and David von Schlegell; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

**African Art**—Statues and masks in ivory and wood from European collections; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: "The Artist Sees Himself," an exhibition of self-portraits by Isabel Bishop, Julian Levi, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '65-'66" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, among them Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Modern Spanish paintings by Antoni Tàpies, Juan José Tharrats, Antoni Clavé, and four other Catalonian artists; through Nov. 3. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Flower paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, from Boudin to Braque; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Vieira da Silva, Robert Müller, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Saturday, Oct. 30.

**Israelis; Group Show**—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Femme Fatale," an exhibition of about fifty lithographs and etchings by Edvard Munch and Henri Toulouse-Lautrec; starting Friday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's collection by, among others, Holbein, Goya, and Mary Cassatt; through Sunday, Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Nov. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of graphics by Alexander Archipenko; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"About New York: Night and Day, 1915-65," a loan display of paintings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by, among others, Mark Tobey, David Smith, and Edward Steichen), not to mention memorabilia from the past half century; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Early American Folk Arts**, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Religion in Wood: A Study in Shaker Design," a showing of the decorative and fine arts of the Shakers; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—Ancient Peruvian textiles on loan from the Textile Museum of Washington; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of manuscripts, letters, and books, covering six centuries of English and American literature, in observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Library's Berg Collection. Included are a first edition of "The Chronicles of England," published in 1480 by Willliam Caxton, a group of letters by Samuel Johnson, books and manuscripts by Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a journal of Henry David Thoreau. Through March 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Felicia Weathers, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, John Alexander, Ettore Bastianini, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Lorenzo Alvary, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 25: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Elfego Esparza, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, John Alexander, Ettore Bastianini, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Dan Marek. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Falstaff," with Mary Costa, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Et-

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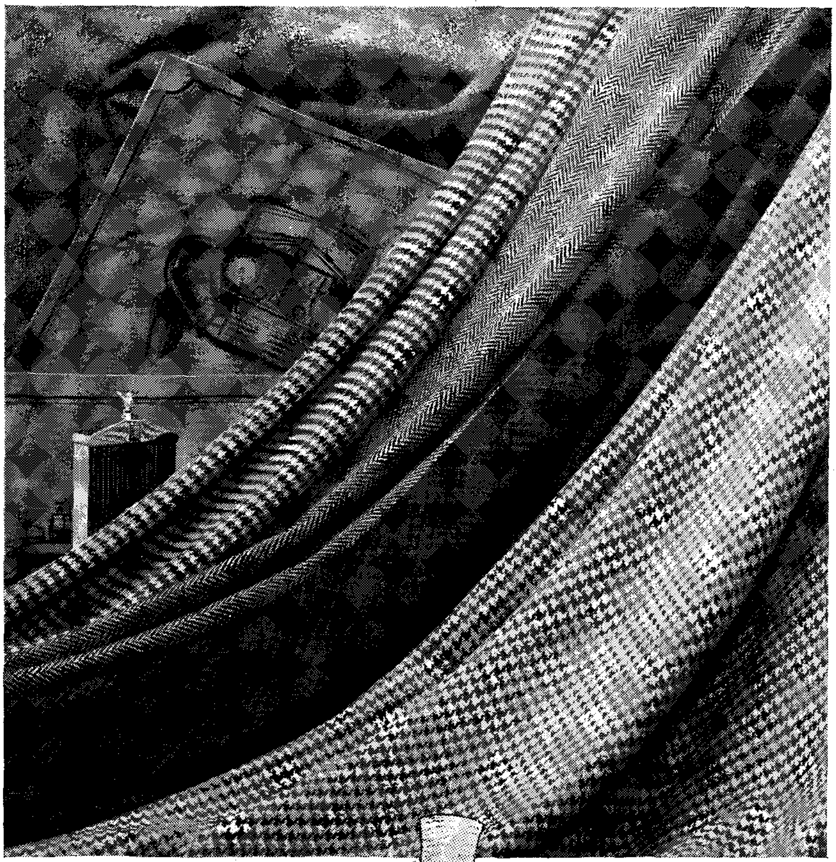

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tore Bastianini, Cesare Siepi, and Justino Díaz. *(Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)*

**New York City Opera Company**—Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30: "Faust."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus" (in English).... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:30: "La Traviata."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English).... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: The company's première of Richard Strauss's "Capriccio" (in English).... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "The Flaming Angel" (in English).... ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:30: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

**Mozart Opera Festival**—"The Magic Flute," performed in English by the North Shore Opera Company. The second in a series of four productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—George Szell conducting a program of Russian music, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 1, at 7:30.)

**Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra**—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: David Oistrakh conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Igor Oistrakh, also violin.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with David Oistrakh.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Mr. Cliburn.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with David Oistrakh.

**Boston Symphony**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, and Friday, Oct. 29, both at 8:30.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

**Detroit Symphony Orchestra**—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

**Festival Orchestra of New York**—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:40.)

**Contemporary Chamber Ensemble**—Arthur Weisberg conducting the first in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music, this one with commentary by Elliott Carter, the composer. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 30-31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra**—Johannes Somary directing the first New York performance of Handel's oratorio "Susanna," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern and Stafford Wing, tenors; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

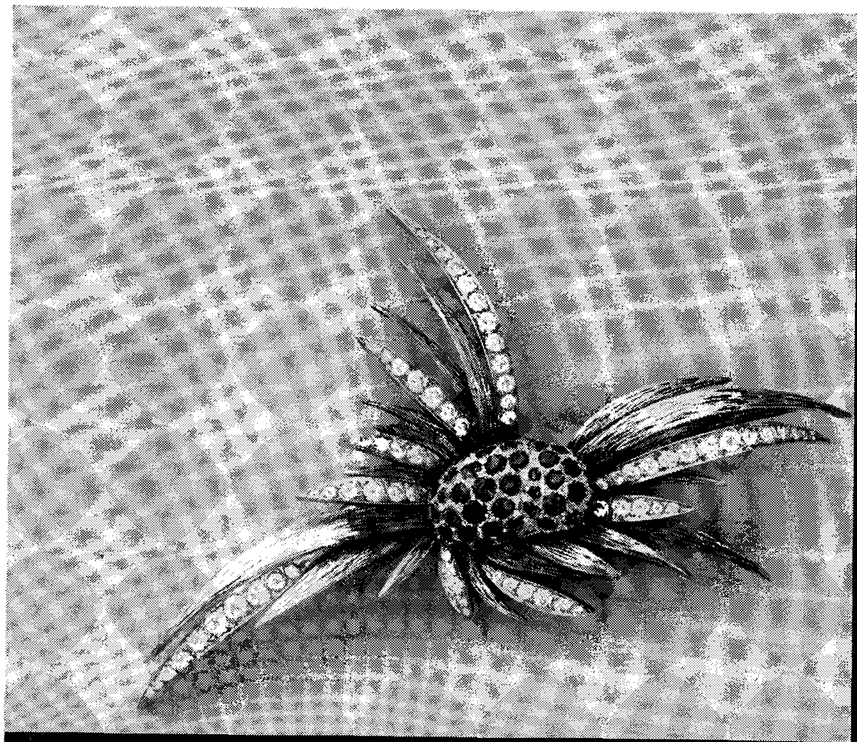
## *RECITALS*

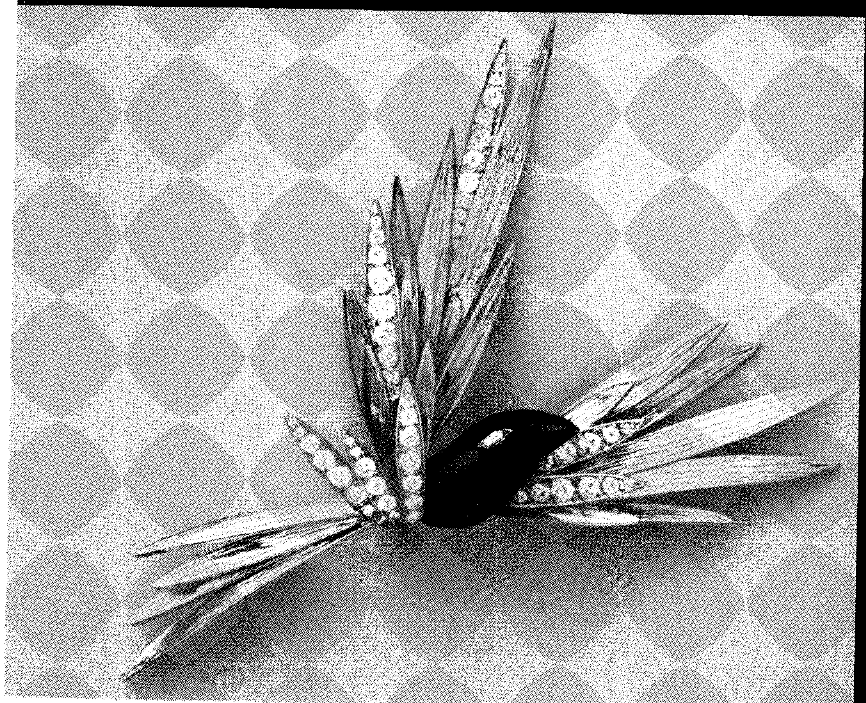
**Charles Treger**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

**Michael Davis**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A program of Florentine music of the Middle Ages and the





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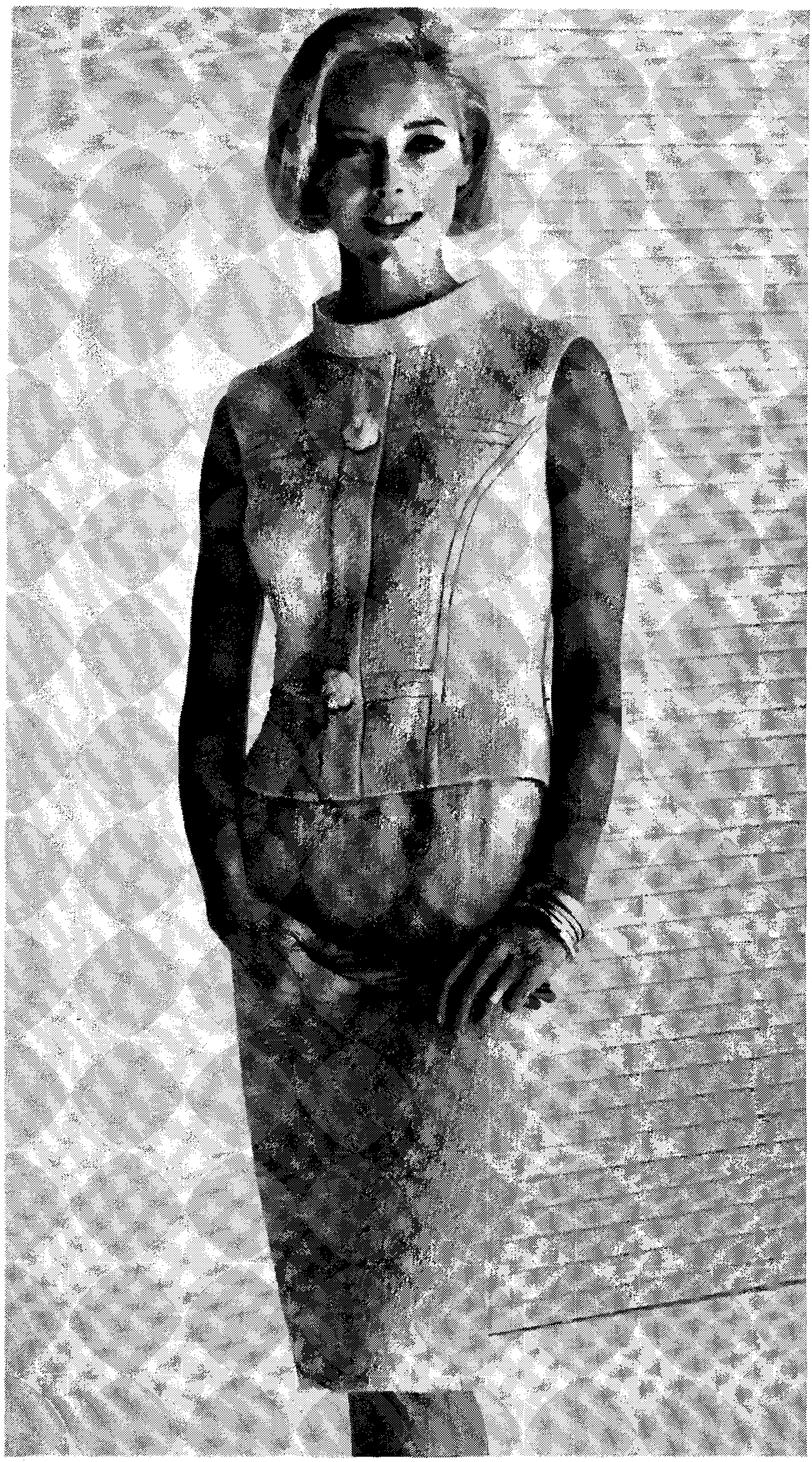

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Renaissance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**IVAN PETROV**—Bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

**BACH FESTIVAL**—Jörg Demus, pianist, playing Book I of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." The second in a series of five concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

**RALPH KIRKPATRICK**—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:40.)

**JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ**—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

**JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**YEHUDI MENUHIN AND FOU TS'ONG**—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

**GUARNERI STRING QUARTET**—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**BOXING**—Joey Giardello vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—SATURDAY, OCT. 23: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Iona vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Shea Stadium, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Hamilton, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1:30.)

**GOLF**—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Cedar Brook Country Club, Brookville, L.I. Through Thursday, Oct. 21.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesday, Oct. 26, through Tuesday, Nov. 2. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

**HUNT RACING**—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.)

**RACING**—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays. Through Saturday, Oct. 23, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 23, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 28-29, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 29. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, Dec.

15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Music**—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 23, at noon and at 2:30.)... **AMERICAN SAVOYARDS:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Oct. 23.... ¶ "Ruddigore," Sunday, Oct. 24.... ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, Oct. 30. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Ostrich Feathers." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 1:45.)... **THEATRE A LA CARTE:** "Emperor's Nightingale." (Red Cross Auditorium, 150 Amsterdam Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2. For tickets, call SU 7-0626.)... **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

**Junior Museum**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

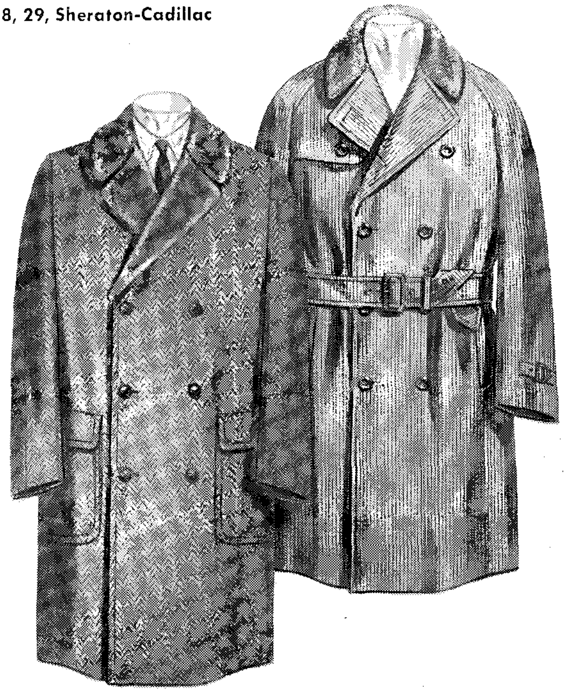
**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry Readings**—At the **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM:** Marianne Moore, Richmond Lattimore, and John Hall Wheelock reading from their own works, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.... ¶ Carolyn Kizer and Alastair Reid reading from their own works, Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... **POETRY CENTER**, Y.M.H.A.: James Dickey and Theodore Weiss reading from their own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 1:45: French furniture, tapestries, rugs, and bibelots; the property of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 1:45: English and American literature, Bibles, illustrated books, and autographs; from the collection of Dr. Joseph M. Weidberg.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Bunny Lake Is Missing**—Slick mystification in the London mews, with Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Carol Lynley, and Noël Coward. Directed by Otto Preminger. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Oct. 27.)

**Casanova '70**—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A comic and appealing Italian comedy, expertly *directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots* of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

**Darling**—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Oct. 26.)

**The Greatest Story Ever Told**—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**The Great Race**—A vehicle for vehicles, the latter of the Edwardian period and ably manned by Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk. Funny at the beginning; then you had better go quietly. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

**Help!**—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Oct. 22-26.)

**The Ipcress File**—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

**The Knack**—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**The Loved One**—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**The Moment of Truth**—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

**My Fair Lady**—*A worthy translation of the original*, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Nobody Waved Goodbye**—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 22-24.)

**The Pawnbroker**—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 26, except the afternoons of Oct. 23-24. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 27, tentative.)

**Ship of Fools**—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 26.)

**Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines**—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**To Die in Madrid**—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**Variety Lights**—Federico Fellini's first film, made in 1950 in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. Full of wonderful things, and well acted by, among others, Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 21.)

## REVIVALS

**Becket** (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; *starting Oct. 26.*)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 22-25.)

**David and Lisa** (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 22.)

**Day in the Country** (1950)—Jean Renoir's film that originally made up a third of "Ways of Love." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 26.)

**Dinner at Eight** (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 26.)

**Forbidden Games** (1952)—The effect of war and death on two small children. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 26.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 26.)

**The Idiot** (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 26.)

**Lord of the Flies** (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 22.)

**M** (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 21.)

**Mafioso** (1964)—A glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 26.)

**The Organizer** (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 26.)

**Point of Order!** (1964)—*A documentary on the* Army-McCarthy hearings. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 21.)

**Room at the Top** (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream in society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone *Signoret. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th,* GR 7-7874; through Oct. 26.)

**Rules of the Game** (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 26.)

**Sanjuro** (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 22-25.)

**Séance on a Wet Afternoon** (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 21.)

**The Servant** (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 26, except the afternoons of Oct. 23-24. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 27, tentative.)

**The Seventh Seal** (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 23.)

**The Sheep Has Five Legs** (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 22-25.)

**The Silence** (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 24-26.)

**This Sporting Life** (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 25.)

**To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed** (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 22-25.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 26-27.)

**The Ugly American** (1963)—Marlon Brando in a melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 26.)

**Wild Strawberries** (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 23.)

**You Can't Cheat an Honest Man** (1939)—Circus life, with W.C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 22-25.)

**Film Libraries**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Oct. 24: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929), with Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ Oct. 25: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Eleanora Brown. . . . ¶ Oct. 26: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below" (1961), a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration. . . . ¶ Oct. 27: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1962), *in Italian, with Marcello Mastroianni.* (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Through Oct. 23, showings at 3 and 5:15: "Between Showers" (1914), "A Film Johnny" (1914), "The Tramp" (1915), and "The Floorwalker" (1916). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 26, showings at 2:30 and 5:30: "Twenty Minutes of Love" (1914), "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Work" (1915), and "Behind the Screen" (1916). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 26: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.
From Oct. 27: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**MY FAIR LADY.**

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
**THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
**THE GREAT RACE.**

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 26: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**
From Oct. 27: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

**WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.**

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 26: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian), revival; and "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
**NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 26: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Oct. 27: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 26 (evening performances only on Oct. 23-24): **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
Oct. 23-24 (afternoons only): "Snow White," a German film, with English dialogue.
From Oct. 27 (tentative): "High Infidelity" (*in Italian*), *Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi;* and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Oct. 26: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Oct. 27: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
**BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Oct. 21, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
From Oct. 22: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 23: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
From Oct. 24: "The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**THE KNACK.**

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
**THE IPCRESS FILE.**

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**THE LOVED ONE.**

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

**YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Oct. 21: "Flower Drum Song," revival, Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "The Birds," revival, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
Oct. 22-24: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
Oct. 25: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From Oct. 26: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**, revival; and **BECKET**, revival.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 26: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**
From Oct. 27: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Oct. 26: **DARLING.**
From Oct. 27: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 26: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
From Oct. 27 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Oct. 21, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
Oct. 22-26: "Sergeant Deadhead" and "Ski Party," both with Frankie Avalon.
From Oct. 27: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr; and "Murieta," Jeffrey Hunter.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 26: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Oct. 27: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 21: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); **M** (in German), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.
Oct. 22-25: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
From Oct. 26: **GRAND ILLUSION**, **RULES OF THE GAME**, and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (all in French and all revivals).

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 23: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Oct. 24-26: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Oct. 27: "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde; and "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 26: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival.
From Oct. 27: "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Oct 21: **HELP!**
From Oct. 22: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 26: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From Oct. 27: "China!," a documentary film; and "The Fiancés" (in Italian), revival.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Oct. 21, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
From Oct. 22: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 26: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Oct. 27: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Madam White Snake" (with Mandarin dialogue).

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).

**CINEMA RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Mickey One," Warren Beatty.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**TO DIE IN MADRID.**

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**DARLING.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Oct. 24: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.
From Oct. 25: "Alphaville" (in French), Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 21: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
Oct. 22-25: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and "The Freaks," revival, Olga Baclanova.
Oct. 26-27: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Oct. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
Oct. 22-26: **HELP!**; and "Dear Brigitte," revival, James Stewart, Fabian.
From Oct. 27: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick; and "Tomorrow at 10," John Gregson, Robert Shaw.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 21: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
Oct. 22-25: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 26: **THE IDIOT** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 26: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi; and "Watch Your Stern," revival, Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
From Oct. 27: "China!," a documentary film; and "The Fiancés" (in Italian), revival.

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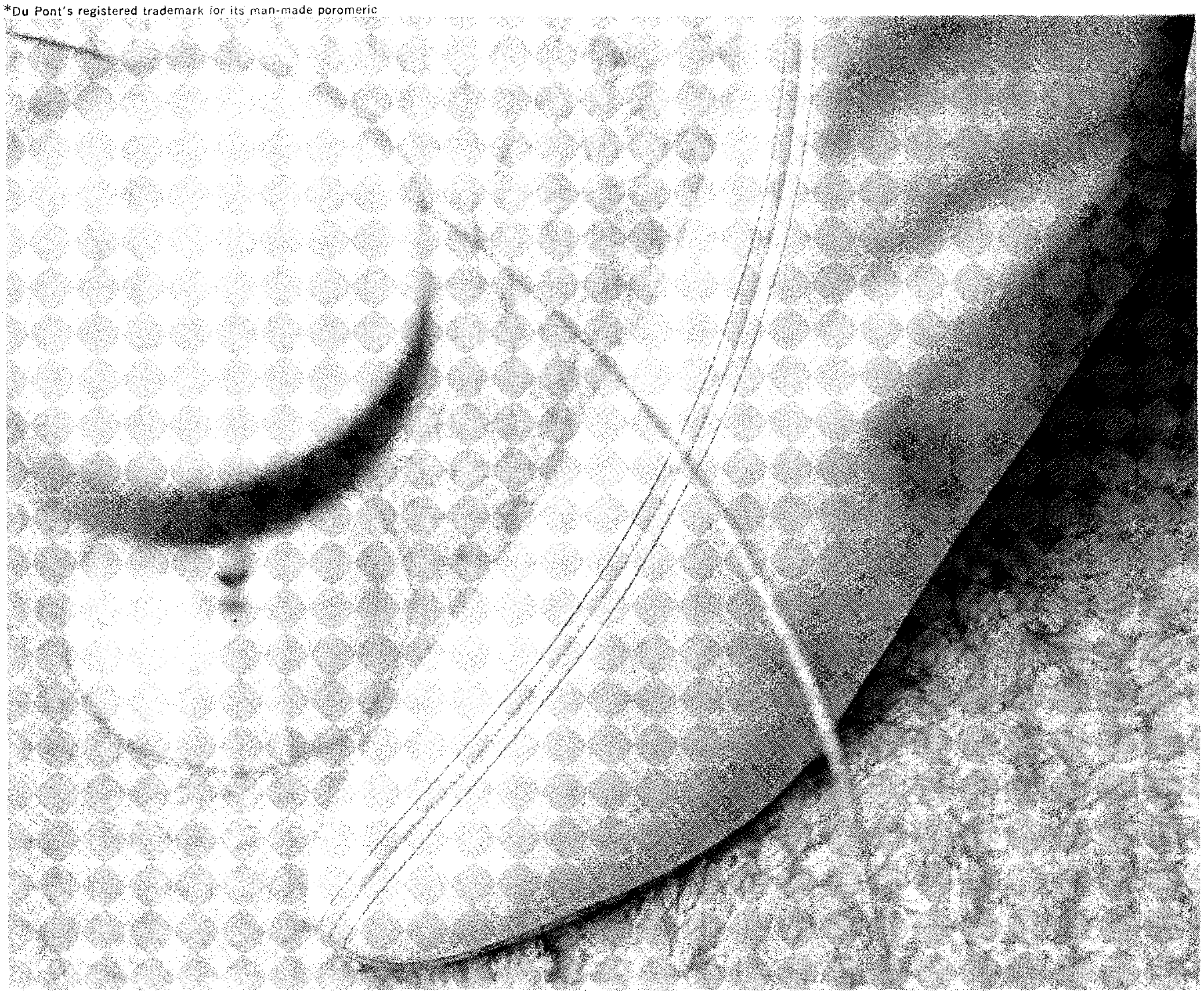

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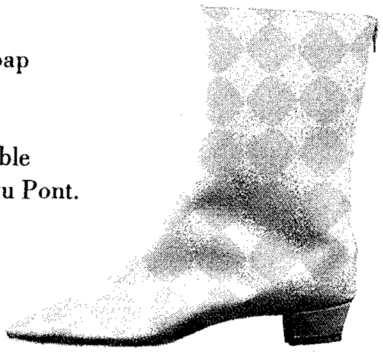

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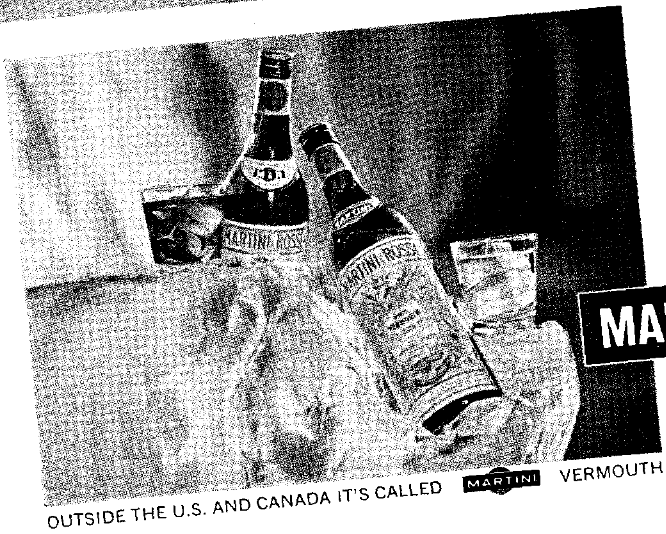
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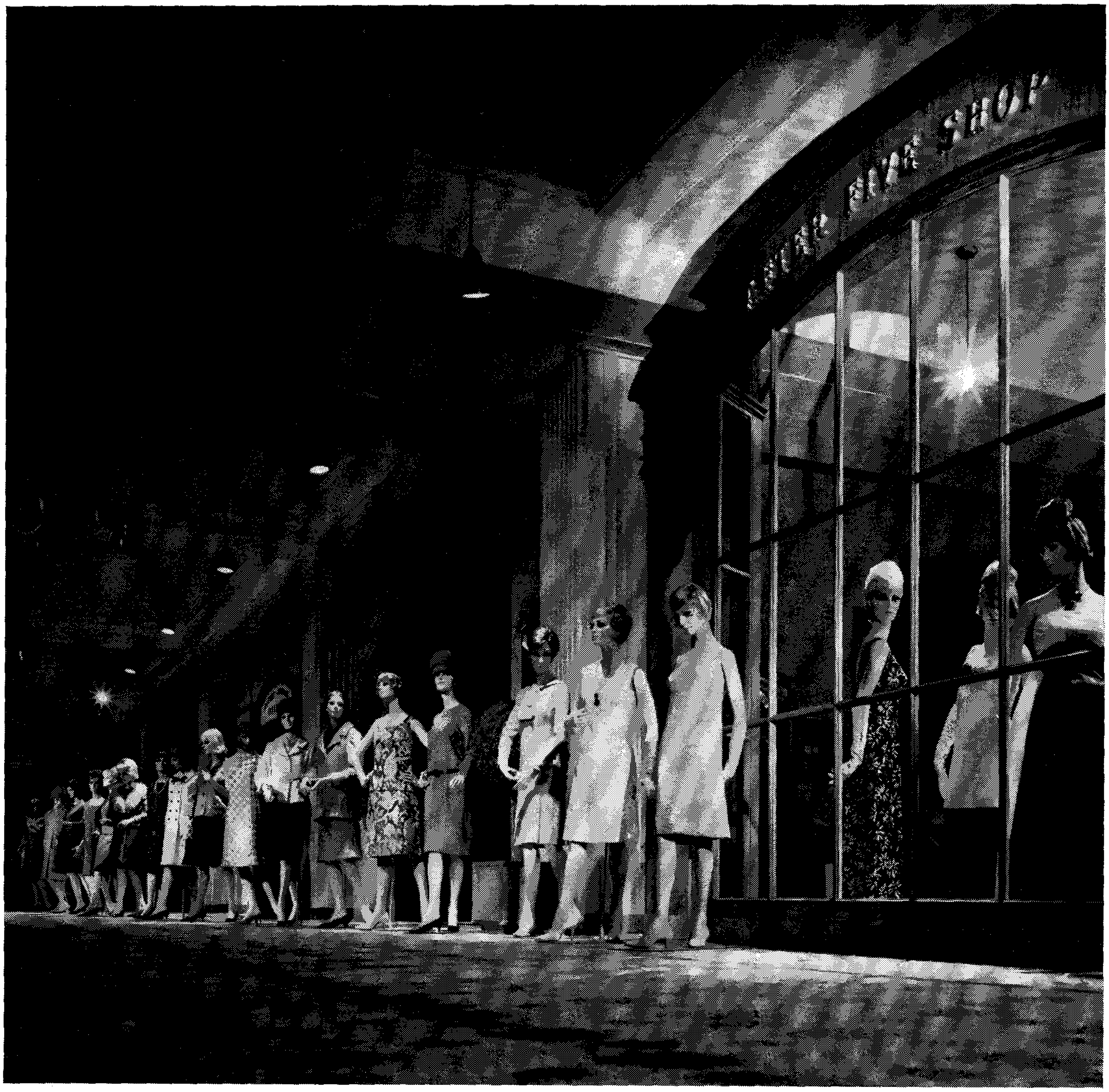

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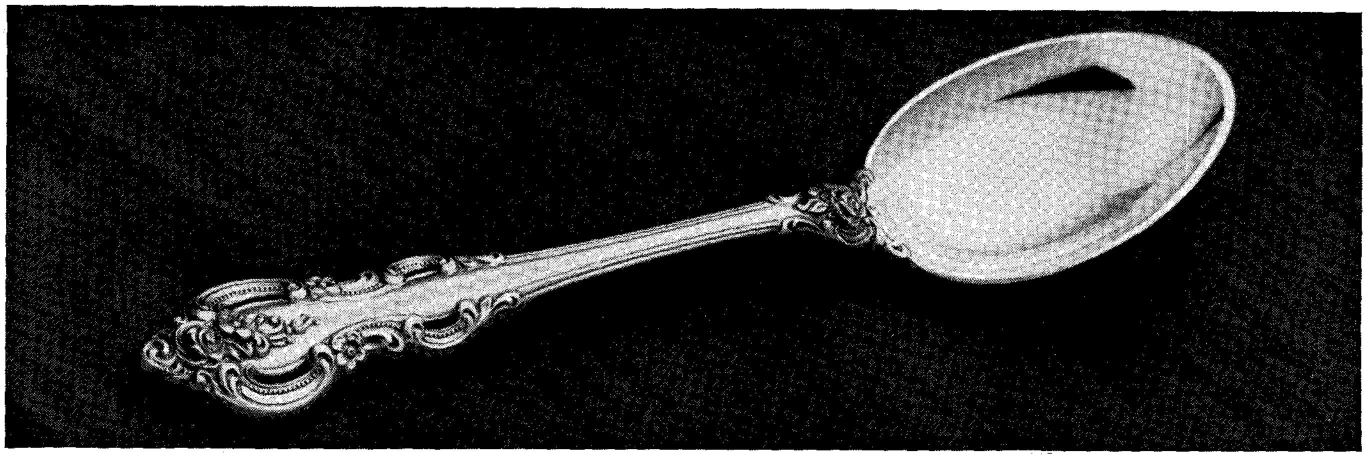

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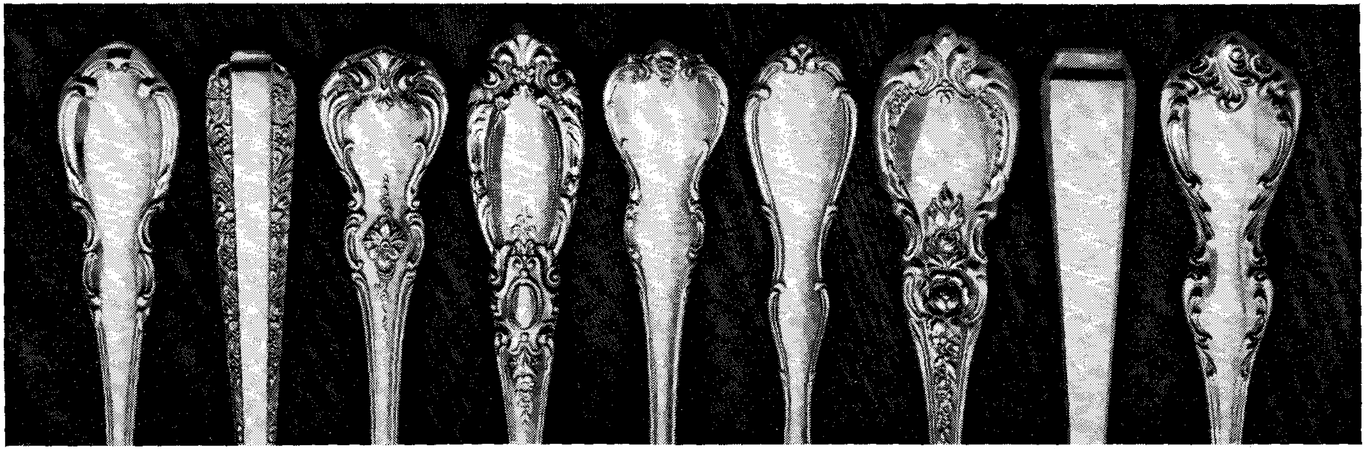

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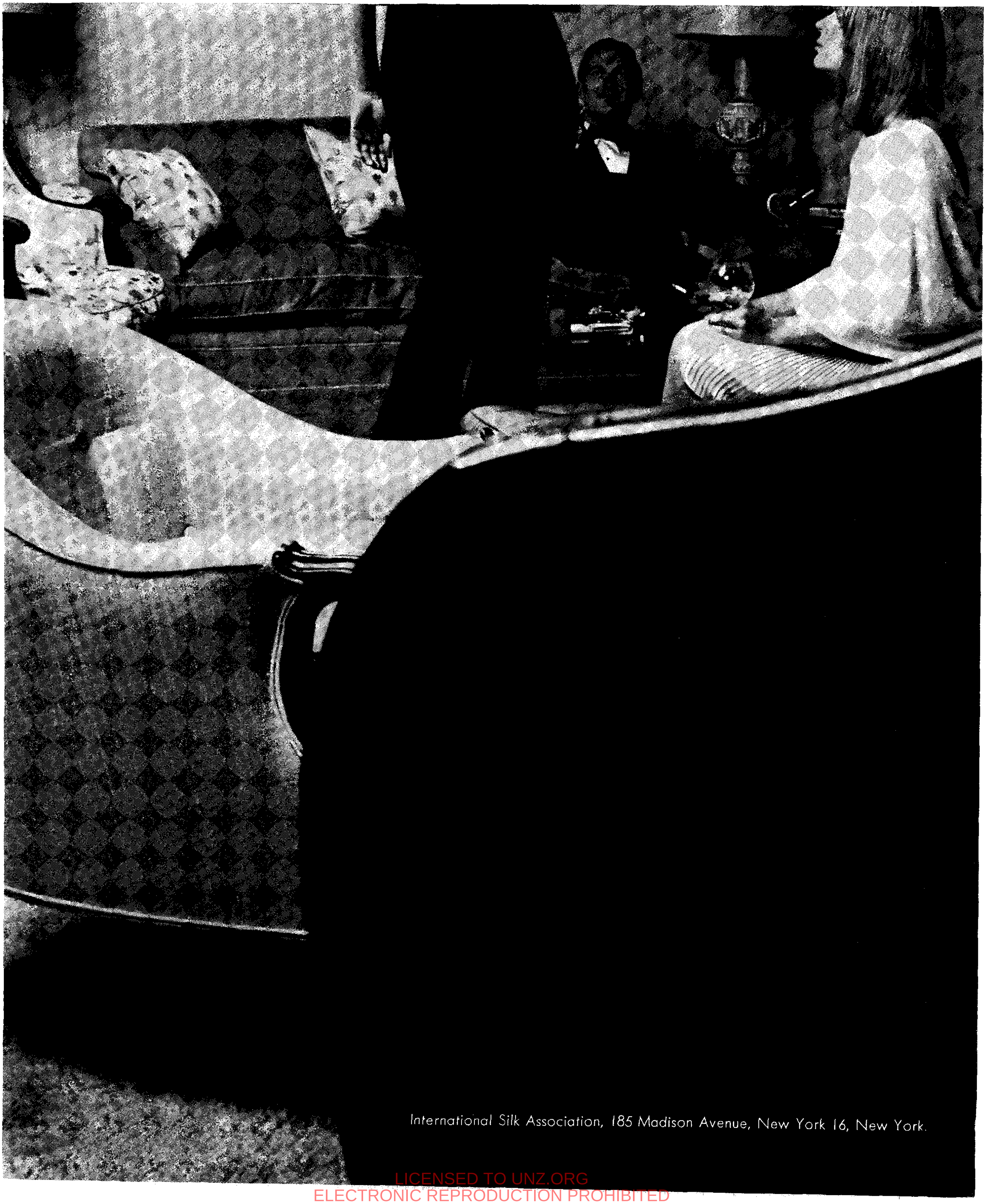

International Silk Association, 185 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

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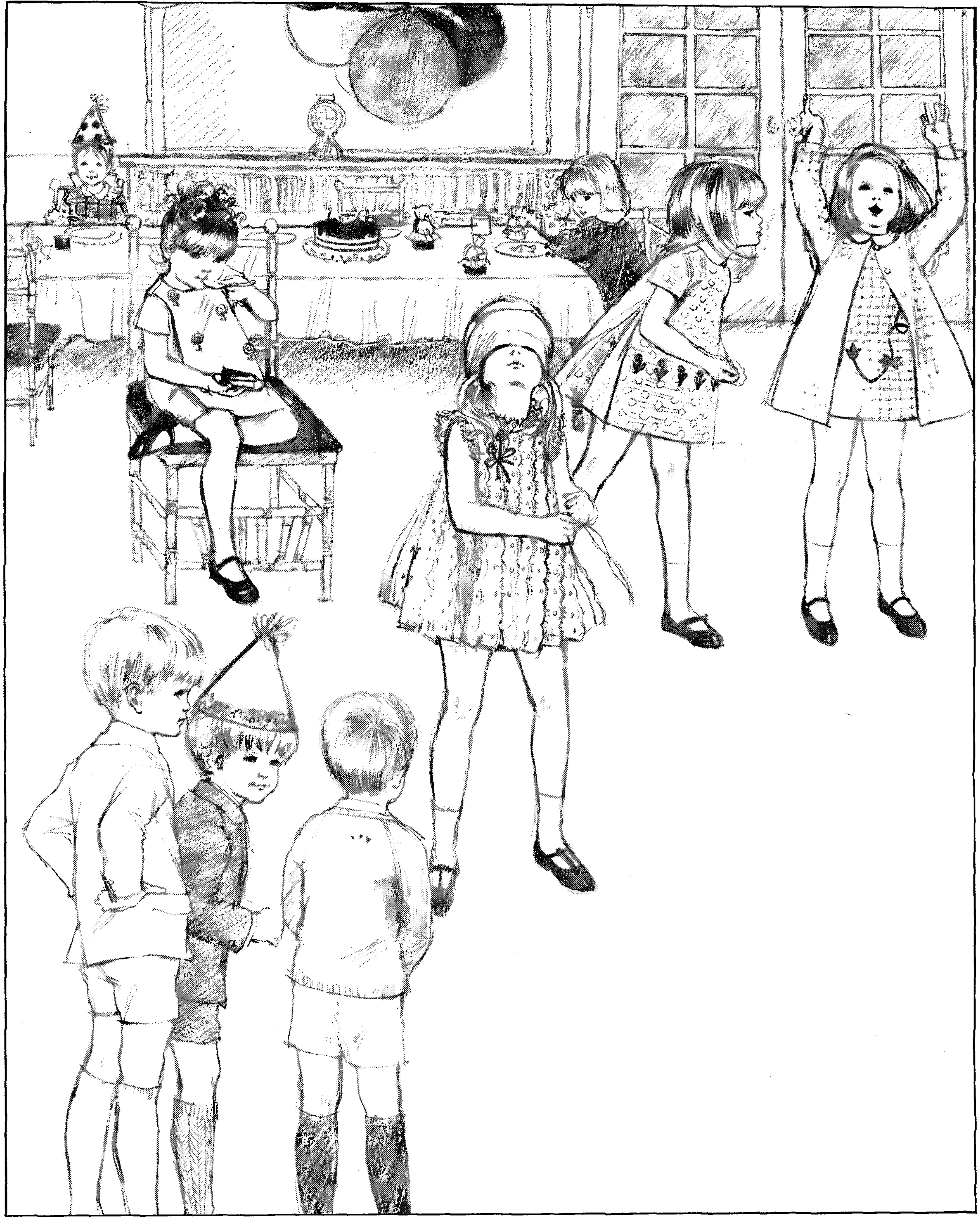


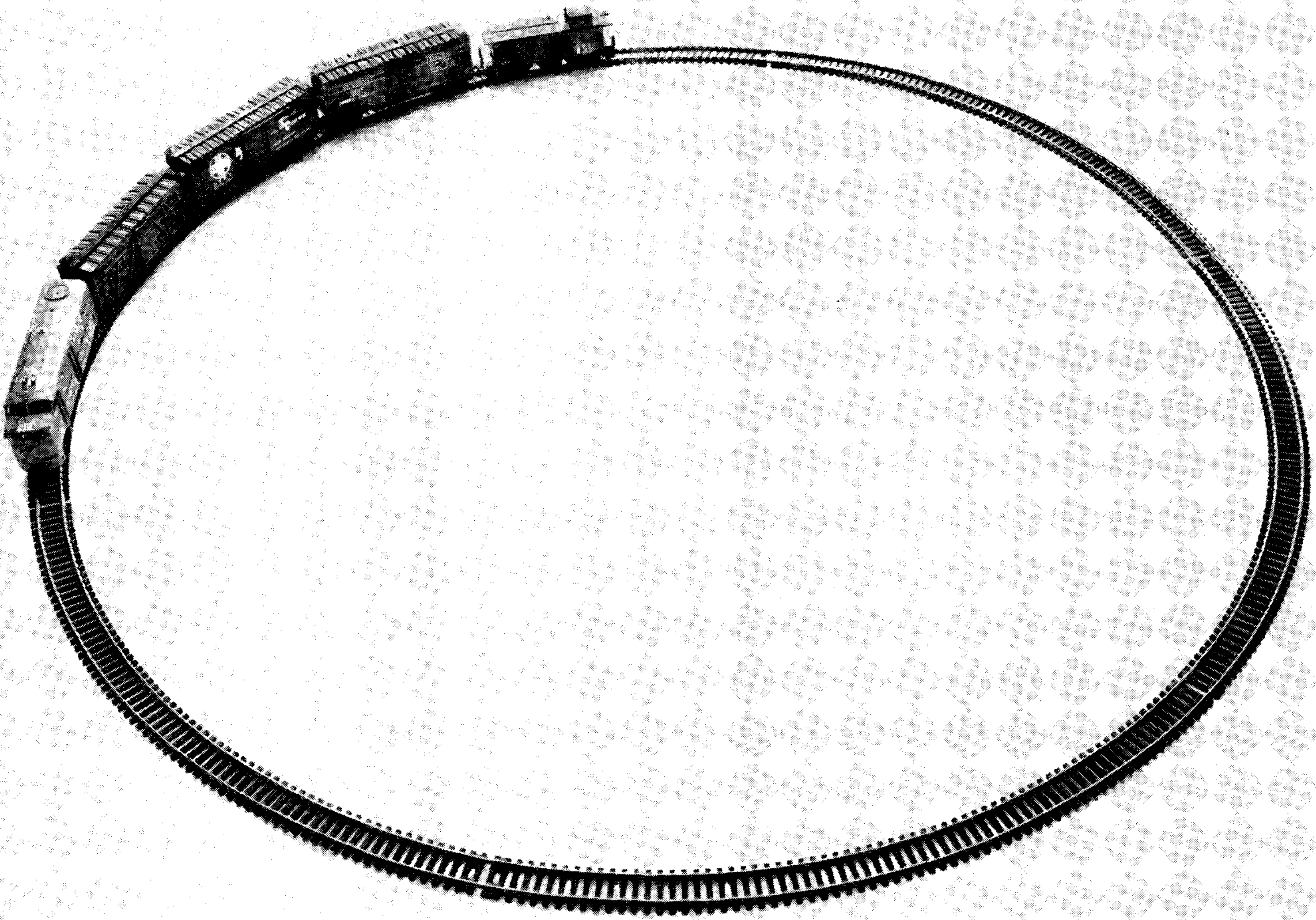
**If you're playing pin the tail on the donkey, please don't aim for Millicent.**

*IF YOU WANT OTHER MOTHERS TO LET THEIR DARLINGS COME* TO YOUR PARTY, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Don't blow or help blow out the candles on the cake—it's not your birthday.
2. Please refrain from breaking the present you brought, at least for one week.
3. Please do not lock yourself in the bathroom, you may miss the party.
4. Please remove your bubblegum (in Kleenex) before putting one bite of cake in your mouth.

All our birthday darlings are celebrating Millicent's Seventh year in Florence Eiseman's party clothes. They come in the most frivolous, imported Swiss cottons, the most enchanting eyelets. Toddler to twelve sizes, in all birthday cake colors and purveyed at Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, and at fine stores everywhere. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

# This toy doesn't kill, bite, scream, explode, conquer, destroy, or turn into a vampire.



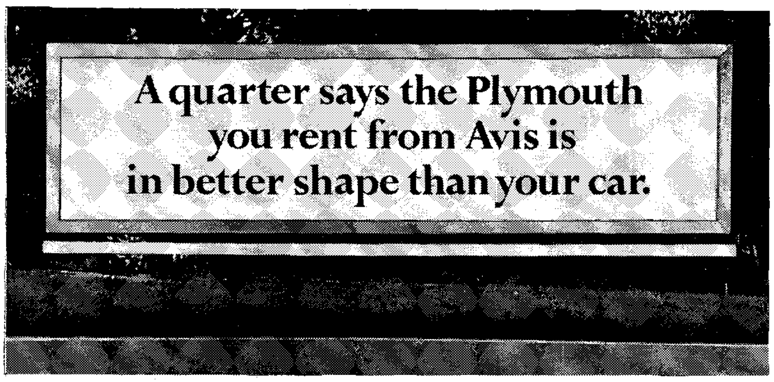
It just toots around in a happy circle.

Have you had your fill of trauma toys? Then make things sane again with lots of Lionels. They're good for thrills, too, but only the healthy kind. Trains, racing cars, space craft — all kinds of lab sets, toys made to last longer than a week or two. In fact, every Lionel toy carries a Warranty. See them all together in our new catalogue. Free at toy dealers, or write Lionel Toy Corp., Hillside, N. J. And peace.

LIONEL

sane toys for healthy kids

# Avis made a bet 9 months ago. So far it's cost us $46.


A quarter says the Plymouth
you rent from Avis is
in better shape than your car.

The offer still goes.

At a quarter each, that's 184 winners.

Or one out of 3,700 rentals. It's enough to worry us a little.

And when we think of all the customers who didn't bother to complain, we really worry.

After all, Avis is only No. 2 in rent a cars, so we have to try harder. Our Plymouths have got to be in better shape than anyone's cars.

Including Raymond Keyes' car. Mr. Keyes, of White Plains, N.Y., sent back the quarter he won from us, saying: "When I got home, my car wouldn't start. Battery trouble. But stay on your toes, Avis, I intend to get my quarter back."

We're going to guard that quarter as if it were the America's Cup.

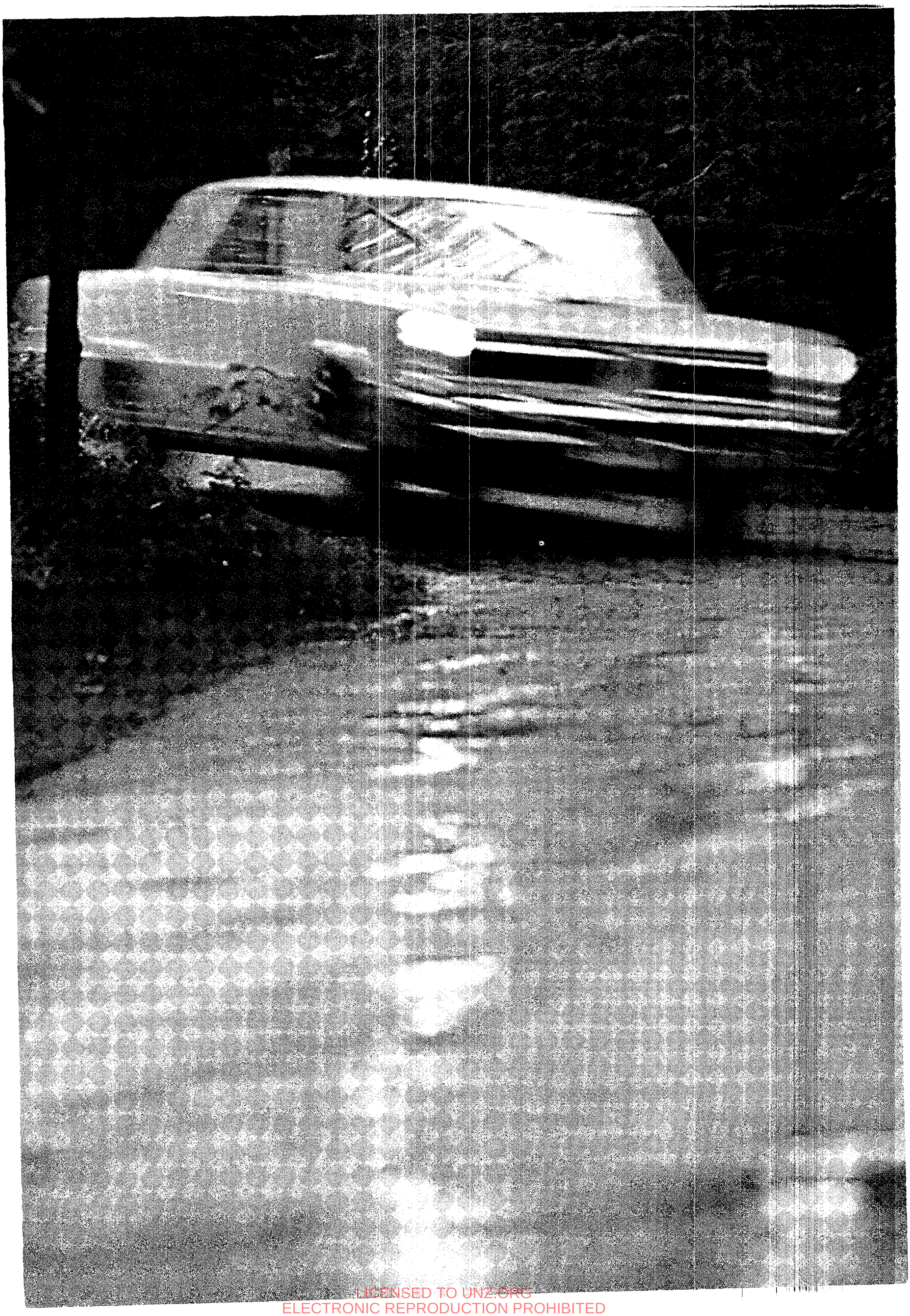
© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

Interior decorator's office. Carpet: dramatic, Scandinavian-inspired Arietta* in Sauterne. Accent rug: Stonehenge from our Custom Carpet collection.

A title on the door rates a Bigelow on the floor

For every place of business, every public building, every home, Bigelow
has or can readily create the perfect carpet. We've done it since 1825.

*Trademark



# Spinning, sliding and skidding around on slippery roads is pretty scary.

# Thank heavens the great engineers of Borg-Warner have done something about it.

*How do you give a car a surefooted "feel" on ice, snow, sand and mud? That's a question as old as the auto industry itself. And Borg-Warner's Warner-Motive Division has come up with the answer: a spin-resistant differential that gives you better driving control for every kind of road condition.*

EVER NOTICE that big bump right in the middle of your car's rear axle? That's the *differential.* Every car has to have one. Because every time a car goes around a corner, the outside wheel has to cover more ground than the inside wheel. The differential is the ingenious arrangement of gears that lets the wheels turn at the different speeds necessary. And that's good.

But supposing one wheel lifts off the ground a little, or suddenly comes across a slippery spot? Your differential has the nasty habit of channeling the engine's power to that wheel—the wheel with the least resistance. And the other wheel—the one firmly on the ground—loses power. You probably noticed this the last time your car was stuck in sand or snow. One wheel would spin and whine furiously while the other just sat there loafing. That's bad.

Now the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Warner-Motive Division are building a new kind of differential that puts an end to that frustration. It's *spin-resistant.*

Warner-Motive's spin-resistant differential contains spring-loaded clutches that automatically check wheel spin the moment it starts. At the same time, it also transmits power to *both* drive wheels, so both of them work at moving your car forward. And you get better driving control.

Among the practical results: Better traction. Less spinning, sliding and skidding on slippery roads. If you should happen to get into a spin or skid, much better control of your car. Less tendency to swerve on high-speed curves. Less tendency to get pushed around by gusts of wind. And easier driving on bumpy, country roads and railroad crossings.

A lot of engineering has gone into making the Warner-Motive spin-resistant differential the best of its kind. It's self-lubricating. It's the quietest. And it has a built-in "fail-safe" feature: if anything goes wrong with its clutches, it converts right back to a normal differential.

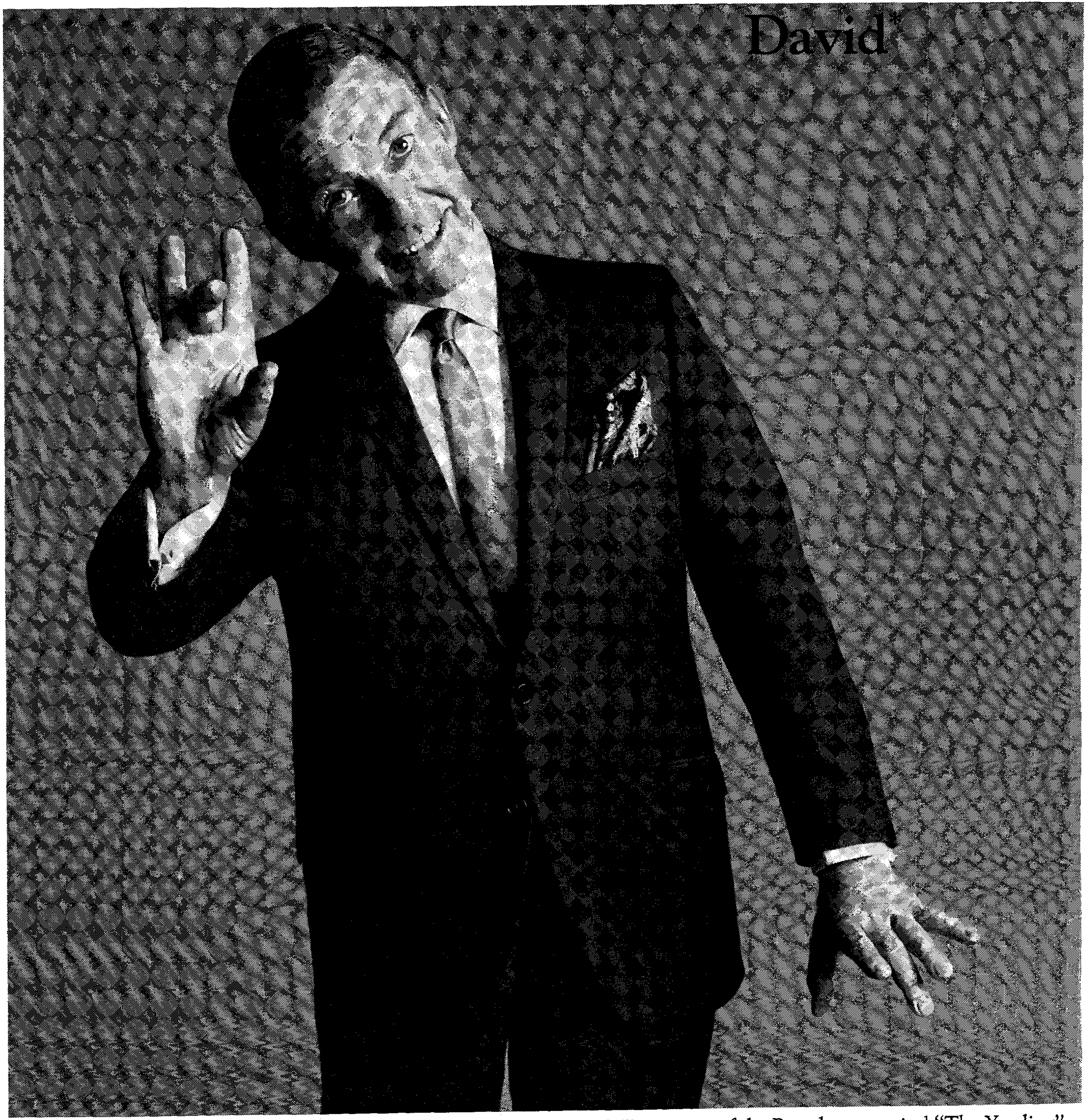
All in all, the engineers at Warner-Motive are very pleased with their spin-resistant differential. And why not? They haven't had a slip-up yet.

AUTOMOTIVE, HOME & BUILDER, CHEMICAL & STEEL AND INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS. ©1965, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, 200 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

◄ Borg-Warner's spin-resistant differential is a safety feature provided on many new cars.

BORG WARNER®
The great engineers

not for every Tom, Dick or David*



*David Wayne, star of the Broadway musical "The Yearling"

If you're a man with a definite viewpoint...if you prefer the subtle, the distinctive...choose the tailor who makes the most of you...LEBOW

Lebow Clothes, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York/Lebow International, Melbourne, Australia

Perhaps once in a generation the opportunity arises to create an entirely new car.

To start with a dream and a clean sheet of paper.

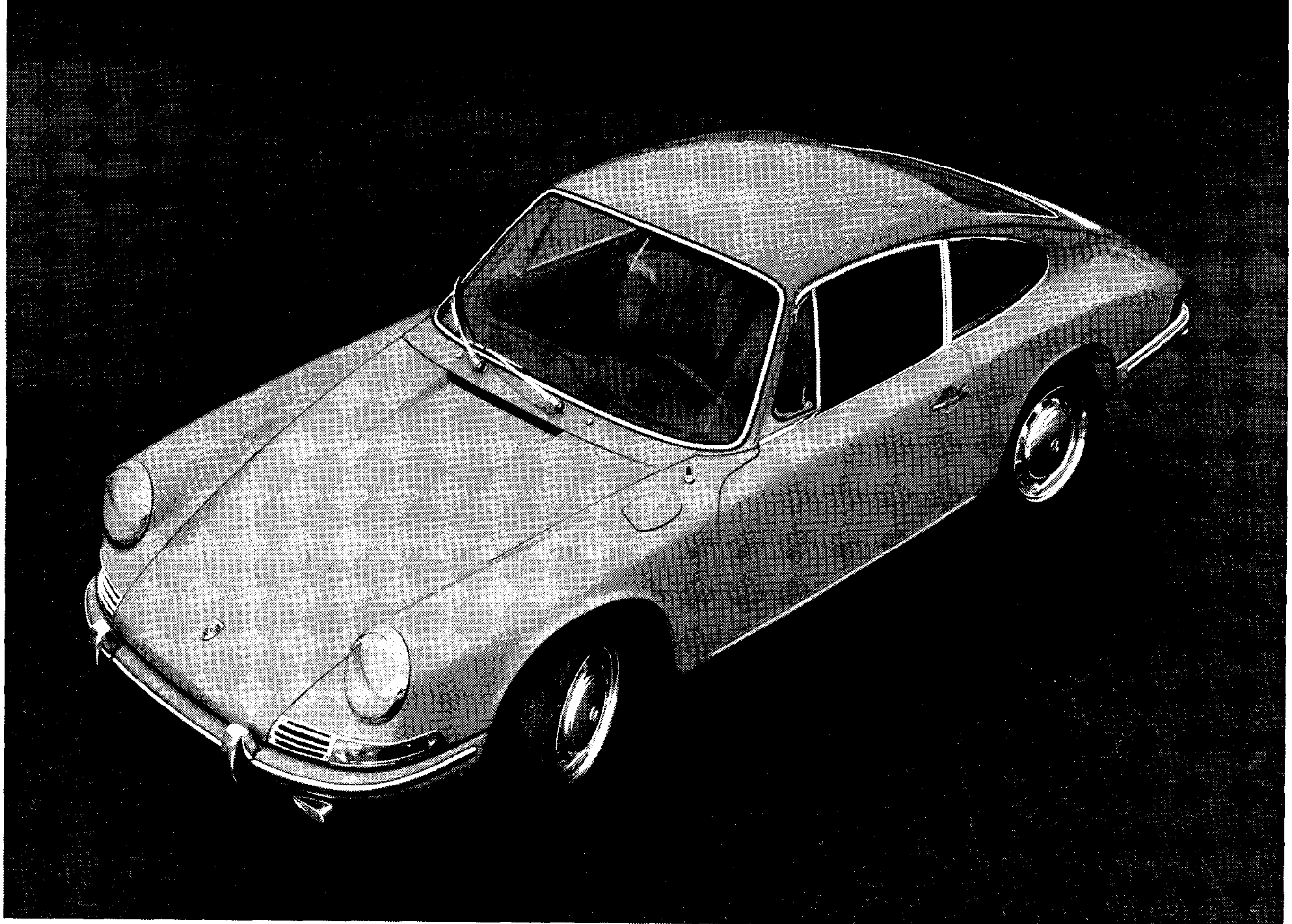
To apply insights gained in seventeen years of testing, racing and refining what was already the most advanced car of its time.

To design and build—almost without compromise—the ultimate car for getting from here to there in the quickest, safest, most enjoyable manner possible.

Result: The new Porsche.

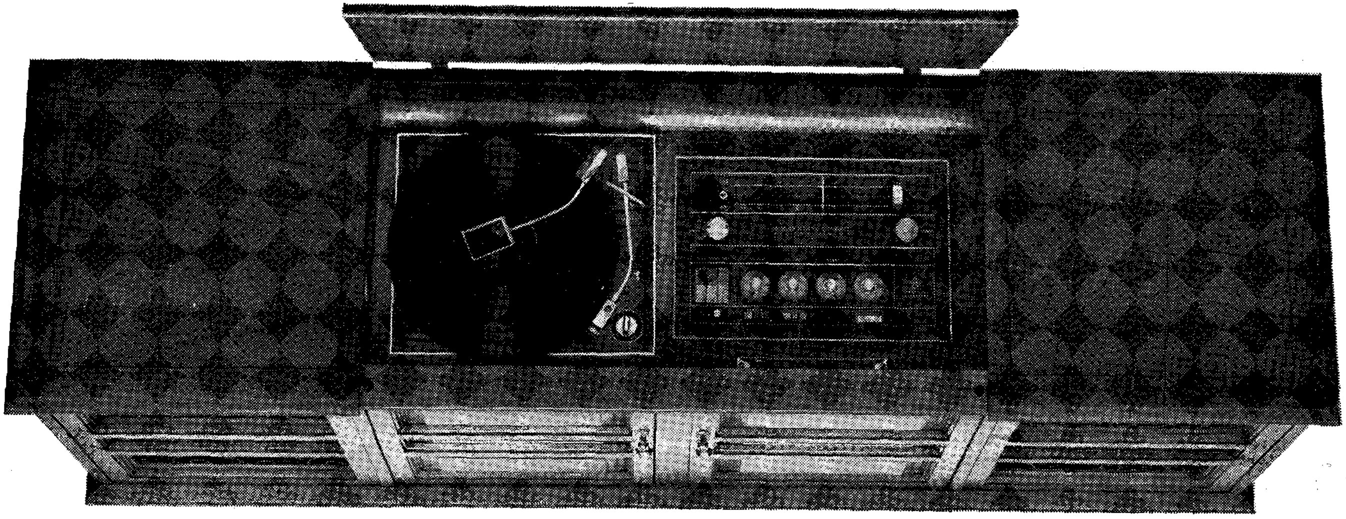
New in every detail, yet unmistakably a Porsche.

Go ahead. Drive it. You'll never forget it.



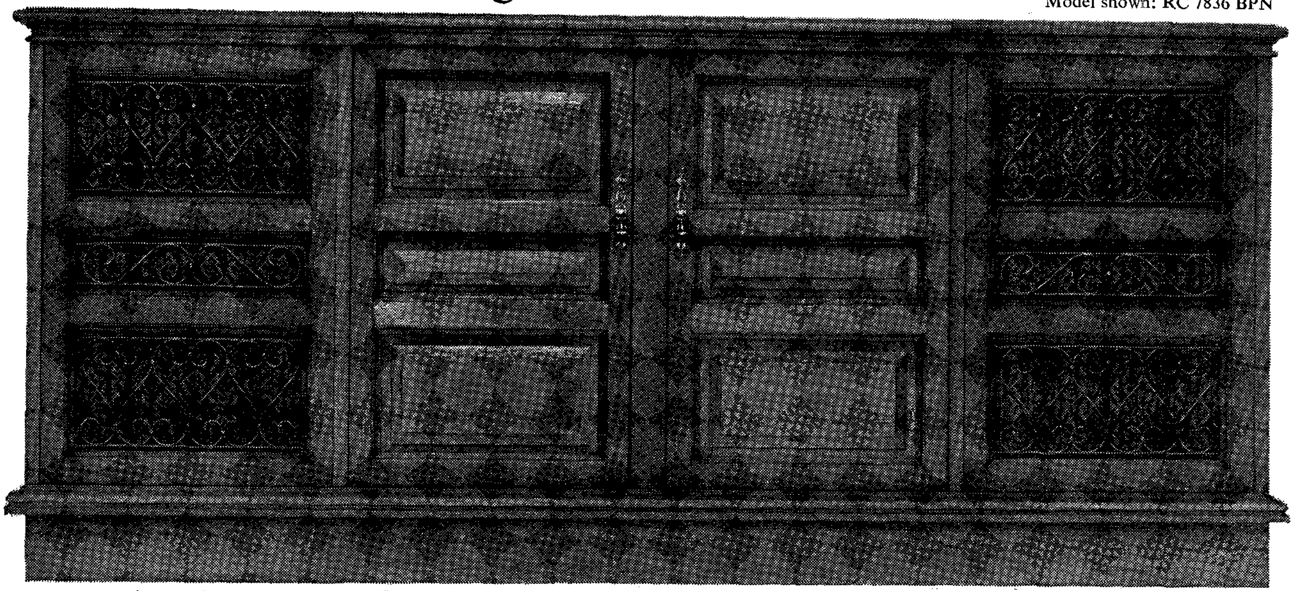
The high-performance, unusually well-instrumented Porsche 911 has new 6-cylinder, air-cooled, 148-hp rear engine, new 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 130 mph. The lower-priced Porsche 912, sister to the 911, has famous SC, 4-cylinder engine, new 4 or 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 115 mph. New Porsche fastback design offers 75% more field of vision, even better suspension, far more elbow room and under-the-hood luggage space. Superb 4-wheel disc brakes, precise handling, welded body make Porsche one of world's safest cars. Complete interior safety package is standard. For domestic or overseas delivery, see dealer or write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

## He gets superb stereo equipment.

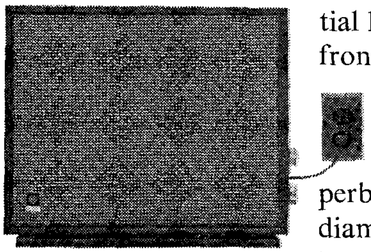


## She gets a new credenza.

Model shown: RC 7836 BPN



## And Porta-Fi puts music in any room of their house.



Without one extra wire!

That's one of the exciting things about G.E.'s exclusive home-entertainment innovation: Porta-Fi.

**Here's how it works.** An optional transmitter in the console sends sound through your house wiring. The Porta-Fi speaker plays it, wherever you plug it in. Or you can shut off the console sound and listen to Porta-Fi alone.

**And what sound!** The G-E Sutton has 113 watts of music power. The balanced speaker system includes a pair of 12″ super woofers, two 1,000-cycle exponential horns, and two 3″ super tweeters, all front mounted in acoustically lined, closed chambers.

You get an AM/FM/FM-Stereo Tuner with electronic switching, superb 4-speed changer, G.E.'s Man Made* diamond stylus, and a list of extras as long as your arm.

**The answer to everything.** You'll find it in 39 stereo consoles and stereo/television combinations, most with Porta-Fi option, a number with tape, too. Priced from under $150 to over $1,000**, only at your General Electric dealer.

*Trademark for diamonds manufactured by the General Electric Company.
**Price optional with dealer; subject to Fair Trade where applicable.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Line
Laurel
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Pilgrim

Reflects your good taste
—Fraser's® Stainless

Fraser's is for people to whom dining is a delightful experience. In the casual warmth of a family meal . . . or with guests at a formal dinner . . . Fraser's stainless adds to the pleasure of the occasion.

Patterns shown are part of Fraser's broad collection. May we send you our free Brochure F?

WMF FRASER'S®
STAINLESS

FRASER'S, INC., 236 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001
WMF (CANDA) LTD. 56 ESPLANADE, TORONTO 1

# Why is the champagne America loves best just right for any occasion?

The Taylor secret is flavor that makes each sip as exciting as the first.

Flavor as fresh and light and gay as a gala summer night.

Cozy and mellow as the scent of winter wood in the fireplace.

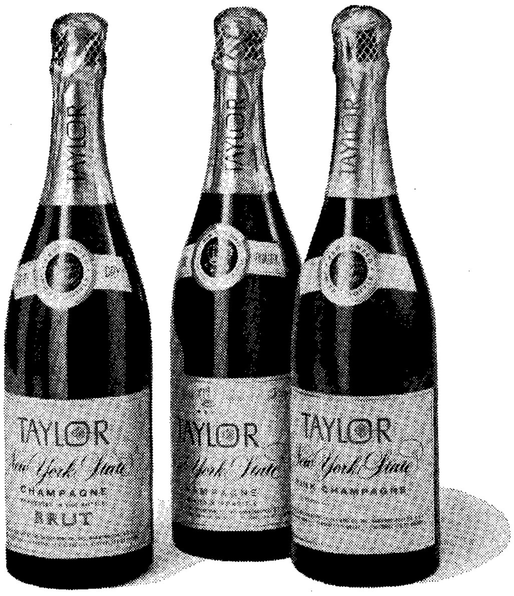
This is flavor you get only when you create a champagne slowly, naturally.

As Taylor does.

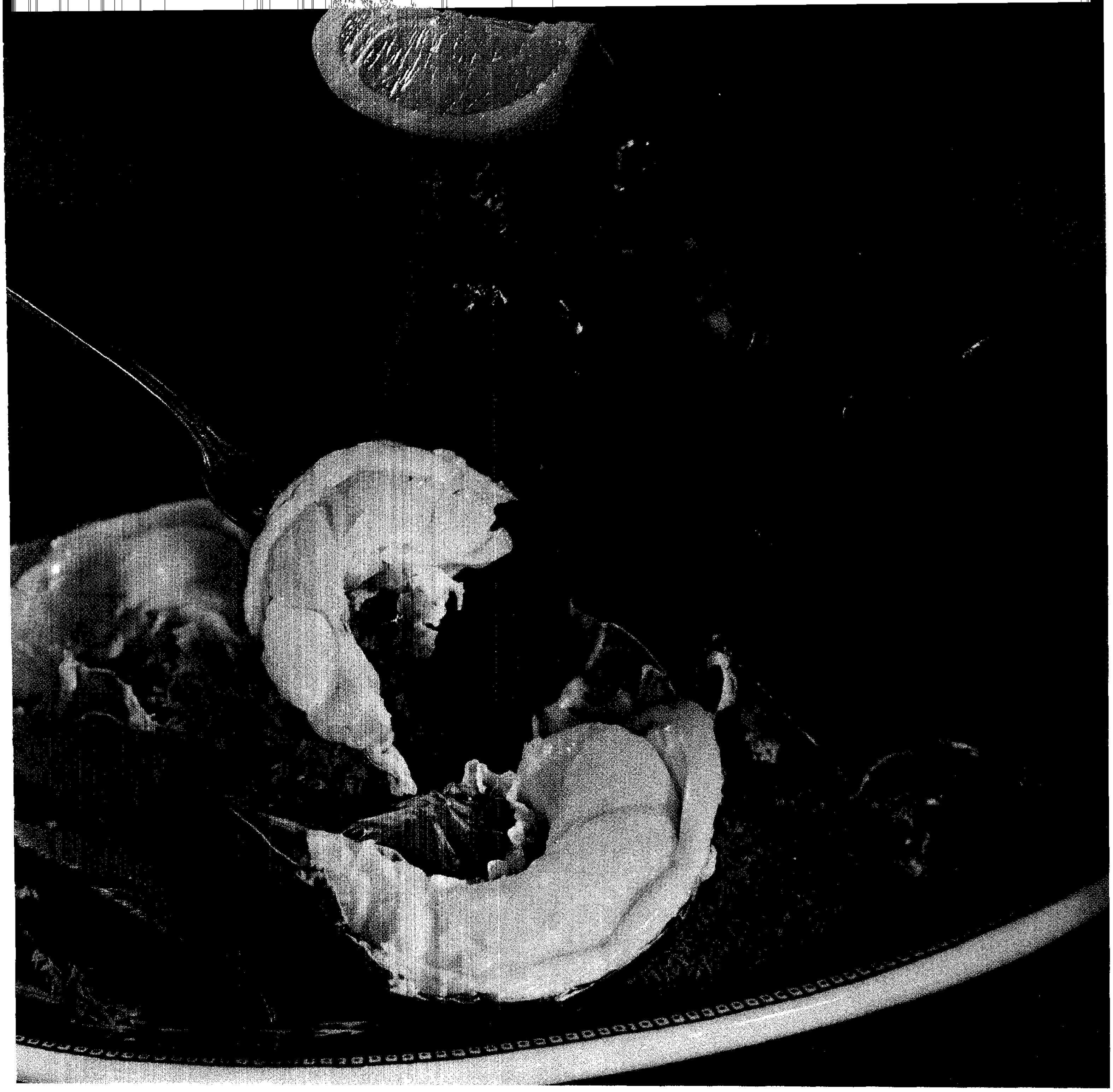
Only when we're sure our champagne has reached its peak of natural flavor and care can do no more, do we put our label on.

For anything you have in mind.

If it's a Taylor Champagne, you'll love it.


TAYLOR
TAYLOR
TAYLOR
TAYLOR
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
TAYLOR
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
TAYLOR
New York State
PINK CHAMPAGNE

The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., creators of fine wines, champagnes and vermouths. Vineyards and Winery, Hammondsport, N.Y.



# A Red Coach lobster is never chicken

Our lobsters are flown in fighting fresh every day from Maine's icy blue waters . . . and there's never a chicken-size among them.

Plain or fancy, the Red Coach Chef has perfected 8 delicious ways to prepare them, including a baked lobster stuffed with more lobster.

Red Coach Grill

Meet friends for a drink in the Tally-Ho Lounge, then make your choice from the Big Red Menu. You'll discover why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

*There are now 17 Red Coach Grills in New England, New York, Florida and the Midwest. The two newest are now open in Cleveland and Philadelphia.*

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

# We thought we'd seen everything. Then we saw Punta del Este.

We had taken several long looks at the White Cliffs of Dover. We had watched the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. And we thought we had seen everything in between.

Then, one cold day last December, a doctor friend embarked on a nonstop travelogue about a warm place called Punta del Este and, before he was through, we'd made up our minds to fly to South America to find it.

Punta del Este is, it turned out, just a short drive from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, which is a pleasant Pan Am flight from New York.

Like most of the shoreline around Montevideo, Punta del Este is miles of soft, white beaches, with temperatures rarely above 80, and life in general an utter whirl.

You can take in a polo match as easily as a regatta and, for do-it-yourself people, there's everything from golf to aquaplaning. The casinos are marvelous and the people unpretentious.

Prices are almost too low to be true. For instance, a comfortable room for two costs as little as $6 a day.

But don't get the idea Punta del Este is all there is to South America. There's a lot more. And it's easy to see.

Pan Am can show you everything from Caracas to Brasilia, Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

And, from there, you can fly Panagra west to Chile and its Swiss-like lakes, north to Lima, then on to Ecuador for snow-topped volcanoes and a red-rooftopped city called Quito.

We flew home from there—convinced we'd seen everything.

*A brief airline commercial:* Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

**PAN AM • PANAGRA**

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS — PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

You drove to the country
to get one of those special turkeys,
spent hours stuffing and roasting it.

## Now is your husband going to butcher it or carve it?

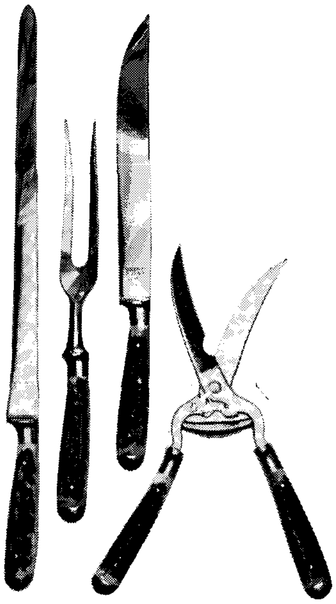
Any man can get fair results with fowl, if he has proper equipment and a few pointers.

These tips should make carving turkey duck soup.

1. Anchor bird down with carving fork.
2. With carving knife, slice legs and thighs from body using shears to clip the joints.
3. Do the same to the wings.
4. Use slicer to carve breast. Work parallel to breastbone and cutting the full sweep of the breast.

But even that expert information is for the birds if you don't have expert equipment. Stag handle shears, 17.95; carving knives and fork, 39.95; from an extensive collection of carving equipment at Hoffritz.

*30 Rockefeller Plaza, Grand Central, 50 W. 34 St.,*
*30 Church St., 551 Fifth Ave., 331 Madison Ave.,*
*Broadway at Fulton, Penn. Station,*
*Port Authority, Kennedy and La Guardia Terminals.*



**A store a woman should look into**

**HOFFRITZ**

Get CHOOSEY
about brandy
and you
end up with...

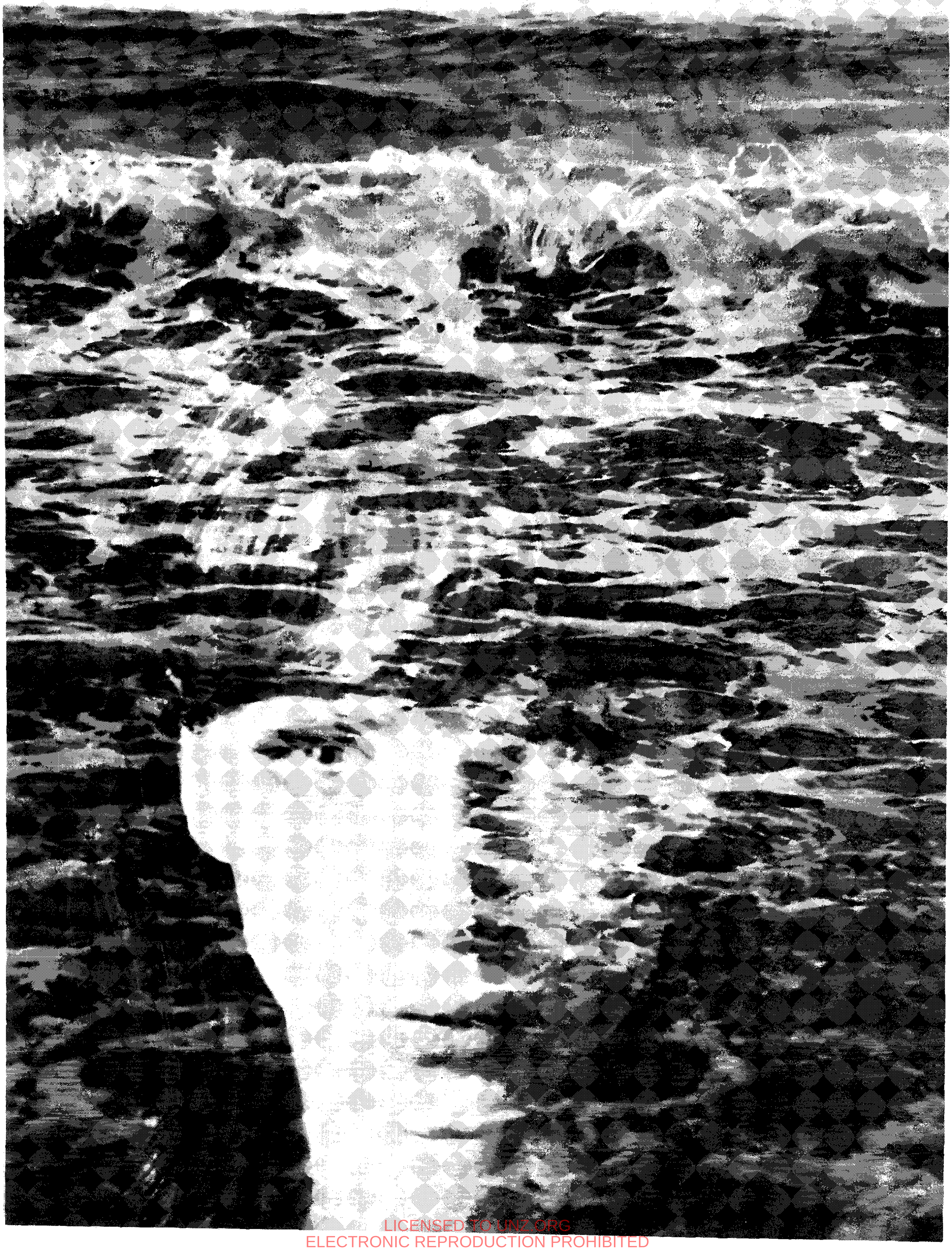
Ja Hennessy
BRAS ARMÉ
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC
REGISTERED IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE
4/5 QUART
84 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE
SOLE UNITED STATES DISTRIBUTORS
Schieffelin & Co. - New York
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC

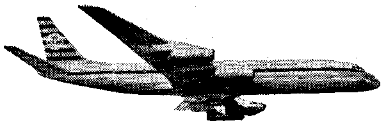
84 & 80 Proof.
Also available, V.S.O.P. Reserve, *Grande Fine Champagne,* 80 Proof. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

Waiting for Waterford is such sweet sadness.

Enjoy the bittersweet beauty of the wait. Waterford Irish Crystal is born to live many lifetimes. No matter how long you wait for delivery, the time is short, measured by the infinity of happiness hand-carved into every piece. Waterford Crystal from Ireland, 225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



# Surprise! Amsterdam is now one of the 4 most popular cities in Europe.



Here–from reliable KLM–are some surprising reasons why.

*Amsterdam has* *__twice__* *as many miles of canals as Venice. To get a free cruise—plus free hotel and meals—see coupon at right.*

LONDON, Paris, Rome—and now, by George, none other than Surprising Amsterdam.

*Each of these four European cities attracts over a million visitors annually.*

Why is KLM's hometown suddenly "in"? One reason: more and more *Europeans* are beginning to take their own vacations there.

**Amsterdam—one of a kind**

Amsterdam has the same appeal for Europeans that New Orleans, San Francisco and New York have for Americans. It is one of a kind. Fascinatingly different. Indeed, it is surprisingly unlike any other city in Europe.

Amsterdam *looks* different. Many European cities have plunged headlong into the 20th century in recent years. But Amsterdammers are a sentimental lot who like to hold on to the color of their past. They refuse to allow one brick in the central part of town to be moved without permission.

*The heart of Amsterdam is still a picturesque blend of tree-lined canals, graceful, arching bridges, and ornately gabled old patrician houses. It looks virtually the same today as it did to Rembrandt in the 17th century.*

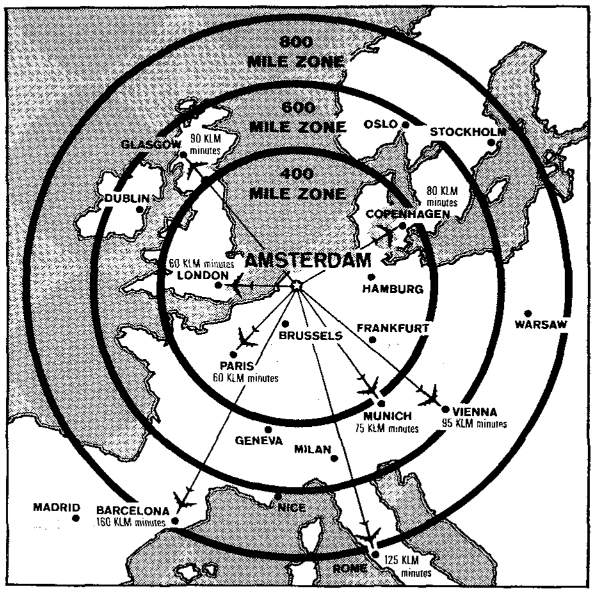
This is why Arthur Frommer, the popular travel writer, calls Amsterdam "the most intensely European of all cities." Amsterdam is rich in the Old World flavor that so many American tourists *expect* to find everywhere in Europe—but no longer can.

**A lively city of bargains**

Beneath the surface, Amsterdam is anything but old-fashioned. In fact, Amsterdam offers some of Europe's highest living—at some of Europe's *lowest* prices.

A "night on the town" needn't cost you over $6.50. This includes a *rijsttafel* banquet of *twenty-one* dishes, drinks, and floor shows with Amsterdam's sultry ecdysiasts (see sample ecdysiast at right). Incidentally, Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs, and 300 fine restaurants. There are even 200 *sidewalk cafés.*

*Surprising Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs—many of them with surprising ecdysiasts (above).*



*Surprising Amsterdam—the hub of Europe.*

You can rent a car in Amsterdam for just $3.75 a day, plus 6½ cents a mile. A glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 25 cents. A good seat at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra: $2. An excellent hotel room: under $8.

**A city of music**

Amsterdam *sounds* different from other European cities, too. You hear the put-put of motor scooters and the cheerful jingling of bicycle bells. (Amsterdam has more bikes than any other city.)

Street bands play. Giant barrel organs serenade you with Puccini, Verdi, Strauss—Cole Porter. And, on the half hour, Amsterdam's famous carillons chime in. Music is everywhere.

Best of all, Amsterdammers *smile* at you. The Dutch are honest, friendly, outgoing people who value their visitors from abroad.

If you like, you can even spend an evening with an Amsterdam family in their own home. Simply ask your travel agent about the free "Get in Touch with the Dutch" program.

A final, and very welcome, surprise: nearly all Amsterdammers can speak *English.*

**A place to start your trip**

This year, thousands of Americans are starting their vacations in Amsterdam. It's an ideal first stop. As Arthur Frommer puts it, "there is no letdown when you arrive, no feeling that you have yet to reach the 'real' Europe"

Amsterdam is also a *convenient* place to begin. Glance at the map. Amsterdam is the hub of Europe. You'll find 14 of Europe's brightest capitals within KLM's 800-mile circle. Note KLM's quick flying times from Amsterdam.

**Your first 2 days can be free**

And here's a truly astonishing reason to start in Amsterdam *this fall:* you can get your hotel, meals, sightseeing and entertainment for two days *free!*

Clip coupon now for details of "Amsterdam-for-free," plus reliable KLM's full-length Amsterdam guidebook. Or see your travel agent.

Then, on your trip to Europe, discover the sophistication of London, the glamour of Paris, and the grandeur of Rome. But, first, let KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch give you the *exhilaration* of Surprising Amsterdam.

SURPRISING AMSTERDAM
KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

**KLM's 208-page Amsterdam guidebook**

☐ Please send me KLM's "Surprising Amsterdam." (I enclose 25¢ for postage for this book.) Note: get a *free* copy from your travel agent.

**"Amsterdam-for-free."** Please send me a free brochure on ☐ KLM's "Europe on $5 a Day"—or ☐ KLM's "Europe on $10 a Day." Note: from Oct. 17 to next March 1, both tours include hotel, meals, sightseeing, entertainment for 2 days *free* (compliments of Amsterdam Tourist Office and the tour operator) when you *start* in Amsterdam and continue for 12 days in other cities.

Name____________________Phone__________

Street________________________________

City____________State______Zip Code______

______________________________________

*(My travel agent is)*

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

**KLM, G.P.O. Box 1869, New York, N.Y. 10001 (PLaza 9-3600)**

B-35

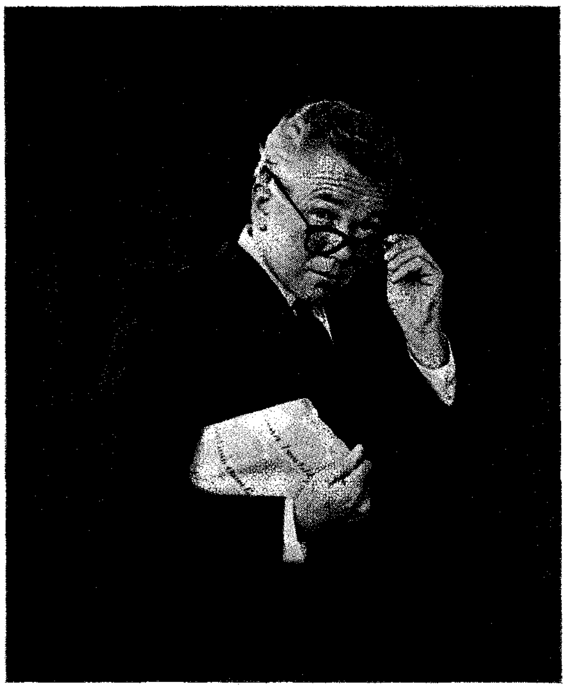
830
Canadian Club
PITOL

# When you wish you had a Wales.

The raincoat that looks like a million
and keeps you dry when it's sloppy, soppy, sleety and damp.
We like the split shoulder, fly front version in
muted yarn dye plaids of 65% Dacron* polyester—35% cotton.
They're wash and wear and they're treated with
Ze Pel* fabric fluoridizer for rain and stain protection.
Unlined, about $30. With zip-in Orlon* liner with sleeves, about $40,
at fine stores wherever they talk about the weather.

*DuPont's reg. tm    Prices slightly higher in the west

**Wales, makers of fine rainwear for gentlemen**
**1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y.**



**Should a man in his 50's be allowed out in a Mustang?**

Let's consider what might happen. To begin with, he'll go around with a mysterious little smile on his face, new spring in his walk. Mustang's sporty options act on a man that way. Front disc brakes! Four-speed stick! Tachometer-clock combo! 289 cu. in. V-8! Special handling package. Driving a Mustang is like finding the Fountain of Youth.

Then there's this: Mustang might give a man an incurable taste for luxury. He can have a Stereo Tape System, air conditioning, power brakes and steering, just about anything he wants. Finally, there's Mustang's low price—it will give a man a sense of spending power he's never had before. Do you know a man in his 50's who'd like all this to happen to him? *You do!* Well, welcome him to 1966—and tell him to get into a Mustang fast!

America's Favorite Fun Car
MUSTANG
MUSTANG
MUSTANG

A PRODUCT OF
Ford

1966 Mustang Hardtop

# The Salton Hotray® will keep meals hot before you serve them, as you serve them, after you serve them, so you can come back for seconds that taste like firsts.

Hot foods should be eaten hot. But seldom are because food cools off too swiftly. So not only do seconds always taste different than firsts—but sometimes, even firsts don't taste like firsts if you don't serve them instantly right out of the oven.

Putting foods back in the oven doesn't help. Because then they overcook. And dry out.

Then there are other problems with hot foods. Such as people coming late. Or people eating the same meal at different times—at breakfast, for example, when people rise at different times.

The Salton Hotray will relieve you of all these problems. And many more. Once and for all. Three meals a day. Every day in the year.

### Breakfast. (How to stop making 6 separate breakfasts on Sunday.)

With your Salton Hotray, you can stop making individual breakfasts for each separate Sunday riser. Instead, you can make one Master Breakfast, keep it hot for hours on your Salton Hotray and serve as needed. You can even omit the serving and let family and guests serve themselves. Rest assured that this breakfast, consumed even hours later, will be as hot and fresh as when it came off the stove. (And by breakfast we mean french toast, sausages, pancakes, cereals, ham, potatoes, coffee—and even eggs sunnyside up.)

OK? Why make work for yourself when you have a Salton Hotray?

### Lunch. (How to transform yourself from waitress to mother.)

If you have children coming home from school, your Salton Hotray can help you to retire from your job as waitress. Because now, you can make lunch any time before noon that is convenient, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray until the children come home, and then have lunch *with* the children. Instead of just cooking and serving.

If your children come home for lunch at different hours, that's no problem either. Make one Master Lunch, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray, and serve as needed. Your Salton Hotray will keep soups, vegetables, meats, fish and fowl hot and fresh for hours—as hot and fresh as when they came off the stove. (Try not to overcook your vegetables—children like them crisp.)

### Dinner. (How to stop letting the clock ruin your digestion.)

The first thing your Salton Hotray can do for you at dinner time, is to eliminate your chronic anxieties about all the dishes having to be finished at exactly the same moment. Forget time. You have a Salton Hotray. Let each separate food finish cooking as it will, then put it into a serving dish and put the serving dish onto the Hotray. The Hotray will keep the finished dishes hot and fresh until they're eaten. As hot and fresh as when they left the stove.

Another big thing your Hotray will do for you is eliminate ruined dinners because the diners came late—or decided to have an extra cocktail. If your dinner is finished at seven, but there's nobody around to eat it until nine, your whole dinner will wait peacefully and quietly on your Hotray without losing a thing. And it will taste as hot and fresh at nine as it would have at seven. And if your dinner is a stew or includes spaghetti sauce, it will taste *even better* than it would have two hours before.

Also, why not quit running in and out of the kitchen all evening long? Put your whole dinner on your Salton Hotray, put your Hotray on the dining table and serve from there. (Join the group, so to speak.)

### Last and Least, Hors d'oeuvres.

On a Salton Hotray, hot hors d'oeuvres will not continue to cook and fry—as they do in a chafing dish. So a Hotray is just as handy for a party as it is for every other dining occasion. But—using your Hotray just for parties, unless you throw one every night, is sheer waste. You honestly don't need Hotray just for hot hors d'oeuvres. It's silly. Hotray was made for better things.

### How the Salton Hotray Works:

Hot foods lose their flavor in two principal ways. Overcooking. Or cooling off and drying out. Either way, they lose most of what they ever had. A Salton Hotray prevents both of these because the heat of its exclusive radiant heat, shatterproof glass panel is thermostatically controlled to a point *right under* the cooking point. So the food on it neither continues to cook, nor to stand around growing cold.

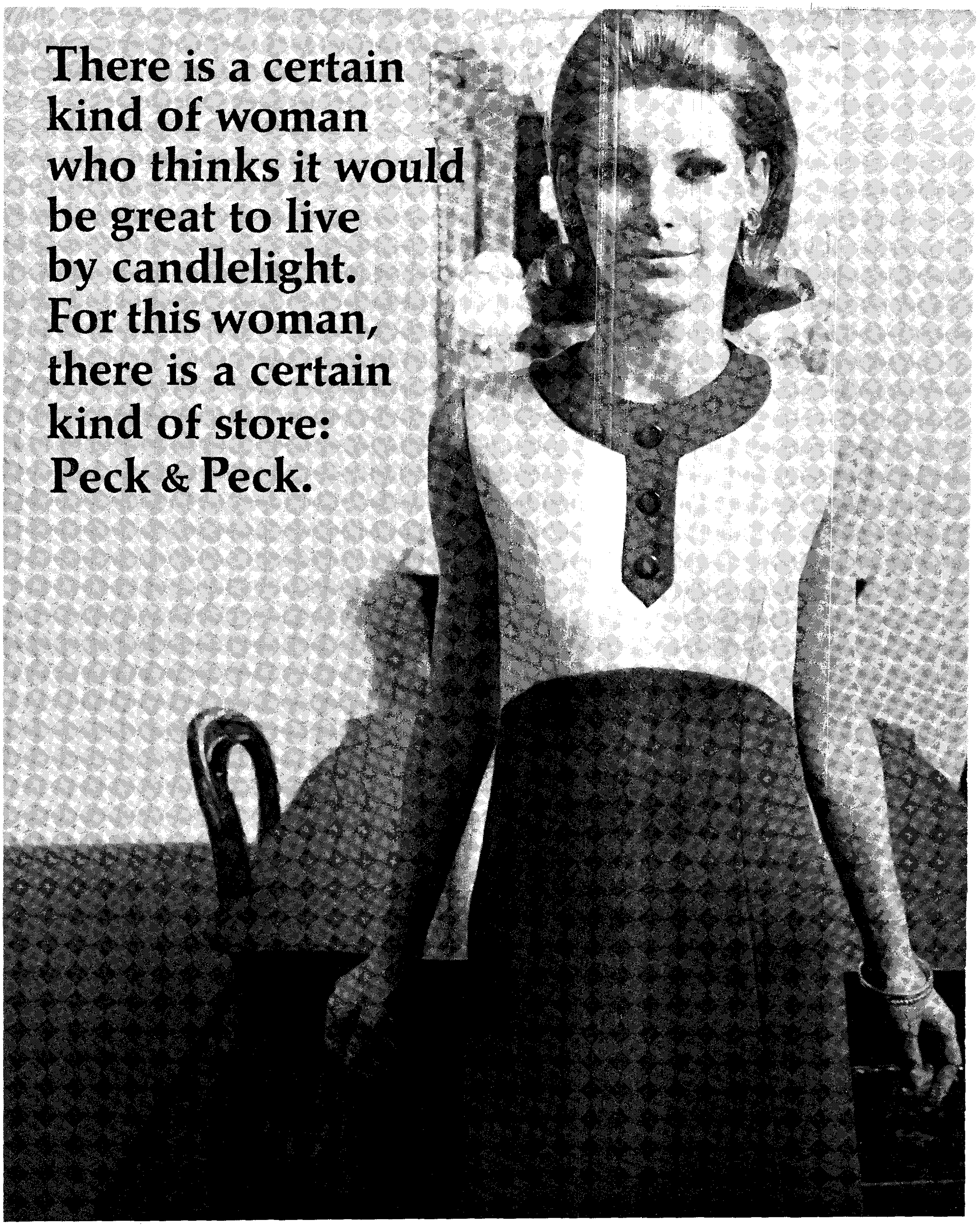
The most accurate way to explain the Salton Hotray is this: *The Salton Hotray puts foods into a state of suspended animation.* Thus, they neither progress. Nor regress. But stay exactly as they were when they came off the stove.

If you're the one who prepares the food at your house, then hopefully, the information you now possess will add years to your life. Enjoy them.

Shown, "Gastronome," $39.95. Hotray electric food warmers from $5.95 to $59.50. Available in U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and Continental Europe. For catalogue and Gourmet recipe booklet, write to Salton, Inc., 513A East 72 St., New York 21, N.Y.

HOTRAY IS A REG. TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC. IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.

**SALTON HOTRAY**


There is a certain kind of woman who thinks it would be great to live by candlelight. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

From our very own Carleton collection, a study in contrasts.
Lines, curves and colors meet and blend in a wool flannel A-line skimmer with a flair for the empire. Grey/white or navy/white. 8 to 16, 40.00

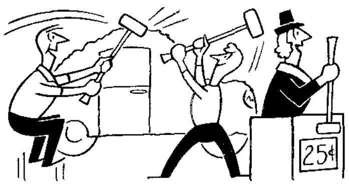
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK / CHICAGO / BOSTON / PHILADELPHIA / PITTSBURGH / ROCHESTER / BALTIMORE / DETROIT / CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS / TWIN CITIES / INDIANAPOLIS / WASHINGTON, D.C. / ATLANTA / KANSAS CITY / HARTFORD / BUFFALO / PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A SMALL item that we came upon in a suburban paper not long ago gave us something of a start—informing us, as it seemed to, that a church in Connecticut was exploiting the delinquent tendencies of local adolescents to enhance its revenues. The church in question was the Emmanuel Episcopal, of Weston, Connecticut, and the report that startled us told of how the attractions at an annual fund-raising church fair included, in addition to the usual pony rides and apple dips, a venerable auto and a couple of sledgehammers. For twenty-five cents, a fairgoer could take three whacks at the car with a sledgehammer. The idea was a huge success—especially, as might be expected, among teen-age boys. As the Westport *Town Crier* reported it, "Though [the car] was driven to the fair grounds, it's a lead-pipe cinch it won't be driven away. . . . It was one of [the] biggest money-raising features." The matter troubled us vaguely until we came to another item, in another paper, the same day. This disclosed that Congress was about to pass the highway-beautification bill so ardently backed by Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, and it quoted the President as telling friends, "She just can't stand those junk yards on roads." But even after the bill went through, we thought, there would remain the huge physical problem of getting rid of the wrecks. Then we remembered Emmanuel, and the idea seemed not a bad one for other religious institutions to emulate, after all. In inconspicuous parts of their grounds they could set up Aggression Sheds, where happy boys could hammer away at cars until the cars were reduced to easily disposable smithereens. The boys would be kept from desecrating their elders' vehicles, the junk yards would be emptied, the churches would be encouraging both virtue and revenue, and Mrs. Johnson would one day be able to ride out into a countryside that she could tolerate.



## *Four-Shot Zoomed Into a Closeup*

SOMEONE yelled "Kill 'em!" and six huge, smoking arc lights, standing ten feet above the street, were turned off. Their blaze faded slowly. "We're going to go up and get the girls warm," announced Gene Kelly, the dancer, marching down the middle of Macdougal Street, followed by eight shivering girl dancers who were dressed as schoolgirls, in red caps, red coats, and short white skirts. They moved briskly, stepping over the spaghetti of cables, among three cameras, past big loudspeakers lying on the pavement, under the arc lights, and through a crowd of onlookers—perhaps three hundred in all—that jammed the end of the block, and then vanished into the Granados Restaurant (Cocina Española), on the corner of Third Street. It was about 5:30 P.M. Charles Dubin, who was directing the show, a one-hour television special called "New York, New York," with choreography by Kelly, waved to two cameramen and said, "Let's talk through a shot." "New York, New York" was being taped and filmed on locations around the city—in color—for a February showing on C.B.S.; previous sequences had been shot in the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, inside a Village coffeehouse, and around Washington Arch. As the two cameramen walked over, Dubin—a lean, bald, easygoing, and engaging man, who was dressed in a ski parka, black pants, and sneakers—pointed at a stretch of sidewalk, where the next shot would be made. "It's a four-shot zoomed into a closeup—*boom!*" he declared enthusiastically.

Twenty yards away, Earl Dawson, an associate director, walked down the street, shaking his head in dismay.

"What's happened now, Earl?" someone in the company asked. "What's the delay?"

"First, a truck goes by with a board sticking up, and it hits the overhead lines, and all the connections are knocked out," Dawson said, pointing to where some C.B.S. trucks were parked to relay the television-camera pickup to the C.B.S. Broadcast Center so that it could be recorded on tape. "Now, after we put down a temporary line, along comes a steam roller, and they start paving the street, and the steam roller runs over the line."

Nearby, a makeup man added a gold earring to a beatnik-type extra. All around were Village types, in pinkish makeup, leaning on railings, sitting on steps, waiting. "The lights wash away the normal color, so we have to add skin tone," the makeup man said, touching up an actor's beard.

"Yesterday, we had some lovely up-dos," said a woman standing next to him. She turned out to be the show's hair stylist. "They were shooting in a night club. Today it's all beatnik—ponytails, braids, and short bobs. Except

the schoolgirl dancers—they're plain long bobs."

It had turned cold in the late afternoon, after the company had been working on location for eight or nine hours. Now a girl extra called up to a man who was sitting on top of a stepladder near one of the arc lights, "Turn on the light, will you? I'm *freezing!*"

A second man, who was standing next to the rheostat cage at the base of the light stand, said, "Call this cold? I remember one time we were working on a movie at night, and it was so cold we were sitting on these rheostats."

"You can tell who's the producer," a skinny extra murmured, indicating a well-dressed, gray-haired man in a warm-looking overcoat. "The one with the nice coat."

We moved down the street, and paused next to a group of genuine Villagers who were staring at the fake Villagers. "Ya wanna watch?" a black-sweatered girl said to her escort. "Or ya wanna cut out?"

A very thin small boy approached one of the cameramen, who was sitting behind his camera. "Will you put me on TV?" he asked hopefully.

The cameraman turned and regarded the little boy. "I can't, buddy," he said gently. "They've got . . . certain prearranged people already set."

Ten minutes later, Dubin yelled, "Tell Oscar to close off the street! *Oscar!*"

The crowd was moved back, and Kelly and the girls returned to their places. The lights went on, and the loudspeakers made a zupping sound and began to blare—in mid-verse—the song "Christopher Street," which had been prerecorded by Kelly and a chorus of girls. Dubin, using a small bullhorn, yelled "Action!"

Kelly and the schoolgirls swung up the street, singing along with the loudspeakers, as the camera dollied backward several yards in advance of them. Dubin spun around and crouched down, his back to the action, which he watched intently on the small screen of a monitor television set a few feet to one side. As the shot ended, Dubin was on his hands and knees on the pavement, squinting against the glare of the arc lights at the miniature scene.

They shot the scene several more times, and finally Dubin and Kelly agreed that one version was satisfactory. Kelly and the dancers began rehearsing the next shot. A child in the crowd let out a whining cry, and Kelly, without turning, intoned loudly, "Who hit that child?"

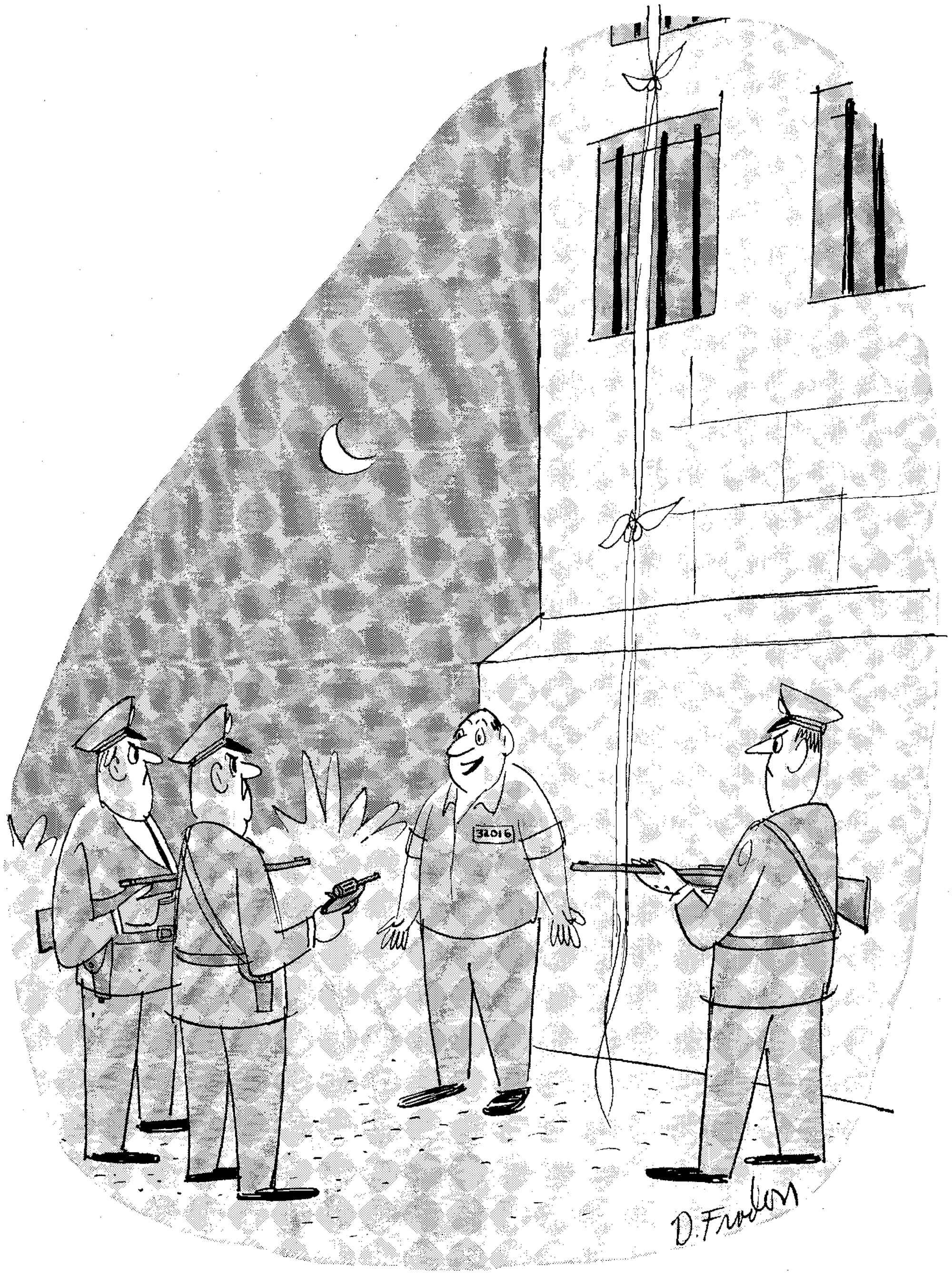
A few minutes later, the next shot was set up. It was a very tricky one, involving a complicated series of movements on the part of the camera as, from a stationary position, it followed Kelly and girls running up onto the sidewalk, then pulled back, and, an instant later, began moving parallel with them while they danced along the sidewalk at a fast pace. Three men, crouching low, helped push the camera dolly, but something kept going wrong with the shot. The dancers' feet apparently did not show.

"Thirty-five thousand dollars for the first man to get the camera placed for this shot!" Kelly announced.

Everyone got set for the next try, and then there was a shout: "Hold it! We lost a lamp!" Everyone turned, and—sure enough—there was the great bright eye of one of the arc lights fading out, a wisp of smoke curling above it.

A fight started among some spectators on Third Street but was quickly settled. "I have no axes to grind," one of the combatants kept saying.

Then the light was fixed, and another attempt was made to shoot the scene. Kelly and the girls ran up onto the sidewalk, the camera pointing at them; the camera pulled back, hesitating; then Dubin yelled "*Go!*" and the three men shoved the cam-



*"It's just that I suddenly felt completely rehabilitated."*

era dolly along the street at a good clip. A few moments later, Kelly, down on his knees watching the playback, cried out exuberantly, "The feet show!" Everyone cheered, the dancers clapped and jumped up and down, and Kelly, leaping to his feet, yelled jubilantly, "Hey, McCormick!" As the cameraman trotted over, beaming modestly, Kelly gave him a flamboyant hug.

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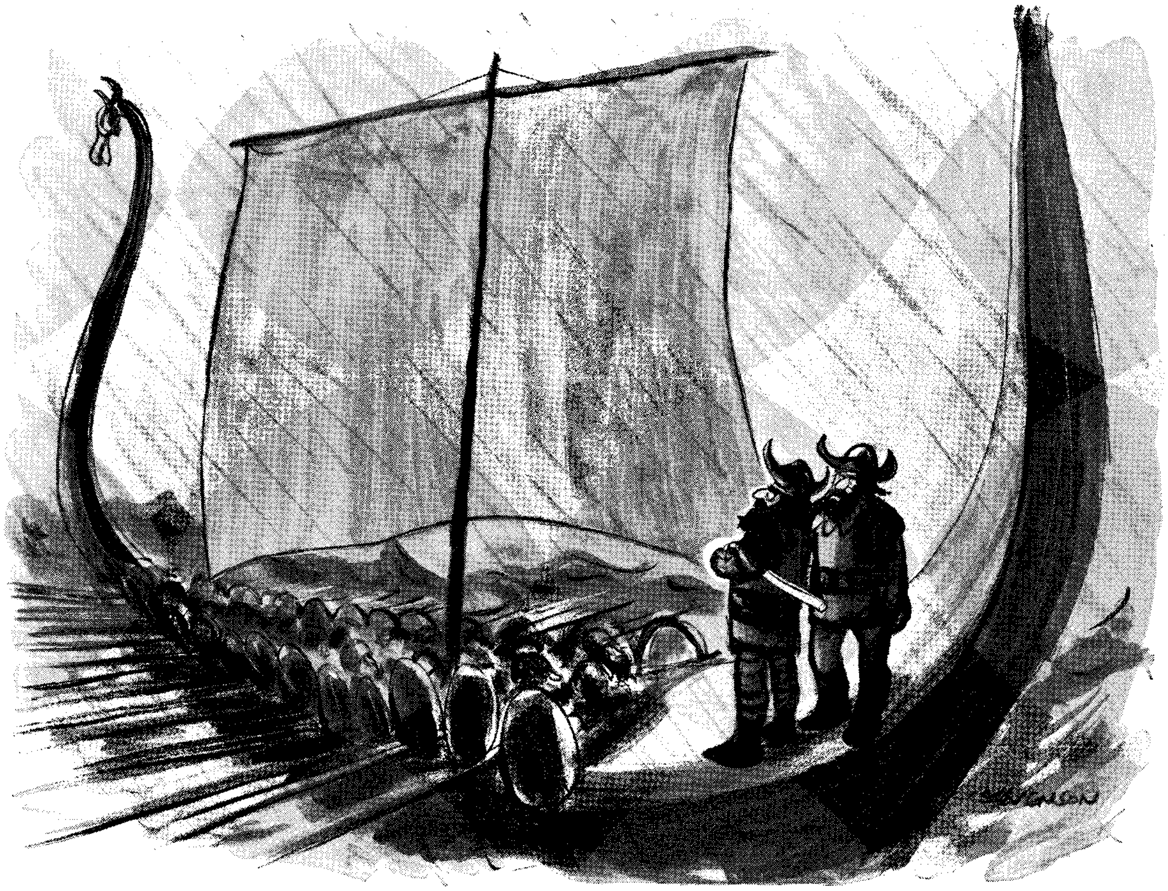
MACY is offering shoulder bags, made in Greece, that, according to their labels, are "100% Synthetic Wool."



*"Let's take another look at that damn map."*

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## *Sponsorless*

ON our way home one afternoon last week, we were standing in the crowded aisle of a No. 4 bus, which, in turn, was standing in a crowded uptown lane of Fifth Avenue near Fifty-second Street. The bus was hemmed in on all sides by its fellow-vehicles, as we were by our fellow-passengers. We cast our eyes upward, and amid the customary advertisements for gloves and foods and undergarments we found the following item printed, black on white:

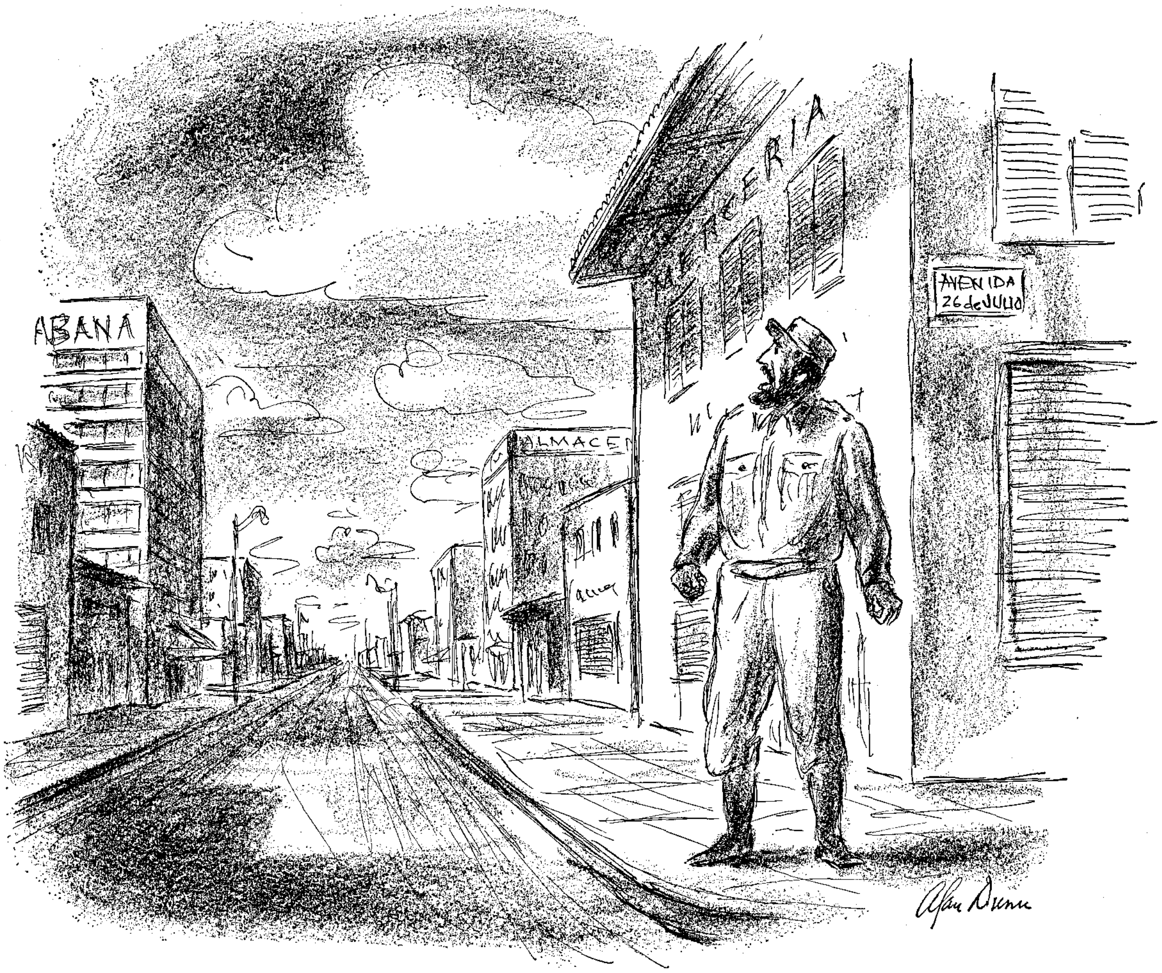
> REFLECTIONS IN WALDEN POND
>
> Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.
>
> —HENRY DAVID THOREAU, 1817-1862

Assuming that neither Thoreau nor his pond had taken to advertising, we searched the poster for the name of its product or sponsor. In vain. And at irregular intervals among the conventional ads were three other apparently sponsorless posters. One offered a recipe. Another offered a household hint to men wanting to make grilled-cheese sandwiches: "Simply wrap your sandwich in aluminum foil, heat your wife's electric iron, and iron it till it becomes brown and tasty." And one provided complicated instructions for rescuing cats that are stuck in trees: "Put a few sardines in the bottom of a market basket, tie the basket to the end of a stout cord, and hoist the basket like an elevator up to the limb . . ." All that the posters seemed to have in common was a reference to the *New York Bus Riders Digest*, and as soon as the crowd and the traffic permitted, we made our way to the offices of New York Bus Advertising, at 880 Third Avenue, to find out what the *Digest* was meant to achieve.

"It's surprising how many people have noticed those posters," said Irwin Winston, who is the president of the company. "We started the *Digest* only six weeks ago, and already we're receiving twenty-five to thirty letters a day with suggestions and comments. We thought that, with television and all, people were fed up to *here* with advertising, so we decided to devote six spaces on every bus to little proverbs, recipes, and suggestions for relaxation and enjoyment. These days, after all, you measure the value of media by their editorial content. This medium has never had any editorial content. Now we're going to offer a ten-dollar prize each month for the best suggestion to liven up those spaces devoted to the editorial end."

Mr. Winston took us into a neighboring office and introduced us to William Storey, who, he said, had brought the *Digest* idea to New York.

"My wife, Peggy, and I work as a team," said Mr. Storey, a tall, friendly man with crew-cut gray hair and a Southern accent. "We had the bus-advertising franchise in Gulfport, Mississippi, and one day we just slipped in a quotation from Thoreau—the 'different drummer' one, I think it was—and we got such a good response that we decided to try some more quotations. Gulfport had only a thirty-five-bus fleet, but then we moved to San Antonio, Texas, and tried the idea on the two hundred and twenty-five buses there. That worked out, too, and last July Mr. Winston got us to come up here and try it on the four-thousand-bus fleet in New York. We've planned to change the posters every month, but next week I'm going to try standing on some corners and asking people if they've noticed anything new. If a lot of people have already seen the posters, we'll have to change them more often than that." Mr. Storey rummaged



*"Where the devil is everybody?"*

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through a pile of posters lying on his desk and pulled out one that read, "Courage is walking naked through a cannibal village. Foolhardiness is doing the same thing with a sprig of parsley behind one ear." "We're going to have more humor next month, and at least one Thoreau—maybe two—every month," said Mr. Storey. "He lends himself to short quotations, and he's our favorite."

"And, besides, he's not in copyright," said Mrs. Storey, who had just entered the room. She reached into a file cabinet behind her and pulled out a sheaf of letters. "We've got so many letters and proverbs and suggestions," she said. "Such a cross-section of people's minds. To me, that's eternally interesting."

Among the letters were a handwritten card from Blanche Yurka, the actress, pronouncing the posters "charming;" a typewritten note from a Brooklyn schoolteacher requesting some of the posters for her classroom; a letter from a guide at the World's Fair Sinclair Dinoland suggesting a quotation from Albert Camus; a letter from Staten Island quoting Wordsworth; a letter from someone who signed himself "Your Truly, Joel" recommending Teddy Roosevelt as a source of quotations; *five* letters recommending "I shall not pass this way again;" a letter from an attorney in a law firm on Park Avenue quoting Somerset Maugham; a letter from a Ph.D. at the New York University College of Dentistry reading, "Please continue—expand;" and a note requesting the recipe for pineapple cheese spread ("I could not copy it down in the crowded bus").

"Somehow, I get the feeling that these letters are from people who simply need to communicate," Mrs. Storey said. "They just want us to know about themselves. So Bill and I are going to acknowledge each comment and suggestion with a little personal note in ink. It's a comfort to see—we always knew it, but no one would believe it—that the people here aren't all that different from the ones in San Antonio."

"Oh, but one thing," said Mr. Storey. "We'd better mention the practical side. With these posters, we're getting the passengers to focus their eyes and their attention on denser print. My dream is to have a bus fifty-fifty—fifty per cent ads, fifty per cent *Digest*. We'll just have to see."

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FIFTY-THREE of the communities marked on New Mexico's official Ghost Town Map have Zip Code numbers.

## *Beame*

LAST week, Lindsay. This week, Beame. 10 P.M. Rain is pouring down, and a white Dodge sedan is standing double-parked near the side entrance of the Metropolitan-Duane Methodist Church, on Thirteenth Street, just off Seventh Avenue. The car's windshield-wipers are flopping back and forth, back and forth. In the front seat is the driver, who has not yet had supper, staring at the rain; in the back seat are a press aide and Abraham Beame, who is wearing hat, coat, and glasses and is working on a speech. Inside the church is John Lindsay, at a meeting of the Village Independent Democrats, who have asked both mayoral candidates to address them. When Lindsay leaves, a Beame aide will open the side door and give a signal, and Beame will enter. In the meantime, Beame sits in the car, waiting, and the rain pounds on the roof. The announcement board on the wall of the church says, "This Week—Sermon: The Holy and the Impure." Twenty yards away, across Thirteenth Street, looms the large, modernistic Joseph Curran National Maritime Union Building, where, eleven hours earlier, Beame began the day's campaigning.

That morning, hall of N.M.U. jammed with seamen standing shoulder to shoulder. Air above them clogged with smoke. Signs on walls say, "No Gambling, Card-Playing Allowed. Sets of Chess Checkers Dominoes Available in Library on 2nd Floor. Members Must Sign for Games and Be Held Responsible for Their Return." Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor (zippiest campaigner on the Beame Team) stands on platform, recalls to crowd, "I signed on as an A.B. until they found out I'd never been on a ship, and they kicked me down to Ordinary Seaman." Beame enters—gray hair, gray hat, gray suit, black coat, black shoes—and gives vigorous, rousing, finger-waving speech. Ovation. Beame leaves, shaking hands en route ("Sure, how *are* you?"), as union official takes over microphone. "The next job call will be at one-thirty," official announces.

Beame, flanked by two aides, walks briskly up to the corner of Greenwich Avenue and Thirteenth Street, where he waits patiently for his car to arrive. Passersby on way to work do not notice him. Beame is very short, trim, reserved; has dignity but no vanity; has warmth and charm; can turn scrappy when pressed. Fluctuates between kindly grandpa and James Cagney. White car arrives, Beame gets in, and car moves into heavy traffic going up Eighth Avenue. "How's Sixth Avenue? Worse?" asks aide. Driver says, "I'll *try* it." East on Twenty-eighth Street (fur district, flower district), then north on Sixth. "Look at this traffic!" says Beame. "I've never seen anything like it before!" All out at 30 East Forty-second Street and down several flights of stairs to meeting of National Negro Independent Political Association. Attendance light, but Beame gives full-measure speech and handshakes all around, poses for pictures. Trots back upstairs, gets into car, and returns to hq., at Hotel Summit, Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue. Takes elevator to room. Bellhops in lobby watch.

First Bellhop: "Did you see the poll?" (He is referring to *Herald Tribune* straw poll, which showed Beame in the lead.)

Second Bellhop: "Yeah."

First Bellhop: "He's home now."

Cameras and lights and microphones have been set up in center room of the Embassy Suite; lunches for United Hospital Fund are taking place in rooms on each side. Beame comes downstairs, conducts press conference, is asked about *Tribune* poll. "The only poll that means anything is the poll on Election Day," he says.

Question on "bossism": "Does Charles Buckley usually answer your letters?"

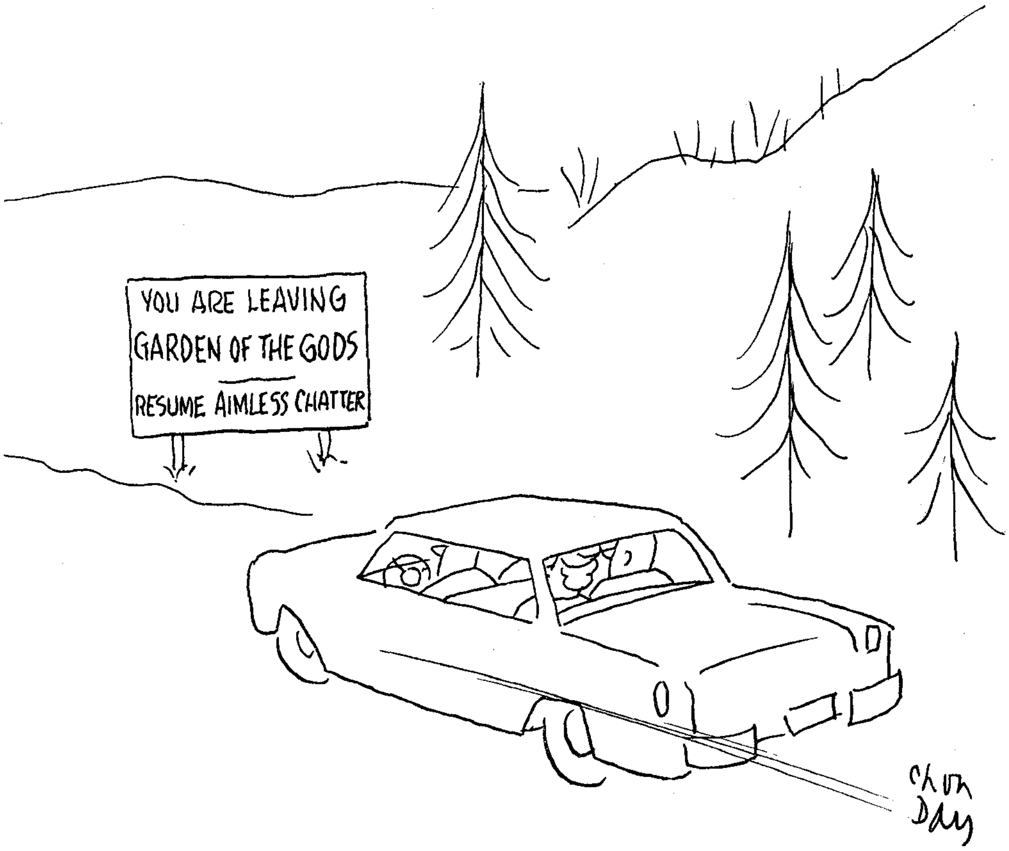
Beame: "I don't usually write him." (Laughter.)

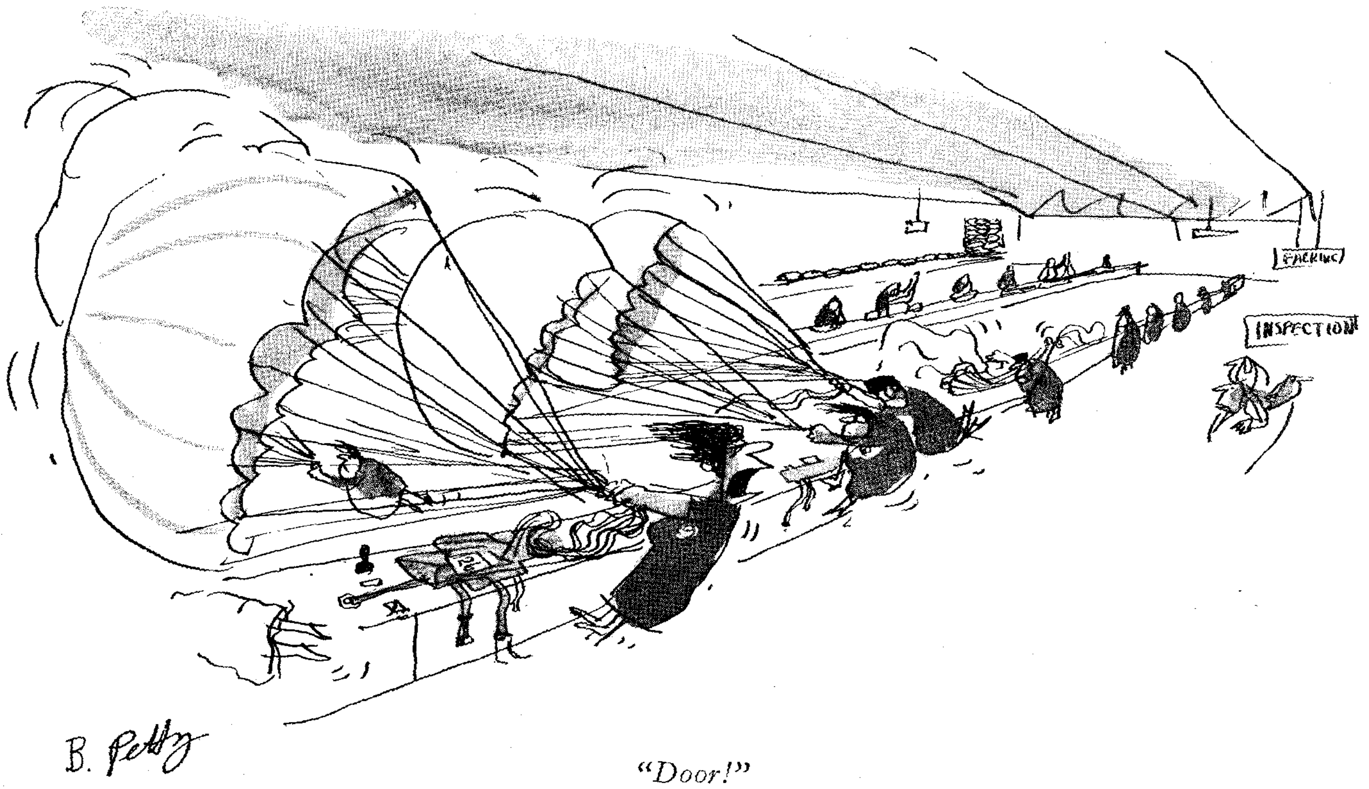
Beame returns to his room for private meetings.

4:50 P.M. Heavy downpour. People clustered under white marquee of Summit, hoping for taxis. Through glass door of the Gaucho Room they can see dark shapes of men sitting at bar, watching Series game on TV. Man on sidewalk is listening to game on transistor radio, observing action on screen through door. Beame is expected; white car is parked at curb, driver listening to game. Large group of plump, rosy Germans with mountain of luggage standing at edge of sidewalk, trying to get taxis for airport and Lufthansa. Beame and aides hurry out, climb into car, and head for Hotel Commodore. Stuck in traffic again. Beame breaks long silence. "I still didn't get a shine," he says sadly. "Three weeks trying to get a shine!" Car goes up ramp, around Grand Central, past Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt statue, stops at Hotel Commodore. Beame gets out, tips hat to ladies who are waiting for cabs. Ladies smile. When Beame smiles, people smile back. Hustles through Commodore to Parlor B. Big sign says "Guests of Honor." Inside, loud and cheerful cocktail party being held as prelude to Central Labor Council dinner, which is down the hall in East Ballroom. Beame moves easily, happily among old friends: O'Connor; Mario Procaccino, who is running with Beame for Comptroller; Harry Van Arsdale, head of the city's Central Labor Council; Jacob Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; Democratic State Chairman John J. Burns; Acting Commissioner of Labor James McFadden; Water Supply Commissioner Armand D'Angelo. Beame vanishes into maelstrom of well-wishers and, because of his size, can be located only by shifting of concentrated cluster of smiling people.

Half an hour later, Beame and associates hurry down hall to ballroom. O'Connor says to aide, rushing along, "I sent word back to them I would not under any circumstances—" Ballroom packed with Central Labor Council members—perhaps two hundred men, and one woman, who is wearing a red hat and a black dress with a white collar. Council endorsed Beame two weeks earlier. Members now finishing dessert, lighting cigars. Beame speaks from dais. "As a former district captain for thirty years, I know what it's like to ring doorbells," he says. Urges them to ring doorbells.

Back to car (party still going strong in Parlor B) and joins Chairman Burns in back seat. Plenty of traffic going up Park Avenue in the rain. Burns and Beame chat quietly, informally. Some joking, some lamenting ("Now he's blaming me for all the narcotics"). Beame and Burns get out at Hotel Carlyle, enter for private meeting. Hour later, Beame, Senator Robert Kennedy, William vanden Heuvel, and others emerge. Go separate ways. Owing to rain, big rally at Seventy-second Street and Broadway has been cancelled. Beame car heads downtown to Ondine—nautical Frug center next to





“*Door!*”

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Queensboro Bridge, where Young Voters for Beame are Frugging anxiously as they await his arrival. Thump-thump-thump-thump as Beame enters, makes his way through semi-darkness. Shaggy-haired guitar player stops music, mumbles into microphone, “Misterabebeameishere.” Fades back, and Beame takes mike. “I just want to say I’m very glad to be here and thank you for the wonderful job you did in the primary,” he says. “I’m strictly a waltzer, but I make you a promise. On November 3rd, we’re going to meet in here, and I’m going to learn the Frug and the Watusi.” Applause. Thump-thump resumes.

Beame heads out. Pale-faced girl emits hideous shriek as he passes. “That’s the Beame Scream,” she explains. Beame smiles politely.

Into car and over to New York Hilton, at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. Crowded lobby, but no recognition. Up several escalators and into Grand Ballroom. Giant banquet, with three-tiered dais, flags, red candles, dignitaries in black ties. Annual Western Hemisphere Day Banquet, sponsored by Avenue of the Americas Association. Beame takes bow. Has arrived too late for Clear Green Turtle Soup Amontillado but in time for Paupiettes of Dover Sole aux Champagne (plus Beaujolais La Reine Pedauque) and subsequent Roast Contre-Filet of Beef (plus Gordon de Bourgogne ’60). Distinguished merchants, bankers, real-estate men all take bows. Acrobats perform on stage in front of dais, spangled girls flying through air. Dessert is Bibescot with Rhum Sabayon and Petits Fours. Beame leaves quietly prior to scheduled speeches by William S. Paley, Frank Stanton, David Rockefeller.

9:45 P.M. On way down Broadway to address meeting of Village Independent Democrats (after John Lindsay). In back seat, aide is checking schedules with hq. on car phone. “I don’t have any breakfast down here for tomorrow. What time?” he says. Listens, then turns to Beame. “We have *two* breakfasts tomorrow,” he says. “Eight-fifteen and eight-forty-five.” Beame says he has busy day ahead, including a press conference and a debate. Asks, “How can you have an eight-fifteen breakfast and an eight-forty-five breakfast?” Aide replies, “One is upstairs from the other, in The Summit.” Beame agrees to attend both breakfasts, and as car comes down Seventh Avenue, “John Lindsay for Mayor” station wagon is discovered parked in front of church. “He’s *still* here?” says aide. Driver double-parks and aide goes in to check. Emerges a moment later. “He’s still speaking,” says aide. “He’s been on for half an hour. He’s answering questions.” Aide reënters church, and Beame orders car moved around corner to Thirteenth Street, to wait near side entrance. Beame puts on his glasses and works on his speech.

A few minutes later, church side door opens and aide waves. Beame goes in at side door as Lindsay leaves by front. No overlapping. Church—large, with high, vaulted ceiling—is nearly full. Hymn board says “No. 1” and “No. 507.” Villager whispers to friend, “I left my records in your hip boots.” Friend nods. Beame stands in pulpit, makes speech, as photographer roams chancel taking shots. Question period follows; many of the questions hostile.

Meeting ends, and Beame hurries out. “We’re going to Brooklyn now,” aide says. Car spins away, splashing through the downpour. Beame inside, wearing hat and coat, heads for Brooklyn.

## *Perspective*

TWO intrepid mothers of our acquaintance joined forces to take their children museum-crawling one recent Saturday afternoon. The ramps, the pillars, and the fountain of the Guggenheim amused the youngsters, and they happily mixed culture and exercise under indifferent stares from the guards. At one point, however, a seven-year-old lad became fascinated by an early Picasso and scrutinized it carefully for a few minutes. A guard told him to stand back, whereupon the mothers both assured the guard that the boy knew he mustn’t touch any paintings. “That’s not it,” the guard said. “It’s only that the pictures aren’t supposed to be looked at so close.”

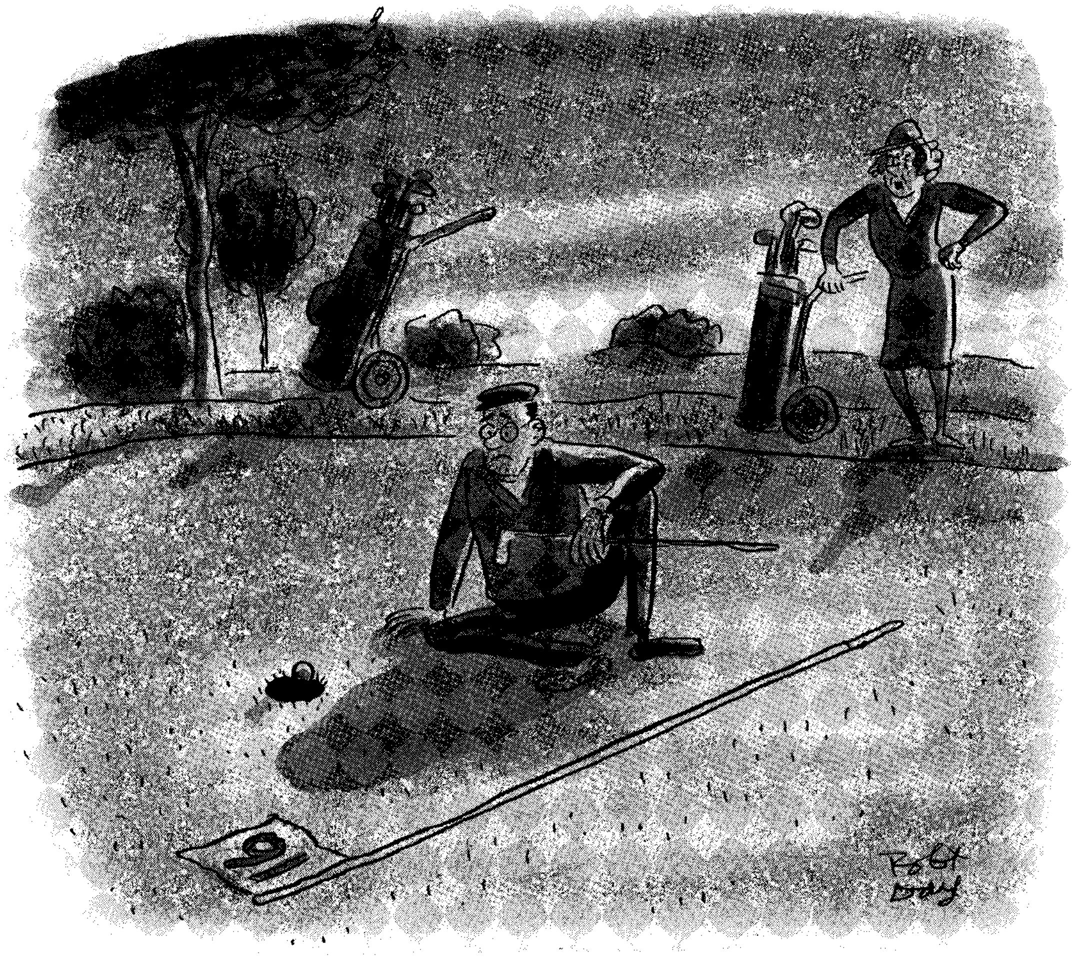
# CAUTION~BEWARE OF EXCESS PROPHETS

WE converged in the middle of the East Fifty-seventh Street sidewalk, a disturbingly lovely lady inside a magnificent broadtail coat and I unfortunately on the outside, and the mazurka we executed trying to pass each other would certainly have convulsed bystanders had there been any. As we seesawed left and right, colliding and muttering apologies, my nostrils were ravished by the delicious scent she exuded; in the momentary glimpse afforded me of her ivory pallor, I beheld wide-set sloe eyes (the legacy of some remote Tartar forebear?), accented by a mouche. An instant later, she was gone and I was staring down at the card she had pressed into my palm. It read, "Madame Myosotis, Spiritual Reader and Adviser. Speaks several different languages. Will help you on problems such as love, marriage, business. She will bring you happiness. One visit will convince you. All readings private. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are troubled in any way, don't fail to come and see her now." The sibyl's address was close by, hardly a stone's throw off Park Avenue, and yet it might just as well have been in Tananarive or Valparaiso for all I cared. Whatever thirst I had for divination was effectively slaked years ago, thank you. Soothsayers, stay away from my door.

Stripped of excessive detail, the particulars were these: In mid-February of 1963, I was tarrying briefly in Nairobi, about to consummate a long cherished dream of visiting Seychelles, the Indian Ocean archipelago a thousand miles east of Mombasa. So beautiful was Seychelles, reputedly, that many authorities located it as the original Garden of Eden. It was also said to be the last stronghold of British colonialism, full of Edwardian eccentrics and remittance men—a paradise, in short, calculated to pique anyone's scholarly interest. Owing to its rugged terrain, there was unfortunately no air service, and accommodations aboard the monthly steamer out of Mombasa, crammed with Indian refugees from Angola, were at a premium. Through the intercession of a government official, however, whom I convinced that I was a potential spark in the Kenyan powder keg, I ultimately procured a one-way passage. But this essential was merely a prelude to the mechanics of embarkation that had to be arranged in Nairobi—the visas, the bedding one needed for the overnight train journey to the coast, the meal vouchers, the myriad clearances, declarations, and affidavits mandatory for admission to the Garden of Eden. Then, just as my preparations were complete, a shattering cable arrived from Toby Swingler in New York.

Toby was much more than a theatrical agent; he was guide, philosopher, and friend—an ebullient, warmhearted chap who was shepherding a play that had bubbled out of my inkwell the previous autumn and was currently visible on Broadway. Nearly a month had elapsed since Toby's last bulletin, but that had radiated such optimism, with its talk of road companies, movie sales, and the like, that it never occurred to me anything was amiss. Today's tidings, though, were unequivocal: "Producer defenestrated self into 45th Street last night. Cast exhibiting wonderful pluck nonetheless. Some performers hoarse because obliged to project to handful of patrons in balcony but morale unimpaired. Earnestly advise you lengthen visit Seychelles as understand breadfruit plenteous and aggravations minimal."

Once the significance of Toby's message sank home, it abruptly dawned on me that I was in a devil of a quandary. If the show was about to expire, as appeared likely, it would be callous to sequester myself on an atoll in the Indian Ocean. On the other hand, would it actually benefit anybody if I jettisoned the Seychelles trip and hurried back to attend the obsequies? Lacking any intimate in Nairobi to counsel me, I decided on an expedient I had never resorted to before; namely, astrology. A gentleman named Mohandas Ghanef—a renowned stargazer, according to his advertisement in the East African *Standard*—invited the perplexed to consult him. I rang up



*"Edward, it's getting dark."*

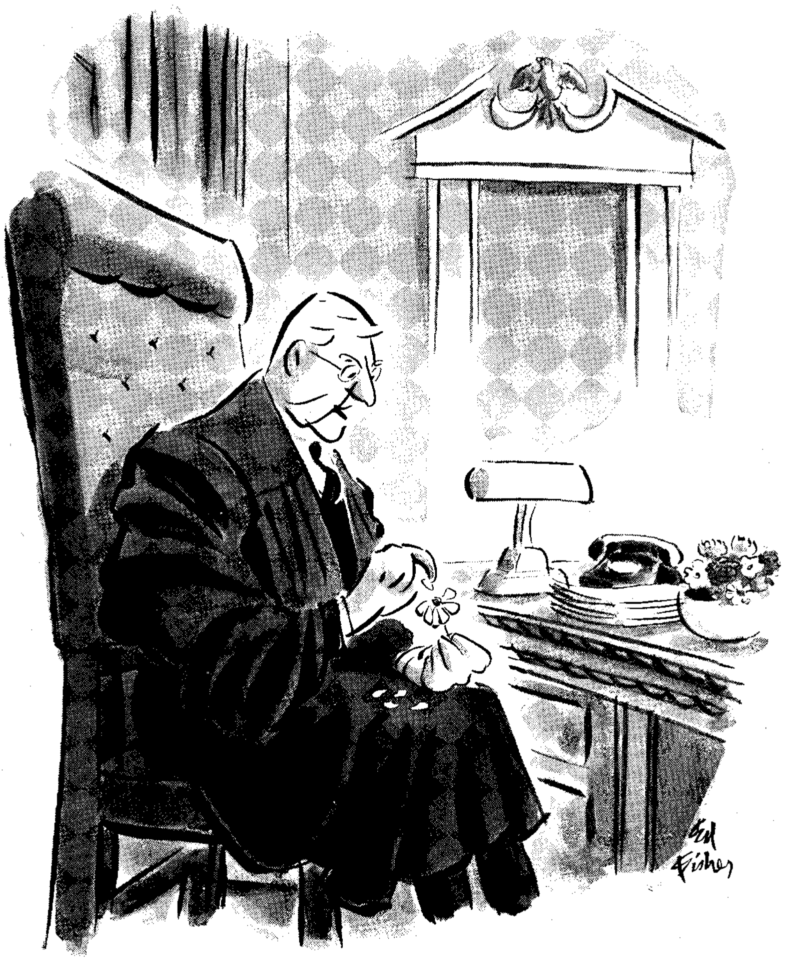
forthwith, and was greeted by the sage himself in a loud, jovial voice. He seemed agreeably devoid of humbug, and, having ascertained my birth date, he arranged to receive me within the hour at his chambers in Vasco da Gama Road.

The quarter where Mr. Ghanef practiced was largely given over to bicycle-repair stores, Indian groceries, and shops displaying an impressive array of aphrodisiacs. His inglenook, two flights up a dark and clangorous stairway, consisted of a bed-sitter, half of whose floor space had been preëmpted for a reception area. Seated cross-legged on the floor was a portly gentleman with a liquid eye, studying a pattern of chicken bones strewn over a towel.

“Good morning, good day!” he shouted, springing up with the grace of an antelope. “Mohandas Ghanef here! You are the Aquarian who phoned me just now?”

I nodded, and he conducted me into his boudoir past a gray enamelled gas stove on which were ranged a dozen works of the late Elbert Hubbard in limp leather, surmounted by a human skull. Bidding me sit on the edge of the bed, he drew up a chair opposite, jotted several columns of figures on a clipboard, and, after a close scrutiny, emitted a grunt of satisfaction. “Capital, my dear sir!” he said. “I perceive that I am dealing with a most remarkable individual. A man of deep wisdom, one who has been tempered in life’s crucible. As his system is alkaline, he tends to be ascetic in his relations with women, in which respect he resembles William Ewart Gladstone. Above all, a man of fantastic generosity. Am I correct?”

I acknowledged that my largesse was often princely, and he continued on a note of admonition. “Your chief trouble is that you are too mushy, too softhearted. Be on the alert for sharpers, persons with oily tongues seeking to fleece you. Also guard against rheumatism and fried foods.”



*“It’s constitutional, it’s unconstitutional, it’s constitutional, it’s unconstitutional . . .”*

I promised to be vigilant, and inquired what course the planets dictated in my present dilemma—ought I press on to Seychelles or return to New York?

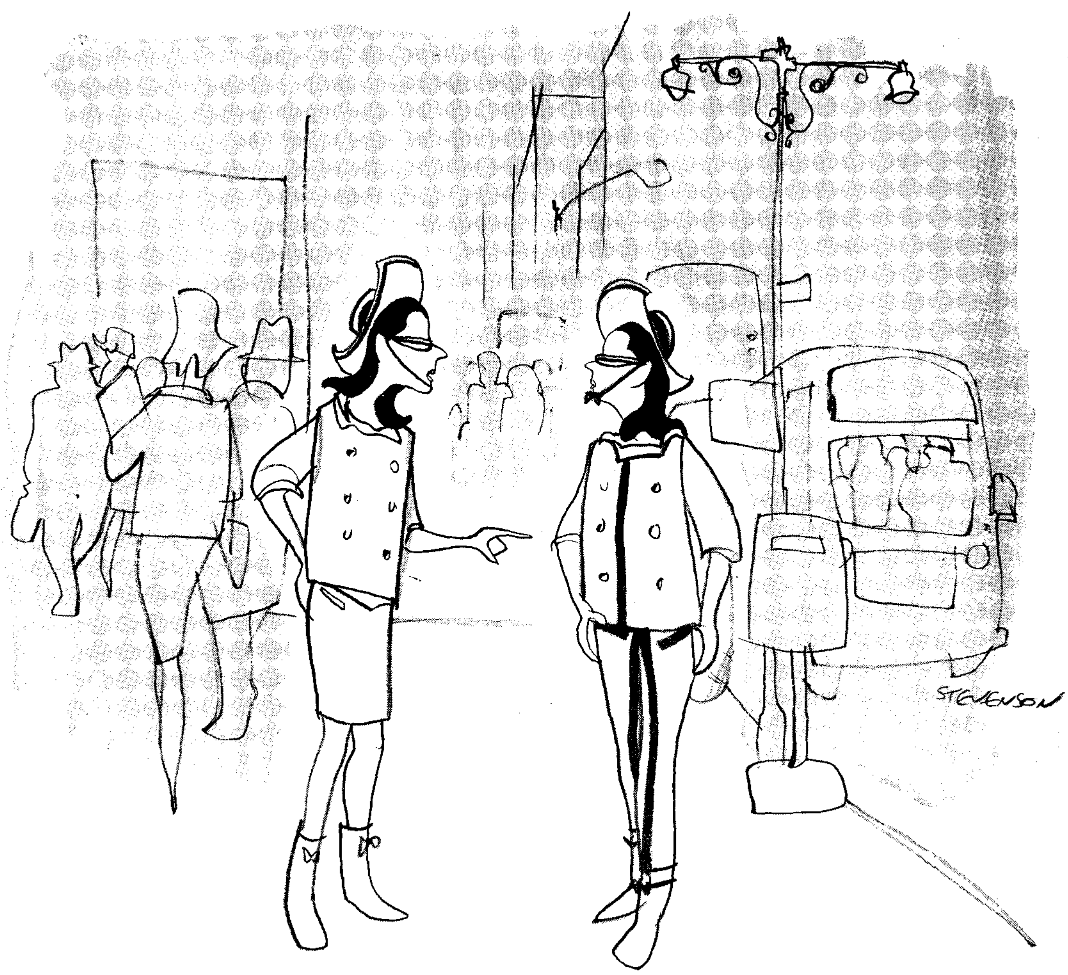
Mr. Ghanef became wildly animated at the disclosure that I was a playwright. That was his avocation, he exclaimed; in fact, he had just completed two acts of a comedy he would be delighted to read to me—a rattling good love story that poked fun at various human foibles. Unluckily, I was too distraught to hold still for a Hindu version of “Springtime for Henry,” and was forced to decline. Mr. Ghanef accepted my refusal with a fatalistic shrug. Perhaps it might clarify the decision, he suggested, if I chanced to have a handwriting specimen from someone connected with my play. It happened that I did—a grisly picture postcard Toby Swingler had sent me in Paris of Doris Day costumed as a *torero*, with a rose in her teeth.

A frown corrugated the seer’s forehead as he studied Toby’s inscription. “Whoever wrote this is a trickster, a double-dealer,” he declared flatly. “With every hour that passes, he betrays you anew. Chastise him, smite him hip and thigh, cast him into the sea with a rock attached to his feet.”

A suspicion began to take form in my mind that Mr. Ghanef’s pipeline to the infinite was clogged, and, tendering him his fee of forty-three East African shillings, or roughly six dollars, I cleared off. That evening, over a sundowner at the New Stanley with some British residents of the colony, I recounted my experience. To a man, they chided me for having impulsively sought out a mountebank. The ranking astrologer south of the Sahara, the foremost wizard in the protectorate, was Ibn Momzeyrim, an oracle whose prescience was so uncanny that persons from every walk of society, even government Ministers, flocked to consult him. Several Greek and Syrian millionaires, uncommonly flinty types, had been known to risk fortunes on the basis of his predictions, and no prospective bride would dare approach the altar without his prenuptial horoscope.

With such a clear mandate, hesitation was unthinkable, and the next morning found me nervously awaiting my turn in Ibn Momzeyrim’s outer office at Vedic House. The atmosphere was humdrum, totally devoid of any suggestion of the sorcerer’s cave; the matronly *Hausfrau* in printed cotton, her scrawny husband, and the two giggling schoolgirls were straight out of any dentist’s anteroom in the States. In due course, all of them were processed, and a high-pitched, impatient voice inside bade me enter.

Mr. Momzeyrim, a plump, button-eyed Pakistani, was seated behind a modernique kitchen table with a Formica surface, in an ambience where every visible object was synthetic. He wore a pair of outsize spectacles with fake tortoise-shell rims and was garbed in a suit of some Dacron-like material, from the breast pocket of which three ball-point pens protruded. A blue plastic vase containing a red plastic tulip stood at his elbow, and he was bawling into a Bakelite phone. “No, no, I abso-



*"This town isn't big enough for both of us, Gloria!"*

• •

lutely forbid you!" he was shouting. "Hold on to those securities till Mercury replaces Saturn—do you hear? Otherwise you court bankruptcy, ruin, starvation!" He slammed down the receiver and pointed at me. "What time is it?"

"Why—er—ten past eleven," I said, glancing at my watch.

"Wrong," he returned triumphantly. "Only eight past, and those two minutes make all the difference in a horoscope. Everything in your past, present, and future is governed by time, my friend. Give me the exact hour and date you were born."

In the next quarter of an hour, I learned a number of things about myself I had never suspected. I had a strongly sensual nature and tended to throw my cap over the windmill at the sight of a pretty ankle. The second of my wives—I appeared to have been married three times—had deceived me repeatedly with a rake on the order of Blazes Boylan, sporting a black beard. The four coming years, it seemed, promised to be the most fruitful in my life. I was slated to amass wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—provided, of course, I kept a tight rein on my satyriasis and stuck to my knitting. Throughout the session, at intervals of thirty seconds, phone calls poured in from a wide spectrum of folk—horseplayers, seafarers contemplating voyages, the lovesick of both sexes, and merchants convinced that their partners were mulcting them. To all of them Momzeyrim snapped out advice without an instant's hesitation, but when I broached my own immediate problem, he countered with the windiest of generalities. A dark Sagittarian—not unlike Toby Swingler, from his description—was exerting a malign influence over my future. Notwithstanding, I must pretend to accede to his wishes until Jupiter was in the ascendant, when I should be amply revenged. In view of the urgent circumstances, I implored Momzeyrim to give me more specific guidance.

"That's what everyone wants," he said peevishly. "What business are you in?"

I decided that if he was as clairvoyant as represented, it was up to him to find out. "Well-l-l." I hesitated. "It's kind of related to the theatre."

"Yes, yes," he said, closing his eyes in concentration. "I see row on row of chairs full of people clapping. Oh, yes indeed, we have a dandy success here—cornucopias full of money, steam yachts, female caresses galore. But wait a moment—what is this? All is changed. The people have disappeared—only the chairs are left. Yes, and some scenery being lifted into lorries. . . . What is this legend I read? It says 'Cain's Warehouse.' . . ."

He was bent on describing a few other things he saw, but I cut short his balderdash. I had suddenly had a bellyful of their auguries—of Mohandas Ghanef and Ibn Momzeyrim and the whole blasted lot. After all, why should I hire Indian fakirs to dream up disasters for me when I was perfectly capable of doing it myself? I knew now where my duty lay—not on an island paradise eating lotus but patrolling Times Square, where I could keep an eye on chisellers named Toby Swingler who betrayed a man the moment he turned his back. I nipped around the corner to the shipping office, traded my Indian Ocean ticket for one to New York, and left on the wings of the morning.

Dreaming when dawn's left hand is in the sky, I sometimes wonder whether I'll ever get to visit Seychelles. Maybe I ought to look up a really reliable fortune-teller—someone like Madame Myosotis, say—and see what the future holds.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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You can really enjoy yourself in rooms furnished in the best taste, obliging and personally service, prizewinning kitchen (2nd september 1962 in Vaduz, Liechtenstein) and select, cheap wines of our cellarage.

You can take walks in our forest rich of deers and seldom birds and without efforts.

Our hotel is climatical situated so favourable that we have bound in duty a doctor for patients with circulation-disturbance, nervous complaints bronchitis and asthma-complaints who is looking after you and to supervise, if it's necessary.

Sun-bathes you can take by us already in spring-time and still in autumn while in the valleys the damp is lying.—*From a booklet issued by a hotel in Germany.*

And no seldom bird sings.

# FALL COMES IN BACK-COUNTRY VERMONT

## (1. One Voter Out of Sixteen)

Deader they die here, or at least
Differently, deeper the hole, and after
The burying, at night, late, you
Are more apt to wonder about the drainage

Of the cemetery, but you know that you needn't, for
Here's all hills anyway, or mountain, and the hole
Standard, but if no drainage problem, yet
You may still wake with a kind of psychic

Twitch, as when the nerves in the amputee's
Stump (a saw did it, no doubt) twitch and wonder
How that which has gone off and set up
As a separate self is making out, and whether

It repents of its rashness and would like
To come back and crawl into bed and be
Forgiven, and even though you, like me,
May forget the name of the dead, in the dark you

Can't help but remember that if there are only
Sixteen voters and one dies that leaves only
Fifteen, and no doubt you know the story
Of how it began, how he laid his axe down, then

Just sat on a log, not saying a word, till
The crew knocked off for the day, and never
Came back (it was cancer) and later you'd see him
Sit on the porch in the sun and throw bread

To the chipmunks, but that was last year, and now
There's the real-estate sign in the yard, and the grass
Not cut, and already one window knocked out,
For the widow's heartbroken and gone, and the bed

Is stripped to the mattress, and the bedpan
Washed with ammonia and put on a high shelf,
And the stuffed lynx he shot now all night glares
At the empty room with a feral vindication,

And does not forgive, and thinks with glee
How cancer is worse than a .30-30, and

## (2. The Bear and the Last Person to Remember)

It is well the widow is gone, for here winter's
Not made for a woman lone, lorn, and slow-foot,
And summer already sinks southward, and soon
All over the state the summer people

Will put the lawnmower in the red barn, drain
The plumbing, deny the pain of that heart-pinch
They cannot define, and get out the suitcase
To pack, for last night, in moonlight and high

On the mountain, I heard the first bear-hoot,
As the bear that all day had stripped bushes of the last
Blueberries, felt that hot itch and heaved
Up his black, hairy man-height in moonlight,

Lifted the head and curled back the black lip
To show the white moon-gleam of tush, and the throat
Pulsed in that call that is like the great owl's,
But more edged with anguish, and then far off,

From a ruined orchard, by the old cellar hole,
In the tang and the tawny air-taste of the apple-
Night, the she-bear, too, rises,
And the half-crushed apple, forgotten, falls

From the jaw gone slack in that moment before
Her utterance, and soon now, night after night,
On the mountain the moon-air will heave with that hunger,
So that, in that hour, the boys of the village

Come out, climb a ridge and reply, and when
Off on the mountain that hoot comes, and nearer,
The girls with them shiver and giggle, not quite
Daring to face that thought that from dark now,

Hot-breathed and hairy, earth-odored and foam-flecked,
Rises, and they want to go home, all but one,
Who feels that the night cannot breathe, and who soon,
On the raw mattress, in that house, will cry

Out, but the house is empty, and
Through the window where once the lace curtains hung
And a green shade was but is not,
The moonlight now pours like God, and the sweat

Of her effort goes ice, for she remembers,
So struggles to thrust off that weight that chokes her,
Thrusts herself up on that mattress and, gasping
In that ice and ice-iron of moonlight, with

What breath in that dishevelment
Is possible, says, "But here—it was here—
On this bed that he died, and I'll catch it and die"—
But does not, comes back, comes back until snow flies,

And many years later will be the last person
To remember his name who there on that bed

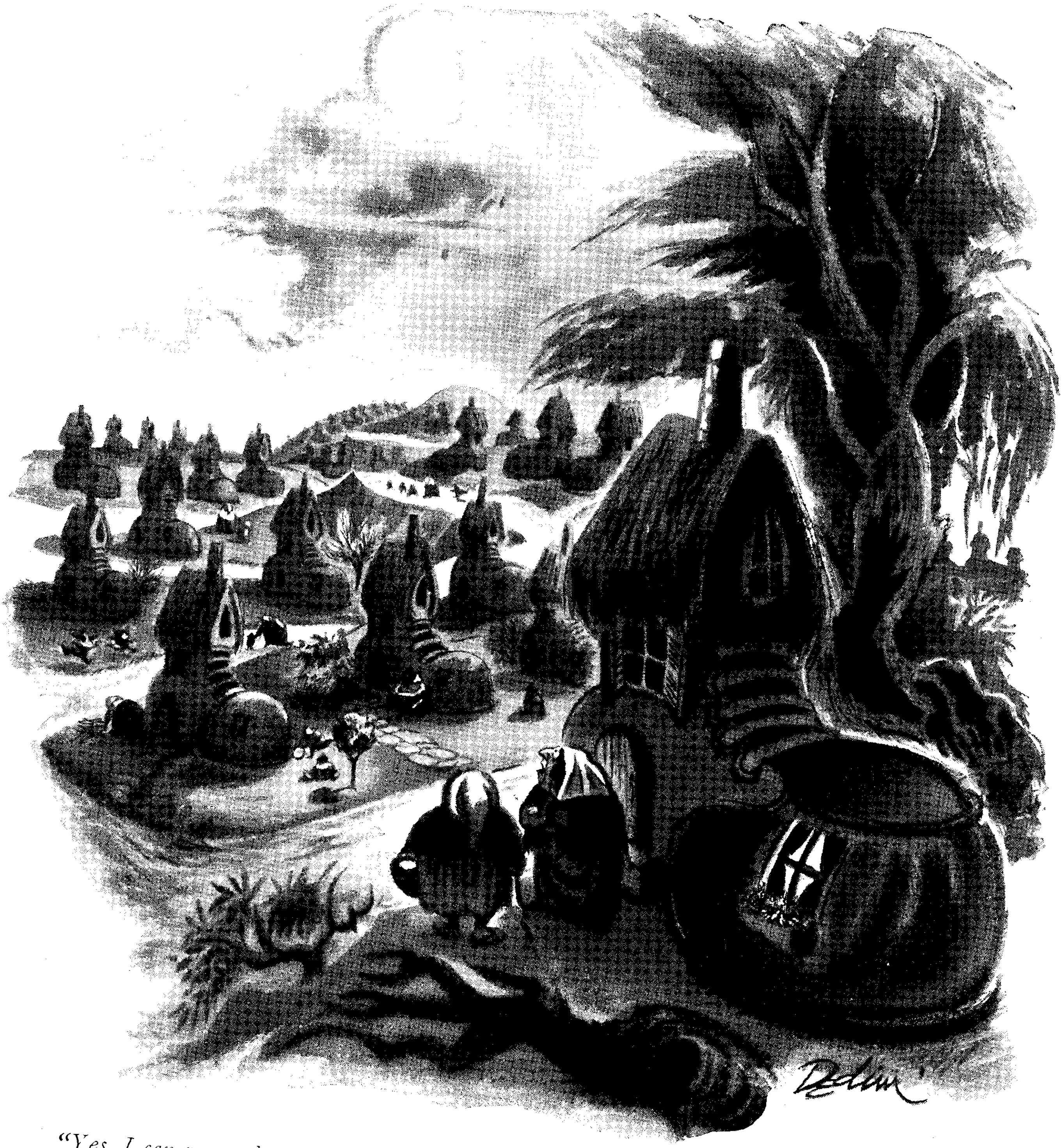
## (3. The Human Fabric)

Had died, but for now let us take some comfort
In the fact that the fifteen surviving voters,
Remembering his name, feel, in the heart,
Diminished, for in this section death

Is a window gone dark and a face not seen
Anymore at the P.O., and in the act
Of rending irreparably the human fabric,
Death affirms the fact of that fabric, so what

If at night, in first snow, the hunters pass—
Pale clerks and mechanics from Springfield and Hartford,
With red caps and rifles and their pitiful
Blood lust and histrionic maleness—and passing,

Throw out from the car the empty bourbon
Bottle to lie in the snow by the For
Sale sign, and snow covers the bottle, will cover
The sign itself, and then the snowplow



*"Yes, I can remember when it was nothing but forest land as far as you could see."*

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Will pile up the banks as high as the eaves,
So that skiers who sing past in sports cars at dusk
Cannot see it, nor singing, need yet to know
The truth which at last they will come to need,

That life is of life paradigm, and death
The legend of death, nor need ever to know

### (4. Afterward)

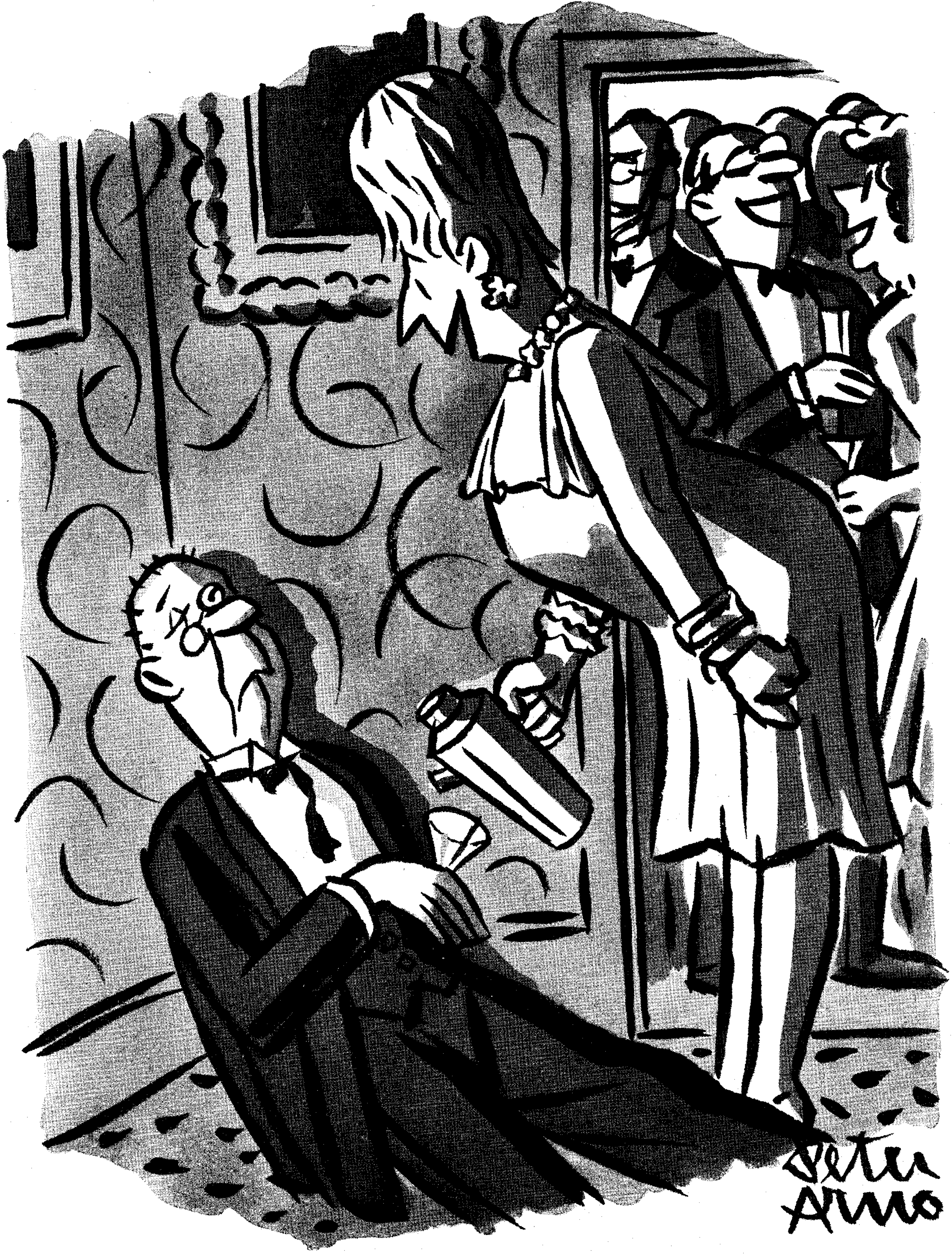
That all night, eaves-high, the snow will press
Its face to the black ice of glass and, by
The white light its own being sheds, stare
Into that trapped cubicle of emptiness which

Is that room, but by that time I
Will not be here, in another place be,
And in my bed, not asleep, will endeavor
To see in my mind the eagle that once,

Above sunset, above the mountain in Stratton,
I saw—on thinnest air, high, saw
Lounging—oh, look!—it turns and, turning,
Shoulders like spray that last sun-gleam before

The whistling down-plunge to the mountain's shade.
I touch the hand there on the pillow.

—Robert Penn Warren



*"Let me sweeten that for you, Mr. Hendryx."*

# A CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART

WALKING up Riverside Drive, we pass a pair of nuns moving in step and looking neither right nor left. Laura glances discreetly over her shoulder, then turns her face up to me, a line between her downy brows. "Are they men or ladies?"

"They are certainly ladies, and they are nuns. Don't you remember? You met some last year." It suddenly seems extraordinary that my child does not know.

"But *why* are they nuns?" she asks softly.

"That's hard to say," I answer. "I'm not sure now."

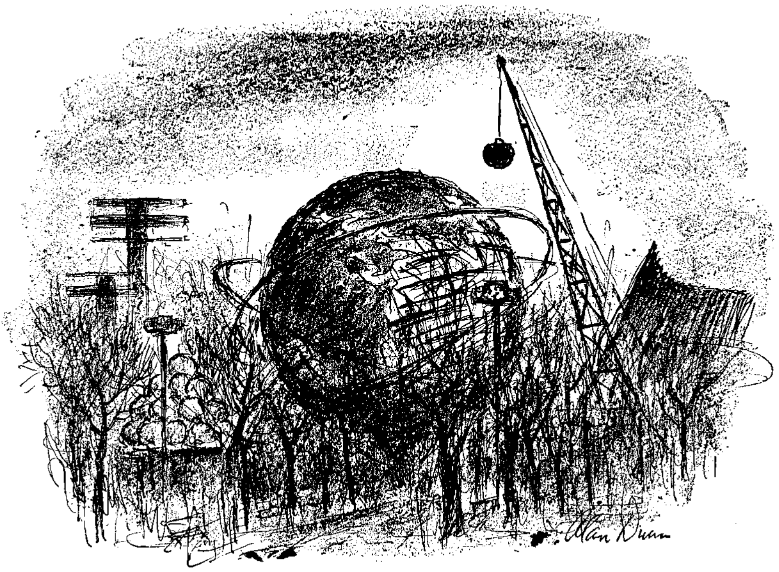
In the midwestern city where I grew up, which was small enough to make other people's motives seem simple, there were two possible reasons for becoming a nun. You might decide you had no earthly hope and so choose to be a bride of Christ. Or, at the other extreme, so many boys were in love with you that you could not decide on one, and so you heroically renounced them all. I learned this during my first weeks at Glenwood Convent of the Sacred Heart, from stories told by classmates whose fathers and mothers, older sisters and brothers had grown up with the Glenwood nuns. In this way, I heard that Mother Ann Halloran, a tall, slender woman with a musical laugh that charmed visiting fathers and brothers, had been sought after by Karl Bemis, of the brewery family, and by Hugh Mangan, who had played football for Notre Dame. Unable to choose between them, she entered the convent, causing Karl Bemis to marry her younger sister for spite and Hugh Mangan to become a Trappist monk.

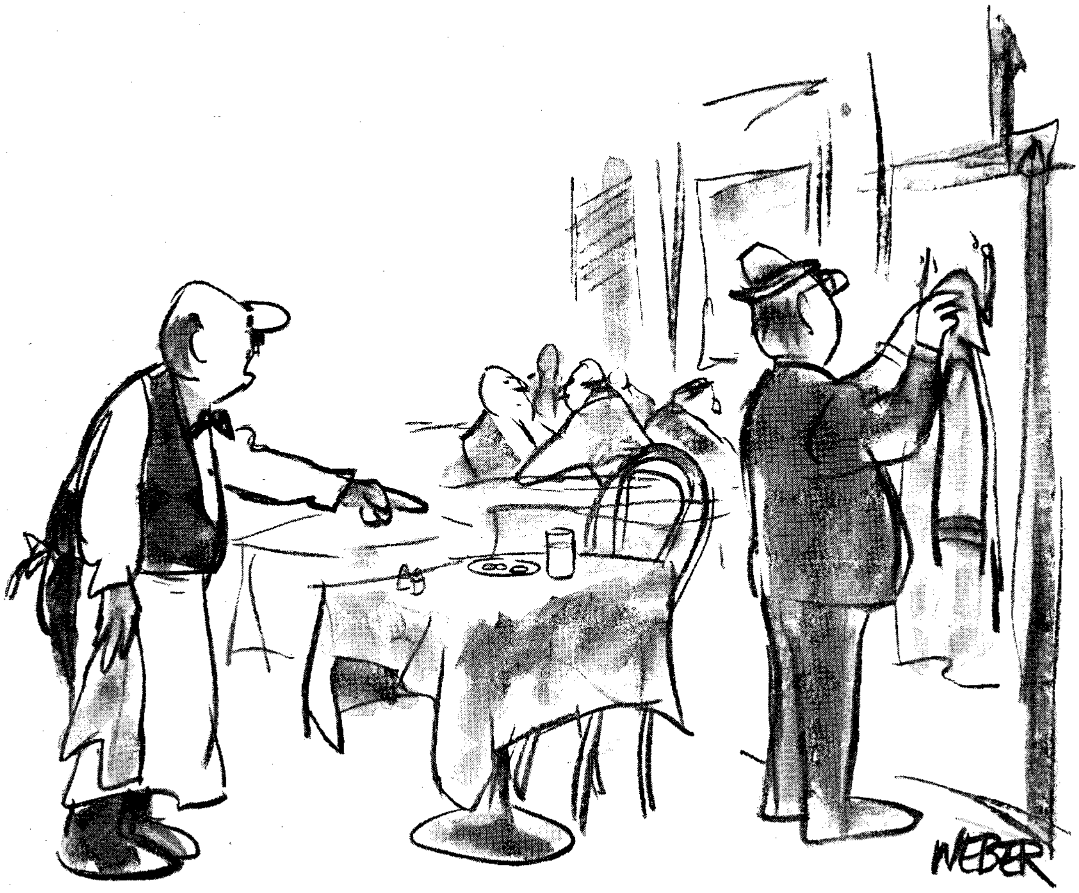
These tales were not hard for me to believe when told about the young nuns, but they took on a legendary and fantastic quality, like the apocryphal lives of the saints, when they involved nuns of such advanced age and rank as Mother Hinchey, the mistress general, and Reverend Mother Prideaux herself. Reverend Mother's having shingled her hair and smoked was as strange and miraculous as St. Nicholas's standing up in his first bath to bless the midwife. The story about Mother Hinchey concerned her last night in the world. Her father had given a party, to which all her suitors were invited. She danced first with one, then with another, till they were mad with desire and jealousy and a fight broke out among them, during which one of the combatants was knocked backward over the porch rail. Then she asked for quiet, and in a clear voice announced that she was entering the convent the next morning. The most desperate of the suitors submerged for a week at the Regency Bar and then smashed his convertible in an accident. Karen Walley's father, asked to confirm or deny this version of Mother Hinchey's past, would only shake his head and say, "I'll tell you one thing. Maggie was quite a girl in her day!" I was skeptical, but if Mother Hinchey had ever been known as "Maggie," anything was possible.

To me, Madeleine McGrath, twelve years old and fresh from St. Brigid's, the parochial school, the aura of worldly intrigue about the Glenwood nuns was disconcerting. There was something vaguely indiscreet and sinful in the continuity of personalities, in the identification of the convent girls, whom families like mine considered snobbish and wild, with the severe young nuns who came back to teach at Glenwood several years later. The parochial-school nuns, by contrast, cloaked their pasts in the banal anonymity of the saints' names. They became Sister Joseph, Sister Aloysius, Sister Theresa. Their real names were secret, and if they had friends or family in our city we never knew it. I think they were mostly from other places, and that exile had always seemed to me part of the religious renunciation. They were like shock troops, with no past and no future, only a strenuous present. While the convent nuns were cloistered, the parochial-school nuns rode the streetcars in intrepid pairs, shopped in the dime store at Christmas, and engaged in daily warfare against the school roughnecks. It was only a commonplace skirmish when steely-eyed, corpulent Sister Innocent, who resembled the newsreel pictures of Mussolini, was provoked to roar like a bull at Stephen Wyrzykowski or to throw an eraser across the classroom at Michael Hanrahan's red head.

I swam these hectic waters for years, had my curls yanked and my skirts flicked, was sent home for pushing my boy friend's face into the drinking fountain and making his nose bleed. Still, I was editor of the class paper and Virgin Mary in the Christmas play; graduating from eighth grade, I had had no idea of anything but four more years of St. Brigid's. Then I won a scholarship to Glenwood, and my mother insisted I take it.

I was astonished. Everybody knew the Glenwood girls were rich and stuck-up. Though it was just a few blocks from St. Brigid's, Glenwood was another world, an enclave abandoned in our pleasantly tacky neighborhood by the wealthy families who had long since moved to the northern outskirts of the city; now their daughters and granddaughters were set down at the big iron gates every morning by fathers or chauffeurs. From the boys who had climbed the walls to take fruit, we knew there were tennis courts and an orchard. And although I had seen only the rose brick dormers of Glenwood above its hedges and walls, I had heard of the odd things that went on inside. The girls were said to curtsy and speak French. A girl in my class had come from there in sixth grade with a strange, printlike penmanship that slanted the wrong way and had been given D's by the nuns until she learned to write properly. "Certain people may think that's *fancy*," said Sister Innocent, "but at St. Brigid's we use the Palmer method." Sometimes we stood across the street from the gates and made fun of the girls as they came out in the afternoon. "Parly-voo





*"Hey! You didn't drink your water!"*

fransay?" we would shout at them. But my mother had grown up in an Irish and Italian neighborhood in bitter admiration of the Glenwood girls, and she was determined that I should be one of them.

My father did not agree. His ideas were democratic—inherited remnants of a pristine small-town Populism. He approved of farm price supports and labor unions; he did not believe Communists went to Hell. "Why do you want her in there with a bunch of snobs, running around in cars and acting too old for their age?" he argued. But my mother's glamorous descriptions were finally too much for me. She convinced me it would be just like going off to boarding school—an adventure I had read about in teen-age novels in the library. Those books stood me in good stead during my first days at Glenwood; the history of Ellie Jethcoate, "daughter of an English dry-goods merchant sent to be finished among countesses and baronesses in Lausanne," had prepared me to be treated like an outcast for a while. There were twenty-three in the freshman class (First Academic, it was called at Glenwood)—sixteen from the convent and seven from various parochial grade schools—and we seven newcomers had an orientation class every afternoon in the fall to learn the history of the order and practice curtsying. The first afternoon, we doubled up laughing watching each other curtsy.

"I am delighted to see you amused," Mother Hinchey, the mistress general, said coldly. She showed us, with a stately dip of the shoulders and knee, how it was done. "I believe you will find that no part of your Sacred Heart training is useless in later life. If you learn to salute properly—we do not call it a curtsy here—you will also learn to carry yourselves with grace and modesty. Almost every year, the chairman of the committee for the Masked Ball telephones Reverend Mother to compliment her on the Glenwood girls who are chosen ladies-in-waiting. When Moira O'Shaughnessy was presented at the Court of St. James's five years ago, the Queen herself commented on the elegance of her salute. When you are able to salute gracefully, you are beginning to become a Sacred Heart girl."

We stopped smiling and looked at each other soberly. After that, when the old Glenwood girls snubbed us newcomers, I felt it was no more than justice. "Of *course* they won't include us for the first few weeks," I said reasonably to myself. "We have to learn the school ways first." But the whole enterprise began to seem dimly complicated.

In the meantime, the seven of us wandered around in provisional and disconsolate twos and threes, united by our rootless condition but secretly looking down on one another. I talked on the telephone and went to the movies with Theresa O'Malley, but only because we walked the same way home. We were all afraid to form inhibiting friendships, and even while we inveighed in enraged hisses against the shallowness and snobbery of the old girls, we kept one eye on them for a fateful sign of invitation. Anyone with any sense would have done the same. We were dreary and childish in frizzy permanents, gabardine skirts, and colored anklets, while they wore sophisticated tweeds and cashmere sweaters. They had parties every weekend with boys; they were picked up after school in convertibles. Even their names had snap and panache—Sheila Moran, Susie Cornish, Cecily Murphy.

For my mother, those names had a mythic ring. For years she had followed Mabel Leary Moran, Clara O'Shaughnessy Cornish, Loretta Harrington Murphy in the society pages; she had seen them become college girls, ladies-in-waiting at the Masked Ball, Junior Leaguers, brides, organizers of benefit dances, and travellers to Hawaii, while the coffee cooled in her cup and the butter congealed on her toast. Their families had been in the city long enough to grow with the railroads and packing houses and insurance companies until even the old pioneer stock could not hold it much against them that they were Irish and Catholic. "Ask Cecily Murphy over," she counselled at the end of my first month at Glenwood. "Her mother was such a lovely girl. A real Irish face! Daddy could drive you and Theresa and Karen and Cecily to the football game, and then you could all come back here for hot chocolate. . . . Oh, don't be so silly. She probably thinks you're a snob, too."

Cecily Murphy was a tall, bold girl with close-set green eyes and black curly hair cropped short. In class, she answered loudly and laughed at other girls' mistakes, and at sports she was the roughest and best player. Her face, with its jewelled eyes, was arresting but not beautiful. No matter what the set of the mouth, that close triangle of eyes and nose dominated her expression with a bright, catlike impersonality. For the first month, Cecily's hand and mine shot up in class at the same moment, before the question was half out of Mother Halloran's mouth. Then I pulled ahead of her. My compositions were read aloud; I won the medal for Latin or algebra or history almost every week. According to the boarding-school novels, it was time for the old girls to relent. But when Mother Halloran read my themes to the class, the old girls would poke each other and smile behind their hands, and Cecily would give me her hard green stare.

I approached her one evening after class in the cloakroom—a long dark place smelling of damp wool and rubber, with mismated boots and gloves strewn about the floor like severed hands and feet. I could hear Cecily's retinue laughing outside while they waited for her; she was bent over fastening her boots. I walked over to her, but she didn't raise her head.

"My father is driving Karen and Theresa and me to the game," I said stonily to the top of her stocking cap. "He could come and get you, too, if you'd like to go with us. My mother says we can come home for hot chocolate or something afterwards."

"What d'you mean?" Cecily said blankly, looking up from her galosh.

"I mean the football game tonight—what do you think? You're going, aren't you?"

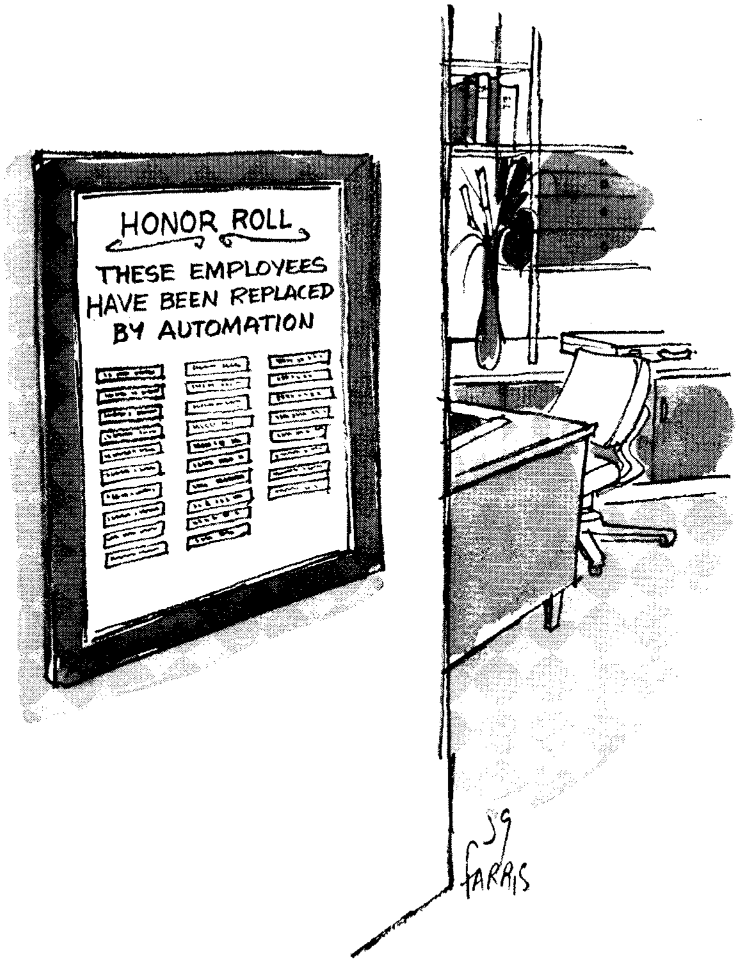
"Of course." Her eyes caught the light for a moment. "*We* are going to the game. If you see us there, be sure and wave." She brushed by me and out the door.

THE gulf between the old convent girls and the rest of us seemed to widen every day. They stayed on their side, clannish as Highlanders, preferring even Hannah Ryan, the dumbest girl in the class, to Theresa or me. What drew them all together was not just the eight years they had spent learning to curtsy and speak French; it was their sisters and mothers and grandmothers, even great-grandmothers, who had been Sacred Heart girls before them. It never occurred to them to chafe at the rules or object in principle, as some of us did. They simply got around them by a practiced hypocrisy, or by an occasional burst of insolence that was punished and then forgotten. Their offenses had been foreseen and provided for; on some fundamental level, they and the nuns understood each other.

I had always thought that getting along with nuns simply meant doing your lessons and not shooting rubber bands or writing on the lavatory walls. At the convent, however, I was made aware of an aesthetic element in the practice of virtue. "Why, Madeleine, how interesting!" exclaimed Mother Halloran when I yawned cavernously in Christian Doctrine class. "Now I know how Jonah felt when he saw the whale approaching!" Mother Hinchey told us that when we ate we were closest to the lower animals, who had no immortal souls; that was why mealtimes were so hedged about with prohibitions. "Man overboard," she would say, walking past my table at lunch and looking meaningfully at the spoon abandoned in my bowl of soup. Posture, too, had moral and spiritual implications. "My dears, you are neither ancient Romans nor chorines. I must ask you therefore neither to recline nor to cross your legs but to sit erect, with your knees together, and feet flat on the floor or crossed gracefully at the ankles." When asked what was wrong with knee-crossing, Mother Hinchey replied, "There is nothing wrong with it. It is something a Sacred Heart girl does not do."

There were hundreds of things a Sacred Heart girl did not do, but it was no use trying to find out in advance what they were. That could only be learned by a long process of absorption and indoctrination, through which one's consciousness was mysteriously transformed. There were none of Sister Innocent's scorching harangues against kissing games, impure thoughts, and Class B movies. The convent nuns rebuked us in tones that hardly registered on my toughened eardrums, or with a silence whose effect was more chilling than any Sister Innocent could produce. They moved with measured grace, the slightest gesture made significant by their prevailing stillness. They could sit for an hour without seeming to move—backs straight, hands folded—or bring a classroom to silence by standing motionless and neutral while the noise subsided like ink into a blotter. They were not generally severe, however, nor were they all alike. If the young nuns seemed so, it was in the way young ballerinas do, from having been bred in the same style, and because the rigors of discipline made for a certain simplification of line.

Among the young nuns, only one, Mother Muhldorf, betrayed the difficulty of the effort, and she proved rather than disproved the case for the training. She was not a convent girl, but had come to Glenwood only for college, which was not the same thing. The real Sacred Heart girls left Glenwood after high school and went to Barat, in Lake Forest, or to Manhattanville. Glenwood College, a big red brick building at the east end of


HONOR ROLL
THESE EMPLOYEES HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY AUTOMATION

the grounds, done in the nondescript modern architecture of the thirties, with a cupola and a portico for good measure, was somehow déclassé. Though several convent girls each year were reduced to going there, it was definitely not what you wanted in the newspaper report of your wedding. Mother Muhldorf had gone to St. Boniface High School in the old German section of the city, and then had come to Glenwood College for two years before entering the novitiate. She came back to teach at Glenwood the year I began. We first saw her on a morning when Mother Halloran was sick. Mother Hinchey was sending the classes out one by one. "First Academic!" she called, and we rose and formed ranks silently in the convent manner. "Go with Mother Muhldorf."

Muhldorf! Lynn Donaghue turned her profile to the ranks behind her and let the dimple beside her mouth be seen. Cecily raised her brows slightly, pulled in her cheeks ironically. Something like a breeze ran the length of the ranks. Mother Hinchey frowned. "You will go with Mother Muhldorf in absolute silence."

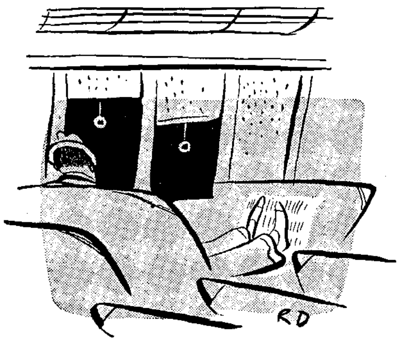
A large, round-shouldered young nun with a pink face stepped forward, looking through thick glasses at our feet. "Good morning, girls," she said. She turned scarlet, raised her eyes, and nodded to an invisible line of ranks just to one side of ours.

"Good morning, Mother," we said in chorus, curtsying, and the sound concealed somewhere a little song of mockery.

She led us out of study hall, keeping a few paces ahead and not looking back. The habit left her long neck uncovered from the low collar to the cropped hairs at the nape beneath her coif; through the thin black veil the flesh looked peculiarly white and exposed. As soon as we turned into the corridor Cecily drew her neck out long, her head forward and slightly to one side like Mother Muhldorf's. She kept up the trick for a few paces, then looked over her shoulder and grinned at us.

We got to the classroom laughing behind our hands, coughing, elbowing each other, pulling each other's jackets—the whole pack on the same scent for once. Mother Muhldorf stood silent behind her desk, her head lowered to one side. Then she tried to look up at all our eyes. Her glance hung, trembled, fell. She murmured, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

After that first day, Mother Muhldorf became surveillant in study halls and examinations and led the ranks down to chapel and recreation. Her movements had none of the grace of the other nuns'. They walked as if they had no feet, pulled by invisible cords along invisible runners, while Mother Muhldorf stepped heavily in each large oxford, one of which could be heard to squeak. Once she shut the door on the end of her veil and had it almost snatched off her head before the assembled study hall. We knew that nuns were not supposed to form friendships among themselves, for such bonds would distract them from their quest for spiritual perfection, but we noticed certain affinities. Mother Pershing and Mother Halloran were both young and pretty, and talked and laughed gaily together. Mother Hinchey and Reverend Mother were united by their exalted rank. But Mother Muhldorf seemed at ease with no one. In conversation she edged forward, as if she thought the other person might turn and run, so that you had to retreat constantly for fear of a collision. It made me uneasy to watch her or to feel her eyes on me; it seemed they sought me out as though there were some kinship between us. When I felt her gaze I shook it off, turning to whisper or laugh under her nose, as if to say, "What do you want of me? I'm no different from the others!"



WHEN I saw my old friends from St. Brigid's that winter they were respectful. "Course it's all right for *you*—you're smart and all. But, gee,

## THE SEA BIRDS

No light except the stars, but from the cliff
I saw in motion, out on the rolling waves,
The white sea birds that swim beyond the surf.

Their movements made a pattern on the mauve,
Contorted stretch of dark, corrosive water,
Where even the images of stars dissolve.

When I had thought the birds were fixed in order,
I saw the swimming rim of their starlit ring
Minutely swerve and spiral toward the center;

The birds that had been swimming in between
Were shuttled outward on a wheel of light,
Reflecting, like the sea, the stars' design.

I paused, and looked, and saw a star burn out
And sink back into space as through a fissure.
It was an ancient word without a thought.

Perhaps birds love the pattern for the measure
It imposes on the ruptured waves at night;
Perhaps they spiral purely for their pleasure.

While I was trying to untie this knot,
A motion in the motion of the weather
Turned, and the birds turned, too, and tore the net

I knitted for them. (A star had torn another
I had knitted for stars.) I saw them climb the gale
That drove small arrows in through every feather—

One by one they spread their flapping sails.
I think the stars are moving in a school
With restless birds above a freezing pool,
And no one shall put salt on their bright tails.

—VAN K. BROCK

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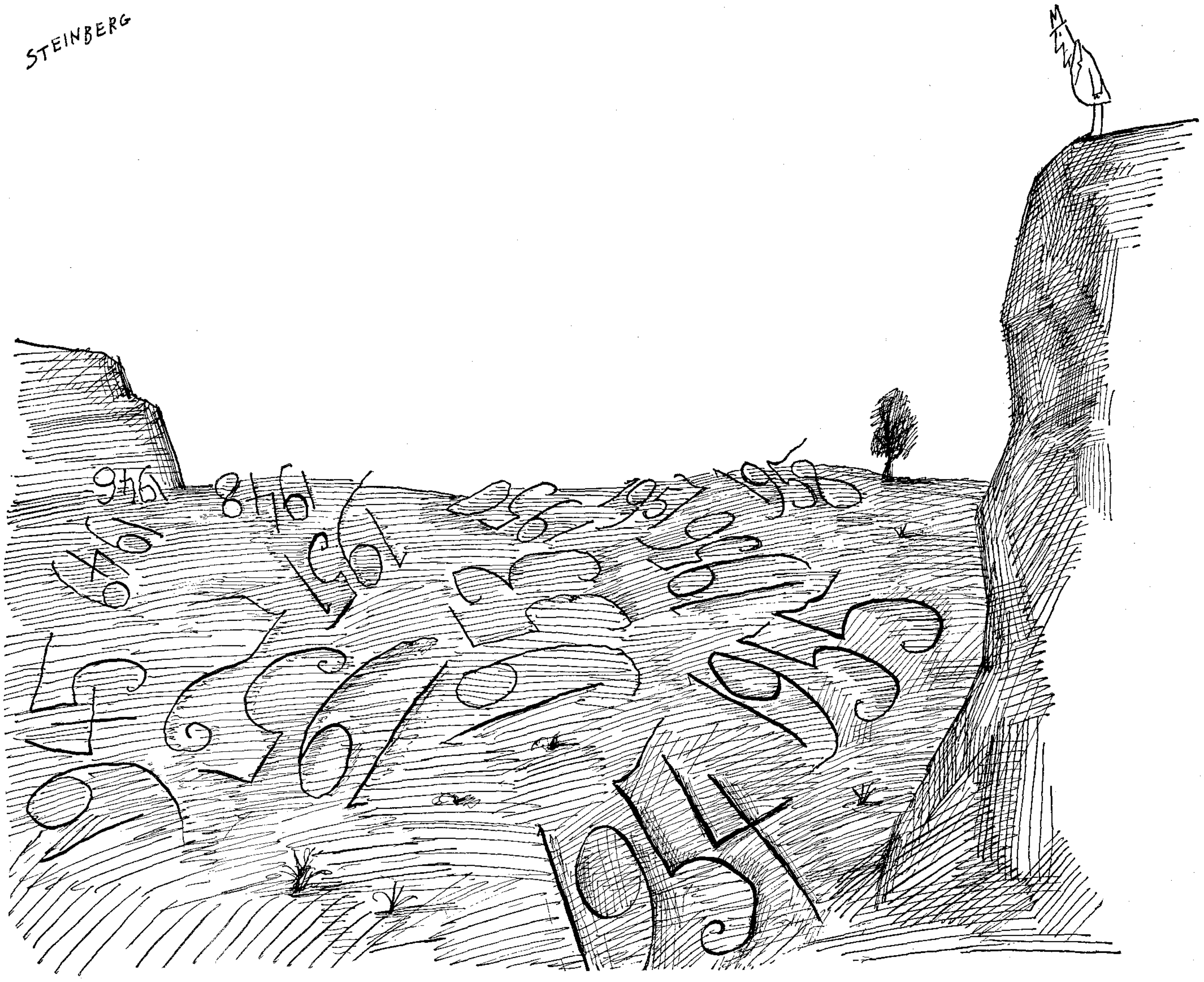


I wouldn't have gone there for anything, those girls are so stuck-up!"

"Oh, no," I said. "Actually, they're very nice once they get to know you."

The truth was that I still languished in a dim circle of outsiders who met at one or another's house on Friday nights for cake and milk and envious gossip. Theresa O'Malley gave up at midterm and went back to Holy Redeemer. I might have left, too, but somehow Glenwood had its teeth in me. In its wide, still corridors, sunlight fell in rectangles on the golden floors. Off the ground-floor corridor there was a row of stiff little parlors where the nuns entertained visitors. The yellow parlor was the prettiest; the sun had faded the yellow satin drapes there, and in the painting of St. Ursula dreaming in her austere, sunlit bed, light and silence seemed distilled. I thought the chapel, chaste blue and white, more beautiful than the cathedral church, where saints in baroque transports vied with Christ in Gothic agony. Glenwood was my first intimation of elegance, of the high possibilities of order—the first suggestion that things might be not just done but done in a certain way. Forms and styles were cherished there and handed on, antique and curious. At the Angelus bell, two or three girls passing in the corridor and a lay sister washing windows would drop to their knees and pray aloud, striking attitudes as simple and devout as figures in an altarpiece. On feast days, *tableaux vivants* were presented—Blessed Philippine Duchesne being pelted with mud by anticlerical republican children, or Mater Admirabilis, the Virgin depicted as a student in the Temple. As a treat on those days a traditional game called *cache-cache* was played—a kind of hide-and-seek in teams. The young nuns played with the girls, crashing through the bushes with their skirts gathered up to reveal galoshes and black cotton stockings. *Cache-cache* was a silly game, and nostalgia was the only possible reason for perpetuating it; one felt a bit nostalgic playing it, even if one had never played before. The weeks passed in procession, ordered by the peculiar ritual of the convent. Ever since the early nineteenth century, Primes (the ceremony at which each girl's conduct was publicly judged before the school) had been on Monday, and General Instruction on Friday; they still took place on those days in Sacred Heart convents in Paris and London, in Cairo and Bombay, just as we observed them at Glenwood. That knowledge was a talisman against the raw flatness of our prairie town, sprawling away from the railroads and slaughterhouses.

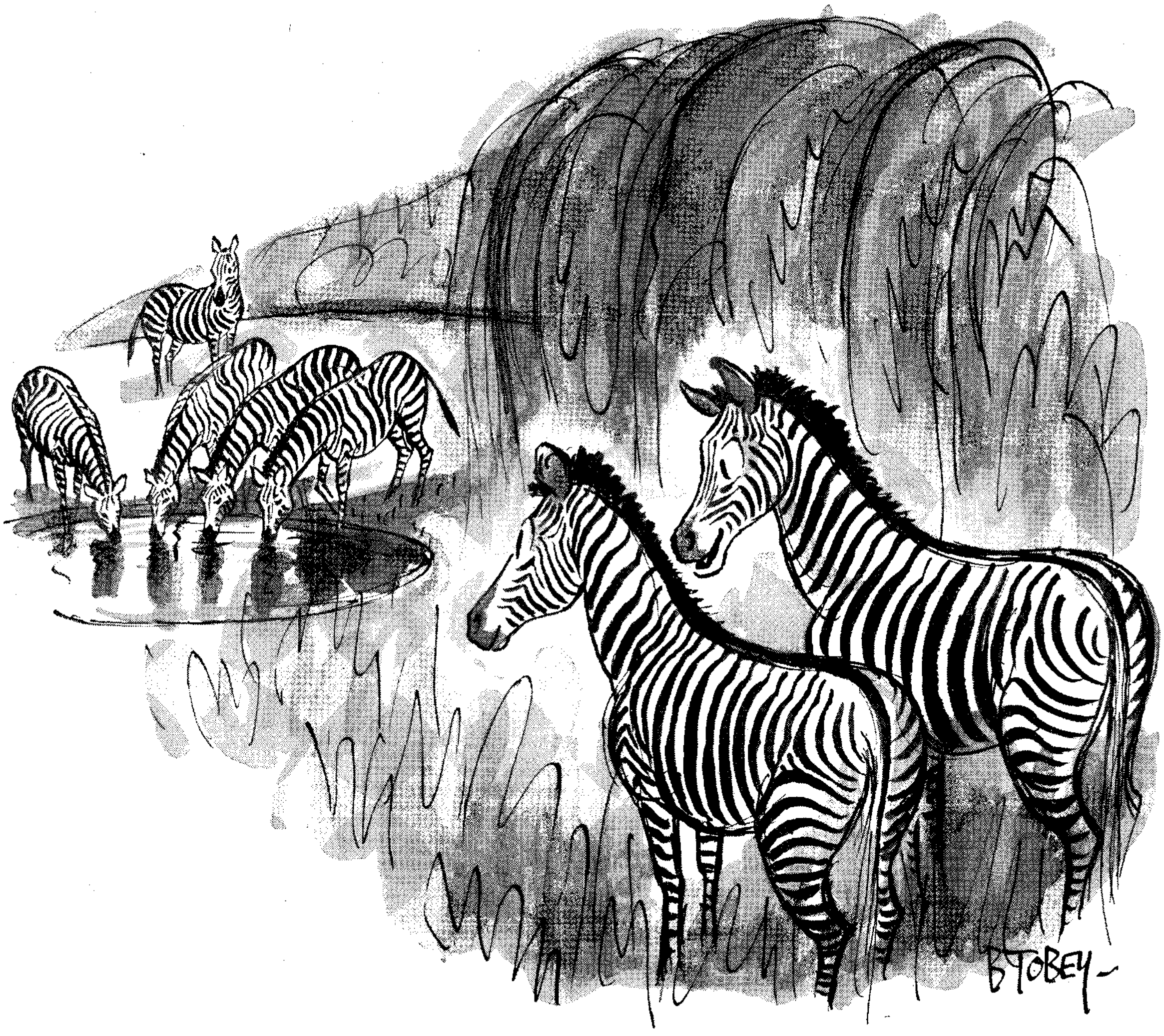
At General Instruction, we sat in study hall, gloved hands in our laps, feet flat on the floor, spines painfully independent of the backs of our chairs. Reverend Mother settled herself behind her table, drew out of a big maroon carpetbag a roll of knitting, and began to read in the voice of a silver flute from the works of a saintly or distinguished member of the order. I can remember some of these texts almost word for word: "It was our holy foundress's wish that, in addition to ancient and modern languages and the study of history, literature, and the sciences, the students should be instructed in needlework and in dancing. It was her view that in needlework they would find a source of pleasure and of constant useful occupation which would guard them from the self-indulgence, envy, and want of purpose to which women in moments of idleness . . ." Reverend Mother's fastidious enunciation, the delicate tick of her needles went strangely with the articles she knitted. They were for the Sacred Heart orphanage in Rome and were remarkable for their colors. There was one muffler on which she worked for weeks and which must finally have been several yards long. It was of alternating bands of orange, spinach green, purple, and black. Then she began a plum-colored sweater with salmon-pink ribbing. Perhaps she chose such combinations because she had heard that Italians liked riotous colors, or because she thought they would go well with the motley rags the orphans might be supposed to wear.

I listened to Reverend Mother attentively as she read, trying to isolate the words from the melody of her voice: "The child of the Sacred Heart understands that her role is central to the design of creation. If she is not among those few called to the perfect life of religion, it will be her task to guide the souls of her own children. Her special influence depends upon her distinctively feminine qualities: tact, quiet courage, and the willingness to subordinate her will to another's gracefully and even gaily. Filled with the tranquillity of inner certitude, she does not disperse her energies in pointless curiosity, in capricious espousal of new theories, in the spirit of contention. Long years of silence, of attention to manners and forms, have instilled in her that self-control without which order and beauty are impossible. Her bearing is the outward shape of that perfect purity which is her greatest beauty, and which models itself on the ideal womanhood found in the Mother of God."

Each Friday, that voice floating in the dusty afternoon sunlight cast a spell on me. The big room with its meal-colored walls and golden floors seemed to give off serenity, order, and health with the faint odor of wax and wood. I moved away from the back of my chair and uncrossed my knees. "She who can bear the small trials of daily discipline will not falter at those crises in life which require firmness and fortitude."

The nuns seated on both sides of Reverend Mother were motionless as statuary. When one of them moved to adjust a veil or finger her cross, the gesture had a kind of fascinating deftness and restraint that composed at each instant a finished pattern. Only Mother Hinchey's movements were abrupt, and in her stillness there was something rigid and willed. At the end of the reading, the nuns would rise and leave the room with the soundless gliding step that we believed they cultivated for the purpose of creeping up on us unawares, and which even Mother Hinchey had mastered and infused with her own vigor.

The sun gilded the heads of the girls around me, paling their somnolent faces. I was engulfed by a wave of love for them, for the nuns, for the timeless, enclosed world of the convent. My daughter would come here, and so would her daughter. I saw an endless chain of us, roped together like mountaineers to keep from falling.



*"Looking at us objectively, I'd say we were really quite stunning creatures."*

MY second year began, and still I was an outsider. One morning in Christian Doctrine class, we were discussing Christ's prediction of the Last Judgment, when the Son of Man would say to the just, "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me." What, Mother Pershing asked, could we do for these "least brethren"—that is, for the poor? We should pray for the poor, said Karen Walley. We could work with the Association for Crippled Children, said Sheila Moran.

Feeling bored and defiant, I raised my hand. "I think we should have socialized medicine." My seat was at the back of the room, and everybody turned and stared, even my best friend, Karen, though I was only repeating what my father and my uncles always said.

Sheila's hand shot up. "I don't see what that has to do with the question."

Mother Pershing was looking the other way and pretending not to see my hand, so I leaned forward and yanked Sheila's jacket. "Well, Jesus healed the poor without asking for money, didn't He?" I said. "What do you think He did it for—just to show off? And Jesus didn't like the poor to be looked down on or be at the mercy of other people, and now sometimes they die because they haven't ever been able to have good care. So if people have to pay to have their lives saved it's equating life with money and life comes from God, and Jesus said—"

Mother Pershing called on Susie Cornish right in the middle of my sentence. "My father goes to a clinic one morning every week and takes care of poor people," Susie said, "and he says they get even better medical care than rich people—"

"Yeah, but why—"

"'*Yes*,' Madeleine. '*Yes*,' not 'yeah'!" Mother Pershing interposed. "And I am not aware that you were called on."

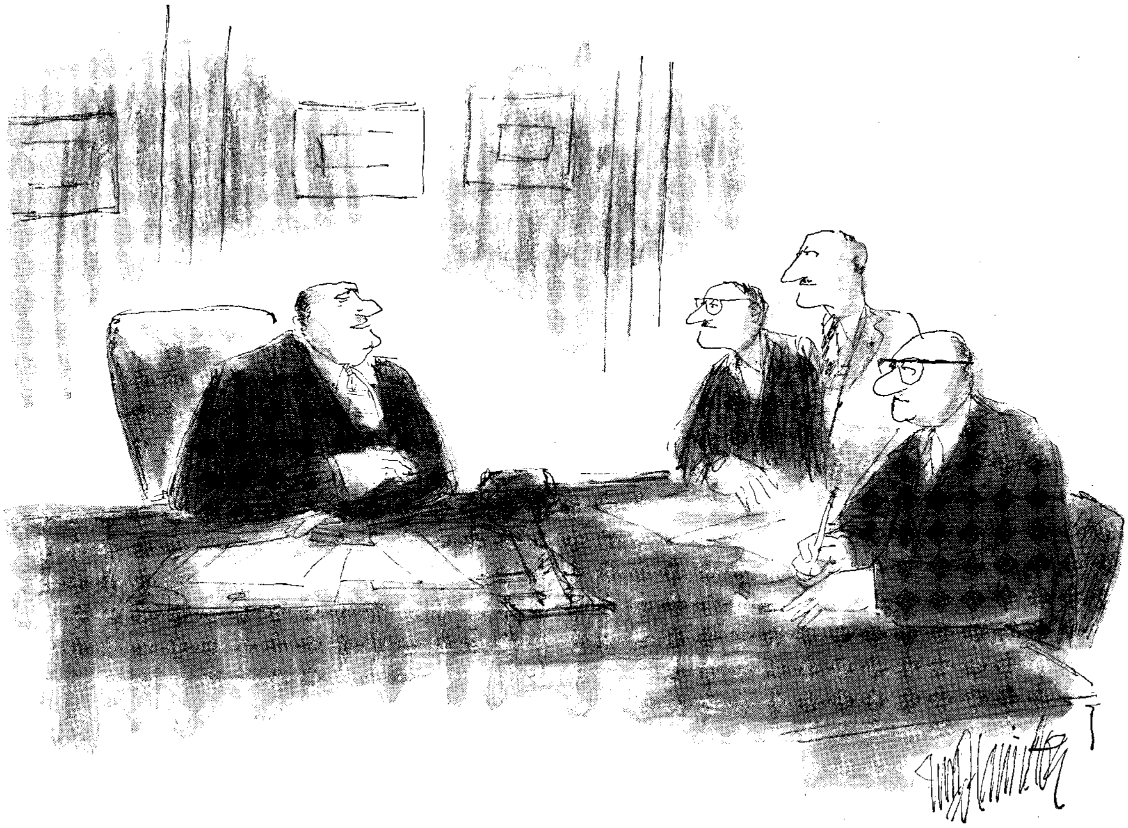
"O.K., thank you, Mother, *yes*, then why is the life expectancy of the poor ten years shorter, and why do they have twenty-three per cent more deformities and why are ten per cent more babies born dead to poor women if they get such great medical care?" I was making up the statistics as I went along.

Susie raised her hand. "Because they're ignorant and they drink too much and they don't wash their hands and all. Besides, the Communists have socialized medicine!"

"Yeah, but—"

"'*Yes*,' Madeleine. What is this 'yeah'? You sound like a gangster. In any case, this is not the place for political discussions. Now, let us turn back to St. Matthew—"

I simply had to get in my father's favorite rejoinder. "The Communists drink water, don't they? Does that make it wrong?"



"I called for you creative people because I feel it's time to begin my autobiography."

• •

"I said that is enough, Madeleine! Now you may leave the room and go to Mother Hinchey's office!"

AT Primes I nearly always got points off "for lack of courtesy." Every Monday morning, after the whole school assembled in the auditorium, the classes would advance one by one, beginning with the littlest girls, form a semicircle before Reverend Mother, curtsy in unison, then listen while Mother Hinchey read out their names and records for the week. "Monica Adams—*très bien*. Susan Cornish—*très bien*, points off for poor posture. Mary Costello—*bien*, for speaking in class." The gradations went from *très bien*, with points off for minor offenses, through *bien*, an undesirable mark, to *assez bien*, whose literal translation conveys nothing of the opprobrium attached to it. When the whole class had been arraigned, we advanced in pairs and extended our gloved hands to receive from Reverend Mother a little card on which the proper mark was printed. Reverend Mother would knit during the proceedings like a kindly Mme. Defarge, nodding with equal benignity on the *très biens* and the *assez biens*.

My usual mark was "*très bien*, with points off for lack of courtesy," or "*bien*," for the same reason. I didn't understand what was meant by my discourtesy, but further proof of it was that I never once got the courtesy medal, a little silver pin that distinguished the wearer for particularly gracious conduct during the preceding week and that made its way around the class, excepting me, perhaps seven times during my four years there. I got other medals—for French, English, mathematics—but never the one I coveted precisely because I could not fathom the principle on which it was given. Cecily got it, though she made Hannah Ryan cry by telling her she had the lowest I.Q. in the class. Lynn Donaghue got it, though she was known to go to necking parties with the boys from Roosevelt High. Hannah herself got it, in spite of the "Lone Ranger" comics she hid in her history book. These girls might write notes or talk in class one week and do better the next, while even my best-intentioned acts were colored by something all-pervasive called my "attitude."

During General Instruction I listened closely, hoping to trap the essence that would make me a Sacred Heart girl. The reading went on week after week, enlarging on humility, diligence, and obedience, and for a long time I thought those qualities were preliminary steps that would lead in the next installment to something else—knowledge, power, an explosion of grace. But no, it appeared they were ends in themselves.

My gaze would wander to Reverend Mother's knitting, measuring time by its passage from a green stripe to a purple one, then to the figure behind her, under whose downcast eyes the important proceedings of the convent took place. It represented Mater Admirabilis, the Virgin as a very young girl in the Temple wearing a pink dress and white veil, at her side the distaff for industry, workbasket for humility, scripture for learning, lily for purity. We were told that the original work, a mural at the mother house of the order in Rome, had been done long ago by a young novice. When finished, it was pronounced a failure; the figure was awkward, the colors garish. But a ceremony had already been planned for the unveiling and a cardinal invited, so the nuns hung a curtain over the wall and the poor novice awaited her humiliation. On the day of the ceremony, the cardinal made the dedication before the assembled nuns, then pulled back the curtain. Everyone gasped in wonder! The ugly fresco had been transformed into a work of art. Perhaps in drying, perhaps by a miracle, the colors had softened, the figure had lost its rigidity. Or perhaps the nuns looked at it with new eyes and saw in it the faith and humility of the little novice. Mater, with the symbols of her virtue, became the patroness and model of the order.

But for me the miracle never happened. I looked and looked, but the neck seemed twisted at an odd angle, the folds of the robe flat and oily, the raised brows and lowered lids frozen in an expression of hypocritical piety. The painting made me uneasy, because I could not find it beautiful. I knew that a real Sacred Heart girl would not have been bothered by the neck or the eyebrows.

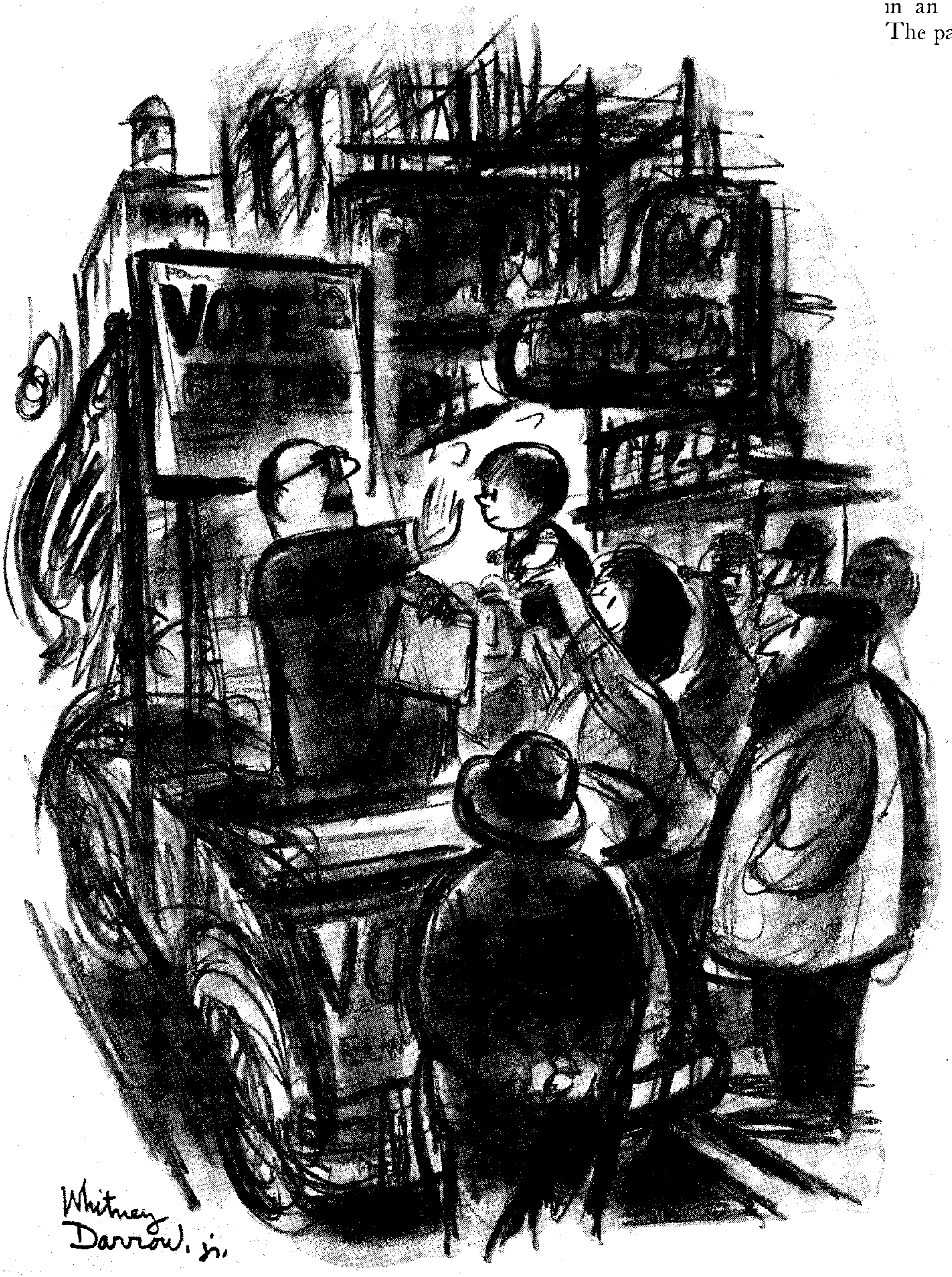
Finally, I took to reading library books during General Instruction. One Friday in the spring of my second year, I sat with my hands folded over the cover of "Wuthering Heights," waiting for Mother Hinchey to look the other way. Reverend Mother was reading in her harpsichord voice. ". . . A true child of the Sacred Heart is humble, diligent, obedient, well-bred. She is never . . ." I got my book open to the right page under cover of my desk and began to read. The moor opened around me, Cathy and Heathcliff blazed up like bonfires. Reverend Mother's voice dwindled pleasantly. Suddenly I was aware that the room had grown quiet.

"Madeleine Mary McGrath!" Mother Hinchey's voice rolled down the aisle to my desk. "Are you reading a book?"

"Yes, Mother." My voice came out high and thin.

"Leave the room! Leave the room at once!"

I passed down the aisle through a cowed silence. Everyone looked embarrassed, as though a singer had stopped during an aria to shout at an inattentive member of the audience. I went to Mother Hinchey's little confessional-like office to wait. On her desk were stacked her breviary and six or seven books with holy cards marking the places—



*"I'm sorry, Madam, but I've decided to run on the issues."*

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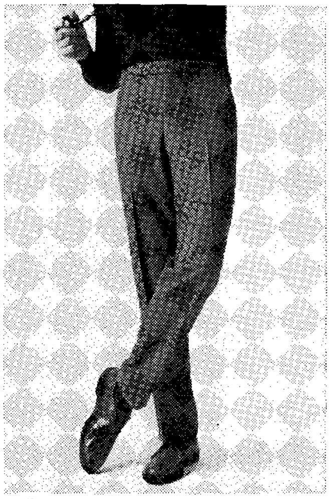
Sometimes even the British and Americans use different words to say the same thing.



Quite remarkable, therefore, that in any of 73 countries a single short word means "very superior trousers."

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Romano Guardini's life of Christ; a couple of best-selling novels; a mystery called "Dead Serious," with a stiletto dripping gore on its jacket; and a book in French by Roger Martin du Gard, who, Mother Hinchey had explained, was shortly going to return to the Church and bring all the French intellectuals with him. Mother Hinchey was a volatile, absent-minded woman, and often when I was sent to her office and told to wait she would have forgotten by the time she arrived why she sent me out, or could no longer work up any indignation at the offense. Sometimes she would keep me for a whole class period, telling me about Jean-Paul Sartre or Gabriel Marcel or the worker-priests. She was very up-to-date in literature and politics, and was particularly attracted by Communists and apostates, asserting that when these men entered the Church, as they inevitably would, hordes of atheists would follow in their wake.

On this afternoon, however, I was to be less fortunate. Mother Hinchey came in like a black cloud, her veil swirling inkily behind her, and banged the door so that the opaque glass rattled. There was a threatening silence while she settled herself behind the desk, arranging her skirts and veil with angry jerks and fixing me with her dark-gray eyes. The heavy lids were slightly inflamed, as though by weeping, and on the right lid was the delicate purple tracery of a ruptured vein.

"This is absolutely the last time I will tolerate such behavior from you!" she began. She was a large woman, and her voice was rich and frightening. "It is typical of your whole attitude. Typical!" She pressed her lips together until the flesh around them whitened. "You consider yourself a very superior being, do you not?"

"No, Mother," I said meekly.

"You think there is nothing anyone can teach you. It would not be a waste of your time, I assure you, Madeleine, to listen during General Instruction. If there is anyone who might profit from it, it is you."

I sat silent, my heart thumping.

"I have wondered if what I observe in you is only my personal impression, but all your teachers seem to be in agreement. Mother Pershing says that you resent correction and that you sit in class with an expression of perfect boredom on your face."

"But Mother," I said timidly, "I can't help the expression on my face."

"You can! And if you did not have this proud, independent attitude you

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**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

would not find your class in Christian Doctrine boring."

"But Mother, I'm not the one who said I found it boring."

"Whether you find it boring is not the point!" She slapped her breviary on the desk, then put it down and folded her hands tightly. "You are to discipline yourself! Classes are not presented for the purpose of entertaining you. Mother Halloran says that after five minutes in literature class you take out your book and begin reading." She raised her brows suddenly. "Is that so?"

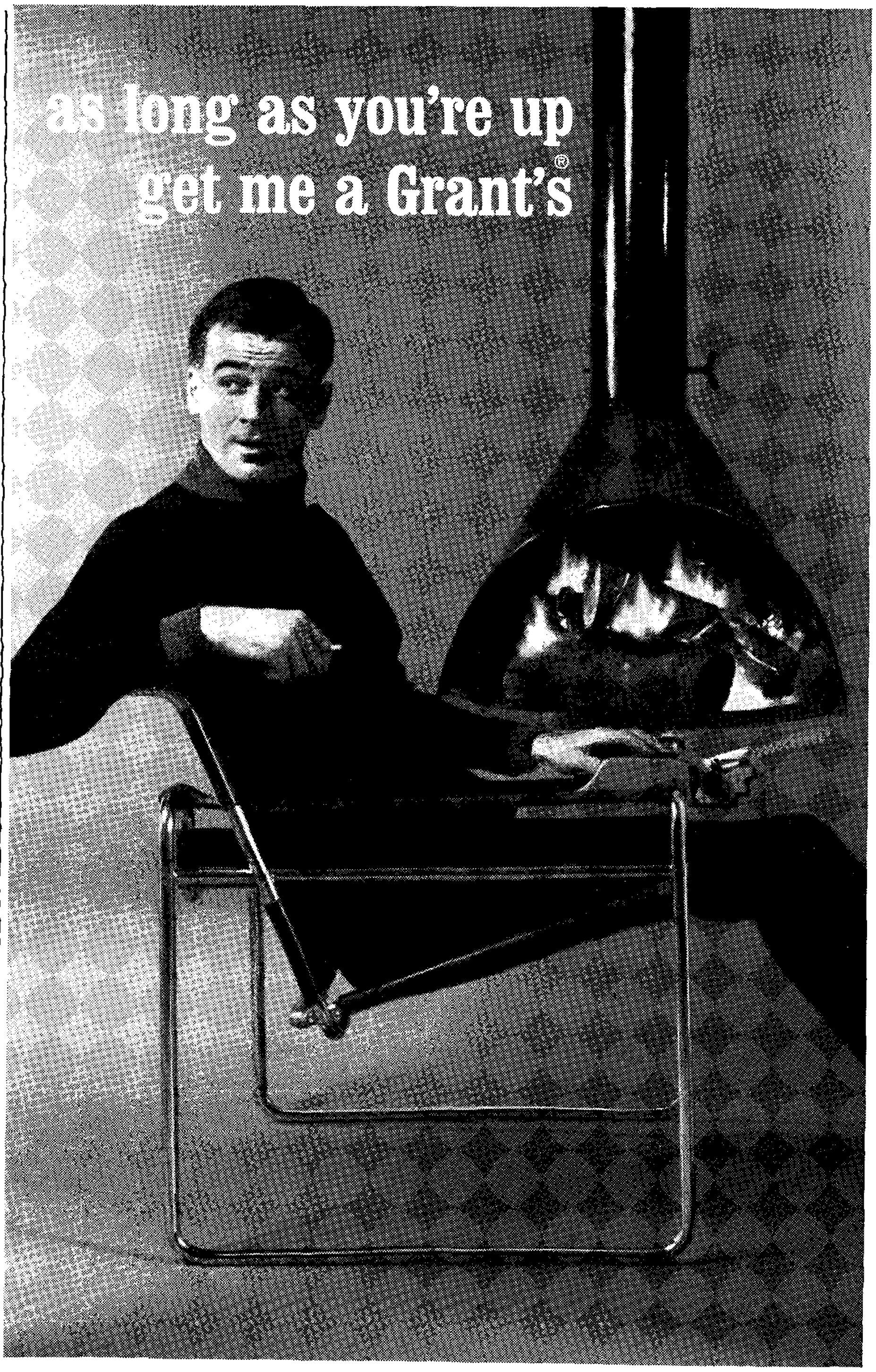
I hung my head. All those weeks when I had thought myself so clever, sunk in the fortunes of Jane Eyre or Eustacia Vye behind my textbook, I had been observed and discussed. Secret thoughts had showed on my face like beacons. And amid all the whispering and note-passing, my offenses had been the worst because of my repulsive character and my bad manners—because I had my nose in a book and no friends to write notes to, because I wore my uniforms for two years and came to school in my cousin Margaret's hand-me-down coat. Mother Halloran and Mother Pershing, whom I loved for their mildness and beauty, had watched, made notes, reported.

"I do read a book, sometimes, Mother," I said faintly.

She sat silently watching me, her eyes almost black. She was waiting for me to cry. From the other girls I knew that was the usual admission of guilt and performance of expiation. But a sense of injustice began to rise in me, pressing against the insides of my ribs.

"But Mother," I said, "I don't see why it's so much worse than everybody else talking in class or writing notes. I mean, at least I'm not just wasting time."

"Ah! Very good!" Mother Hinchey made a chapel of her fingertips. "The others disrupt the class by lack of attention and frivolousness. I do not excuse them for it. But they, at least, do not show your deliberate contempt. Your arrogance is particularly disturbing precisely because you have greater potential ability for the service of God than any of your classmates and you are abusing it. Intellect is not enough, Madeleine. We are trying to make of you a truly gracious and noble Catholic woman." She turned and looked out the window, so that I could see only the shadow of her profile through the starched white fluting that enclosed her face. " 'For what doth it profit a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man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?' "

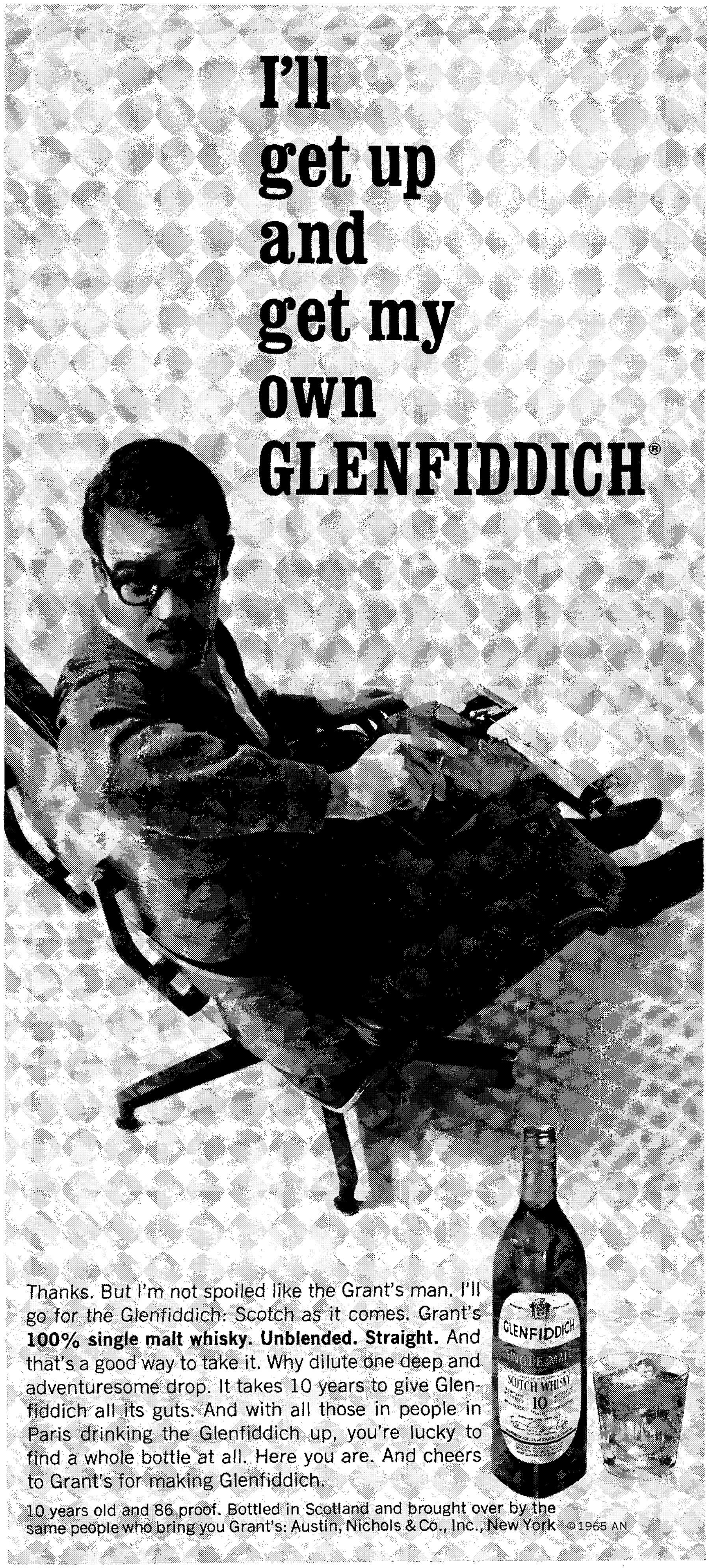
BY the next fall, my third at Glenwood, our class had acquired a reputation; we were known to be difficult. Mother Muhldorf, awkward and shy as ever, had the bad luck to be made Third Academic class mistress, which meant that she taught the long morning period combining history, literature, and composition, and was generally responsible for us. After a month we knew her as a virtuoso knows his instrument. We could at will make her laugh, blush, or stammer, or make her eyes fill with tears. Susie, Lynn, and Cecily, a merciless triumvirate, affected deafness and made her repeat endlessly, setting traps for her malapropisms.

"Excuse me, Mother, what did you say was so important in the painting of the Renaissance?"

"Yes, Lynn, mathematical perspection."

Puzzled by the arch smiles we exchanged, Mother Muhldorf scolded and gave penances. But on some days the tide of whispering and note-passing rose so high that her soft voice could hardly be heard. Her lectures were mostly painstaking recapitulations of the textbook, so that I settled into a drowsy routine of half attention, doing my assignment for the next class or reading or watching the snow fall while Mother Muhldorf plowed doggedly through the lesson. As she came into the classroom every morning, offering us her soft, humiliated eyes, I felt sick with dislike and pity. It seemed that her glance went over the heads of the others and struck me in a special way, its nakedness cutting through to my own, reminding me of things I did not want to think of. I wanted to be kind to her, but I was afraid to get too near, to be claimed as an ally. At the first sign of friendliness she broke out in blushes and laughter, like some big flower in a public park bursting alarmingly into bloom.

I longed for the cleansing wrath of Mother Hinchey to fall on all our heads, but strangely it did not. We came to sense that, whatever happened, Mother Muhldorf would not ask for help. She evidently felt that she could claim nothing, that she was outside the minuet of respect and ritual in which the others, nuns and girls, revolved. In the long, swaying file of black robes and veils that entered the chapel in the afternoon, hers was the head most bent, and in genuflection she touched her forehead to the floor



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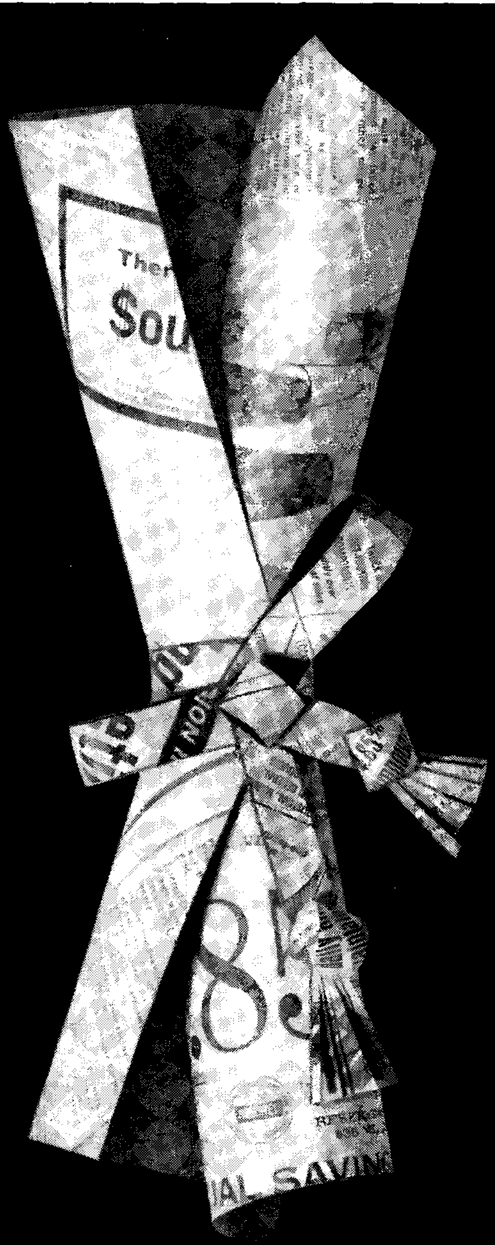

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in a long moment of self-effacement.

One day after Christmas, I was called out of class to see Mother Hinchey. She was waiting for me in her little dark office. "Good morning, Madeleine. Sit down, please." She was not smiling, but neither did she look angry. She was large, grave, framed and composed in her blacks and whites. "I want to speak to you about your literature class," she began. "Mother Muhldorf feels you have not been doing your best work. She says your class participation has been rather perfunctory. Perhaps the material does not interest you?" Her tone was politely interrogatory.

"No, I am interested, Mother. I think it's really fascinating."

"Why, then, do you read your eternal library book?"

Mother Muhldorf had talked, after all—at least about me. She would never reveal the insolence of the others.

"I wonder, Madeleine, if this indifference of yours is not a pose to affect sophistication."

"No, Mother!"

"Then how do you account for it?"

"It's just that . . . Well, sometimes when a person explains something several times, I just listen the first time," I said nervously, crossing my knees and then remembering to uncross them.

"Ah, perhaps Mother Muhldorf is not quite the teacher for so superior a student as you?"

I looked up in surprise. The nuns never asked questions about each other, and to complain of one nun to another got you nowhere. But Mother Hinchey was leaning forward intently as if she expected an answer. She had the look of someone waiting for a fly to land.

"Mother, I didn't say that," I said, saved at the last minute by the thought of Mother Muhldorf's soft, injured brown eyes.

"Then I am distorting your words?"

I lowered my head and made a grimace of despair.

"I am sure it must be painful for you, Madeleine, to be subjected to the inadequate instruction we provide for you." She spoke slowly, watching me. "You must be immediately aware of any inaccuracies on Mother Muhldorf's part. You might even feel," she said sarcastically, "that you are qualified to teach the course instead."

"Well, she does make mistakes all the time and I'm not the only one who notices!"

Something at the back of Mother Hinchey's slate-colored eyes snapped shut. She had trapped her fly. We were

# How Love Invented The Tapered Shirt

## (The Holbrook Version)

“If only Manny would marry, my life would be fulfilled,” Mrs. Greenheim used to say. “Someday, Mamma, but right now I’ve got to mind my shirt business,” Manny would answer.

Meanwhile, Manny left thirty behind and his friends left “eligible” off “bachelor”.

Then out of heaven, like Kismet, Manny met Yeta.

It was in Monticello in the Catskills. Yeta was there catching the mountain air. Manny was catching fish. They caught something different, and by the end of their vacations were desperately in love.

Manny returned to his shirt company in Connecticut but all he could think of was Yeta. He pined, losing pounds. And with every pound Manny lost, Ira, his partner, lost two, worrying about the business Manny wasn’t worrying about.

At last Yeta’s father, a union leader, saw his way clear to let his daughter marry a capitalist.

The wedding day drew near and Manny and Ira tried on the clothes they were to wear. The weight they had lost made their shirts hang over their pants like great deflated balloons. They tried folding the extra fabric in at the sides, but it didn’t stay. They tried bunching it in the back, which was worse. They were shirtmakers who looked like schlumpers. What to do? “Across the shoulders, the shirts fit fine,” said Ira. “Why not taper them, taking them in at the seams the way they do ladies’ dresses?”

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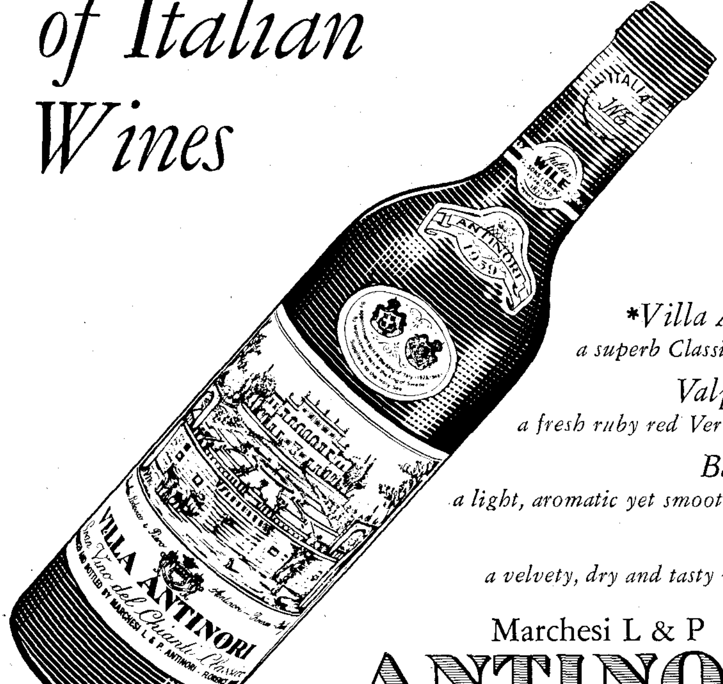

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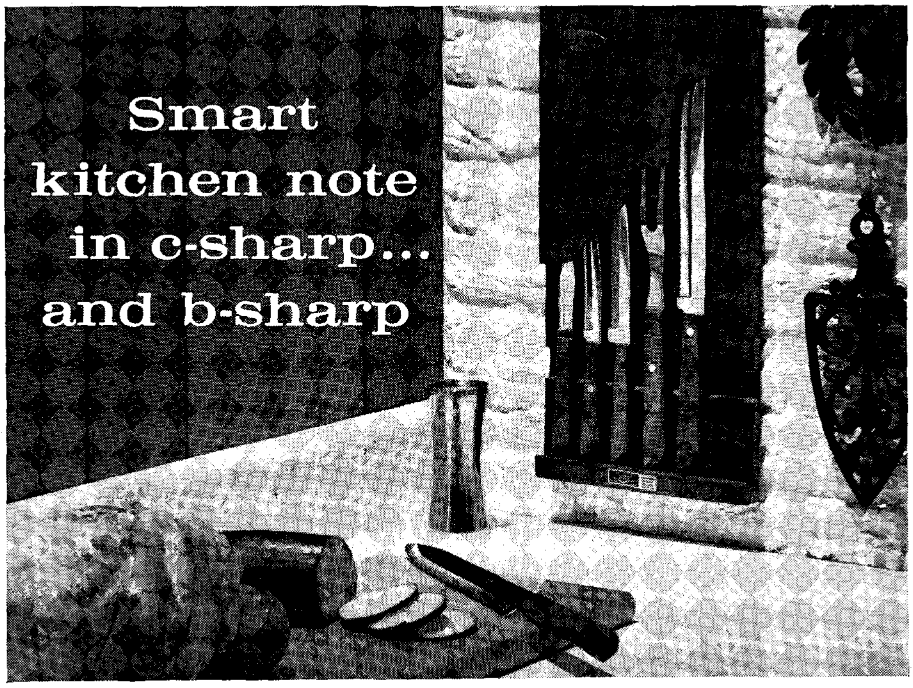

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both silent for a moment. Then she went on, but without looking at me. "Does it seem to you proper that a student should set herself up to judge the knowledge of her teacher?"

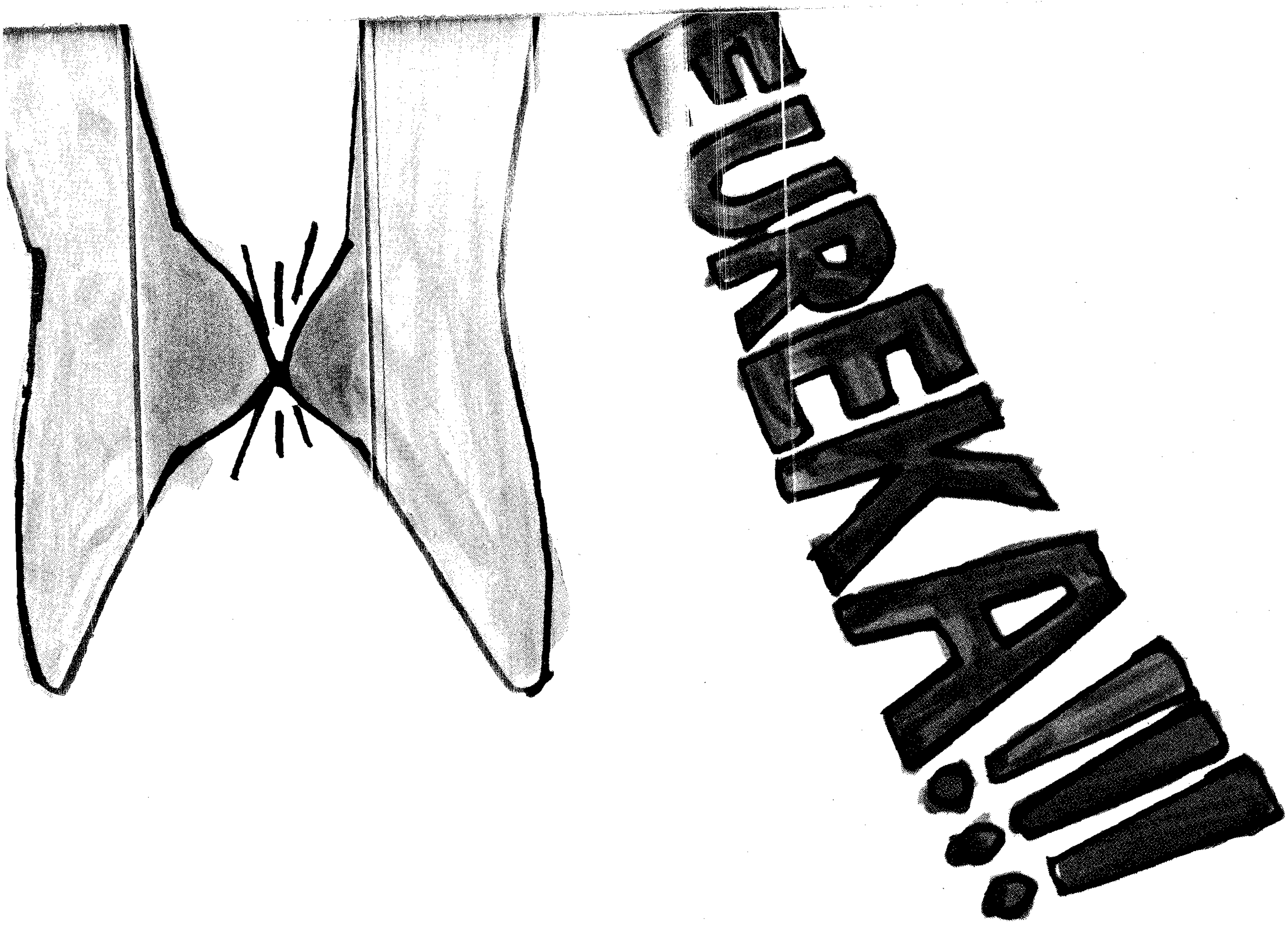
"Well, Mother," I protested, my face burning, "I didn't mean to say that, but you—"

"I?" She raised her brows affectedly. "You are surely not going to begin now to justify your arrogance, Madeleine? This is not, after all, the first time you have behaved in this way." She was looking for the right note, but she knew she was not striking it. For the first time, Mother Hinchey's voice lacked its full, rich conviction of her utter rightness. As she went on, I began to feel an odd and frightening lightness, as if I were a balloon floating farther and farther away from her.

At last she let me go. I walked slowly down the corridor back to class, stopping in a square of sunlight to try to remember what had happened. "She *knew* she could get the truth out of me, and then she blames me for it!" I hissed to myself. She must have suspected for months that something was wrong and only wanted to be sure. Mother Muhldorf made me sick. Still, why had I been the one to give her away? "Nobody but me would be dumb enough to tell the truth around here," I muttered. "If everybody told the truth around here this whole place would collapse!" I kicked the wall spitefully. Out of nowhere came old Sister O'Neill, who could neither read nor write and had one leg shorter than the other. Without a word, she limped over with her rag and wiped the black mark off the baseboard.

AT the beginning of February, we began preparing for our third-year oral examinations, when Reverend Mother visited all the classes accompanied by Mother Hinchey. Each class was drilled for weeks, so that the examination became a ritual performance, ending with Reverend Mother complimenting the class mistress on the excellent work of her students and presenting everyone with a holy card. Mother Muhldorf gave out mimeographed study questions, which were lost, and review assignments, which were forgotten, but this mass amnesia did not seem to disturb her. "It's always like this before a test," she said cheerfully. "I will offer my Mass every morning this week for the success of all of you."

The day before the examination,



## *A quiet day at the bean factory.*

Once, in between his hoeing and his ho-hoing, the Jolly Green Giant sat idly snipping some snapping-crisp green beans. Suddenly something earth-shaking happened. He jumped up and down.

The cause was a slanted bean. Sliced that way, quite unintentionally. It had led to a flavor discovery on the Giant's part.

Turns out that slicing beans bite-sized and on an angle brings out more of the crisp inner bean.

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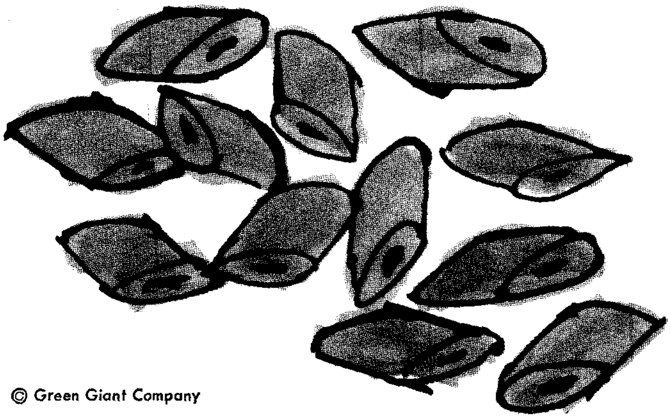
The other, of course, was the "bean break."



**Green Giant®**

**Good things from the garden**

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Cecily shoved in next to me in ranks, her eyes glittering. "You know about tomorrow, don't you?" she whispered.

I shook my head. "What do you mean?" We talked without moving our chins, like ventriloquists.

"We're not going to answer."

I frowned incredulously. Cecily laughed, her bright green eyes as cold as ever.

"How can we not answer with Reverend Mother and everybody there? Hinchey would murder us."

"She can't if the whole class does it. That will show nobody respects Muhldorf."

"Sure, but—"

"Oh, come on, Maddie. We all decided we're going to do it, so you can't be the only one. Anyway, you haven't paid attention any more than anybody else."

I laughed back at her, flattered that she supposed I wouldn't know the answers. Then a pain like cramp shot through me. The class didn't have to betray Mother Muhldorf: I'd already done it.

The next morning, we sat white-gloved and waiting. Mother Muhldorf was watching at the door, twisting her hands together. Cecily bobbed and ducked, sending signals all over the room, her ragged black curls standing up like some minor demon's. I was sure her plot would collapse. It would be like the time we had decided to wear our shoes on the wrong feet to protest brown oxfords and not a single person had done it. Or the morning we were going to shout "Happy April Fool's Day!" as we curtsied to Mother Hinchey and at the signal heard ourselves instead saying "Good morning, Mother," helpless as Pavlov's dogs.

There was a rustle in the hall of footsteps, skirts, rosaries. Mother Muhldorf snapped her fingers and we stood. Reverend Mother entered, followed by Mother Hinchey and Mother Halloran, and we dropped into the deep salute—heads bowed, knees bent—reserved for the Superior.

"*Bonjour, Révérende Mère,*" we said.

"*Bonjour, mes enfants,*" Reverend Mother responded, smiling brilliantly. I began to breathe easier in the familiar ceremony that linked us to Paris, Bombay, and the Court of St. James's. Nothing could happen in this room now. "*Au nom du Père, et du Fils, et du Saint-Esprit. Ainsi soit-il.*" We made the sign of the cross with Reverend Mother, who began the Hail Mary in

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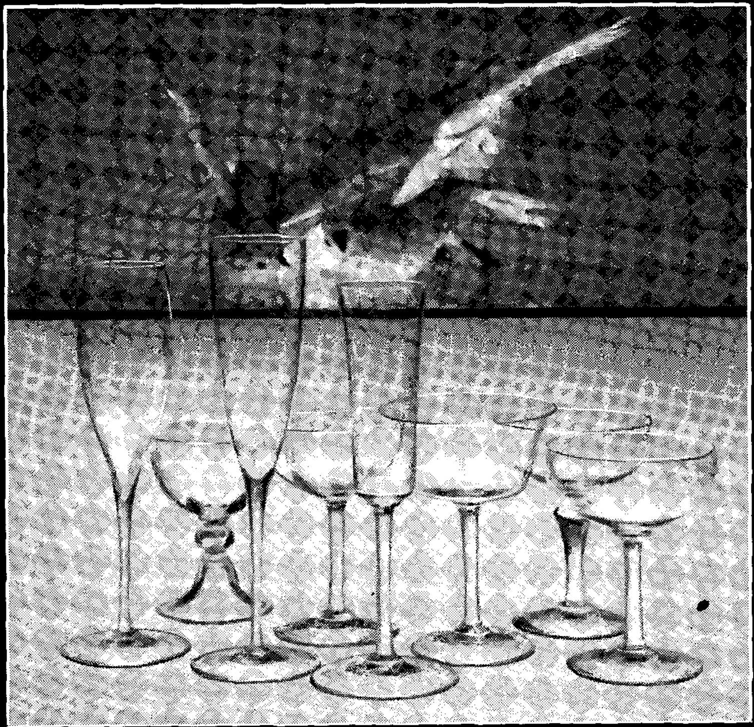

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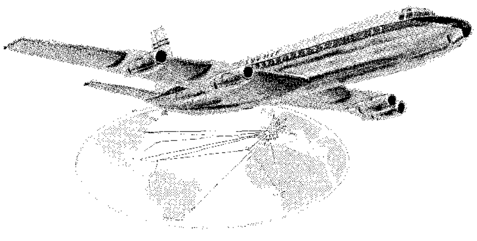

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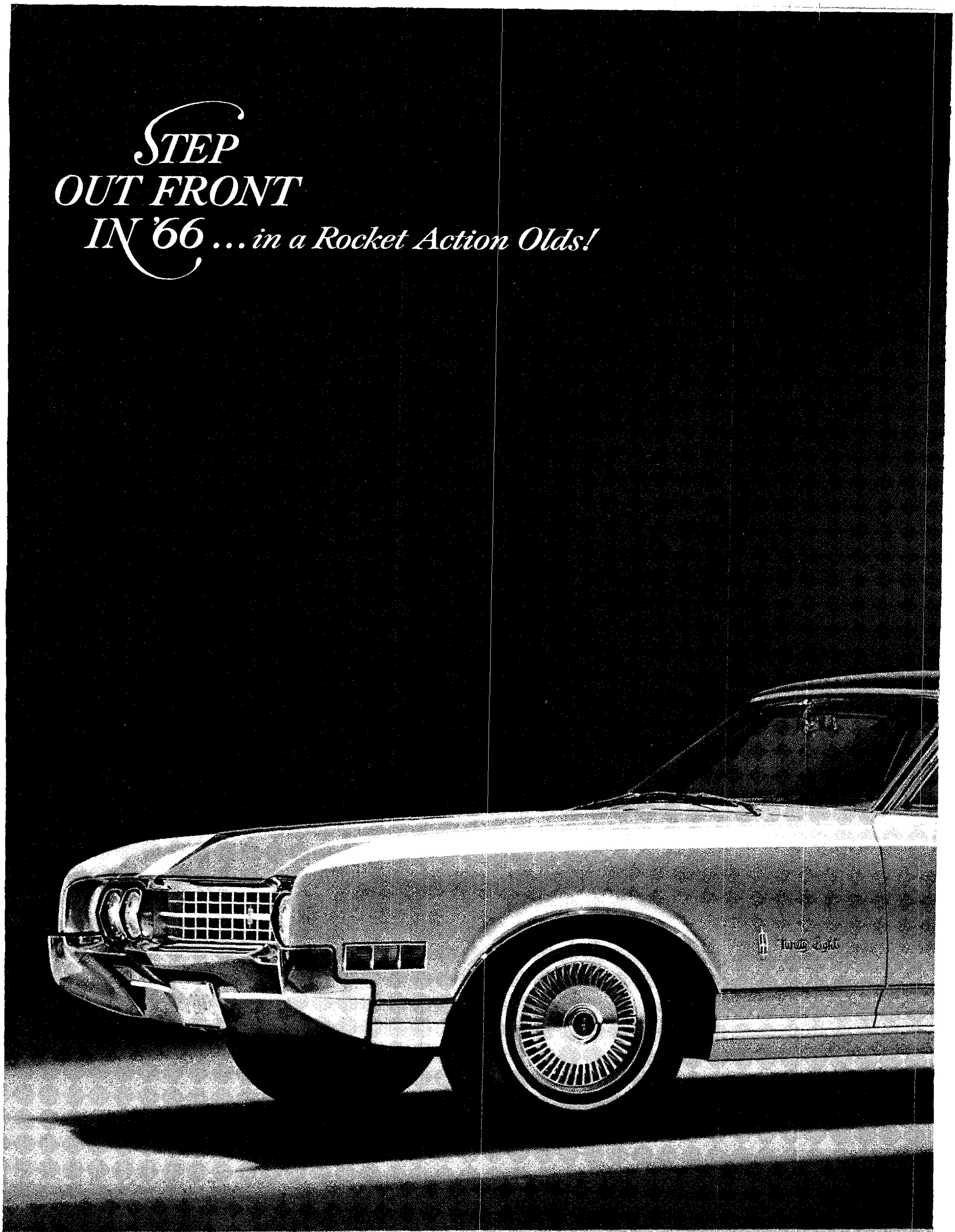
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# This man is discussing whisky with friends. And who should know more about it? He happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.

*George Thomson, Director and master blender of John Walker & Sons, shown here at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club, Scotland.*

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**The man with a nose for Scotch**

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her exquisite accent. "*Je vous salue, Marie, pleine de grace . . .*"

"*Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, priez pour nous . . .*" we answered.

Reverend Mother sat down and drew out her knitting. She smiled and whispered a moment with Mother Muhldorf, who was the color of a poppy, while Mother Hinchey opened her black leather notebook, rattled her papers, dropped them, and finally spread them out on the desk and drew herself up imposingly above them. Mother Muhldorf stood back from the other nuns, placing herself in the corner.

"This oral examination of the Third Academic Class of the Convent of the Sacred Heart," began Mother Hinchey, "we place under the protection of Mary the Mother of God, Mater Admirabilis. I shall begin the examination with you, Monica."

Monica Adams stood up, the first girl in the first row, and pulled once nervously on her jacket.

"Define the *chanson de geste* and describe its origin."

An easy question. But Monica stood silent and stunned-looking.

"I shall repeat the question, Monica. Define the *chanson de geste*. Then tell me, what was its origin?"

"The *chanson de geste* was a poem about—" Monica stopped and began pulling at the fingers of her glove. "It's a poem in French about—" Reverend Mother looked up from her knitting and smiled and nodded at Monica, who stood pulling violently at her gloves. "I don't know, Mother," she gasped. She curtsied and sat down.

"Susan, will you answer the same question, please."

Susie Cornish stood up. She turned her head a little and looked behind her, as if she were trying to catch someone's eye.

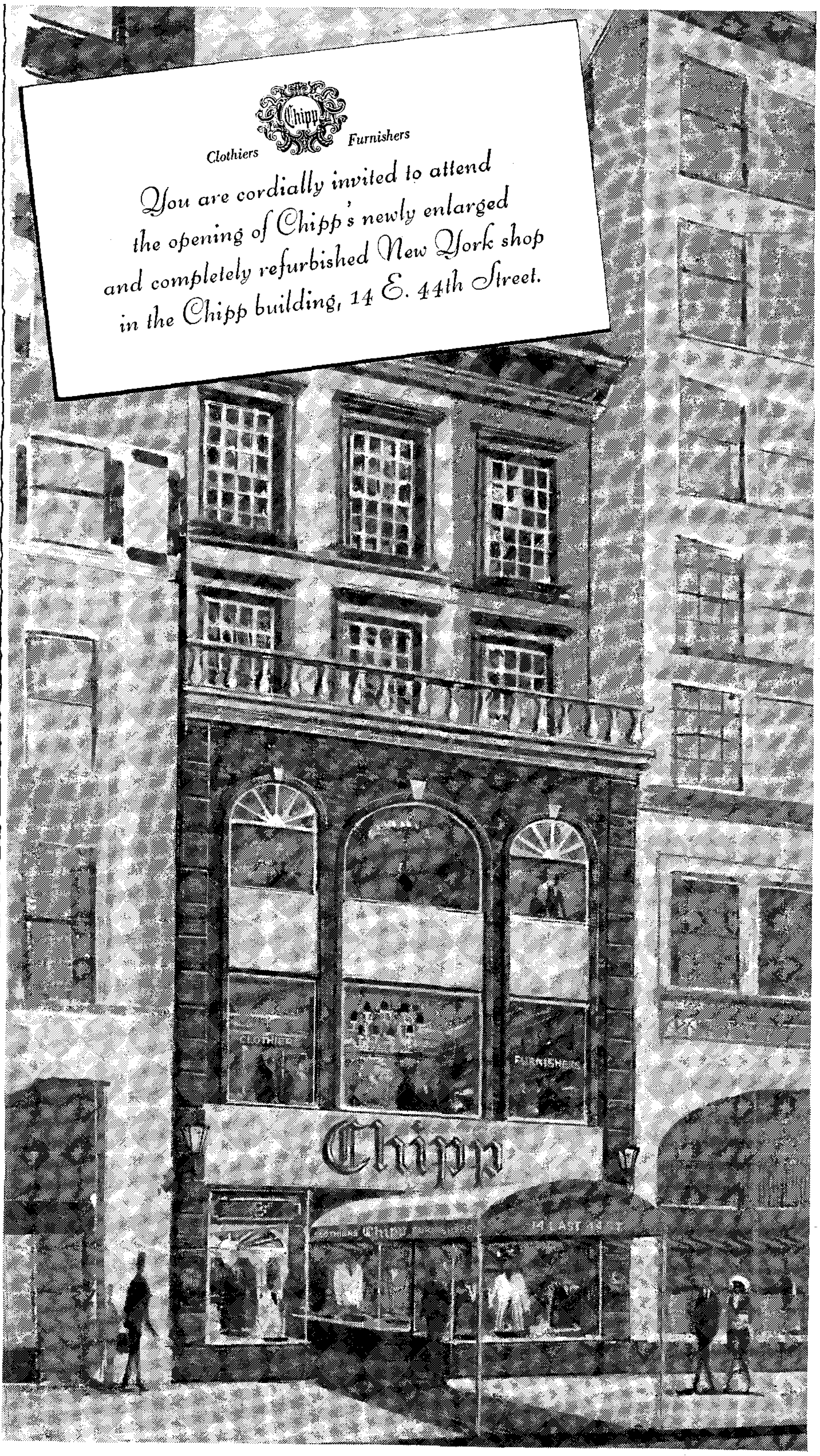
"Susan," said Mother Hinchey sharply. "This is not a difficult question. If you will face the front of the room I'm sure you will remember the answer."

"Perhaps you could repeat the question, Mother," said Reverend Mother kindly.

"The *chanson de geste* is an epic poem based on historical legend and recounting the courageous deeds of French chivalry," Susie blurted all in one breath. Mother Muhldorf looked up expectantly.

"Very good. And its origin?" said Mother Hinchey.

Susie visibly knew the answer, was bursting with it. "I don't know, Moth-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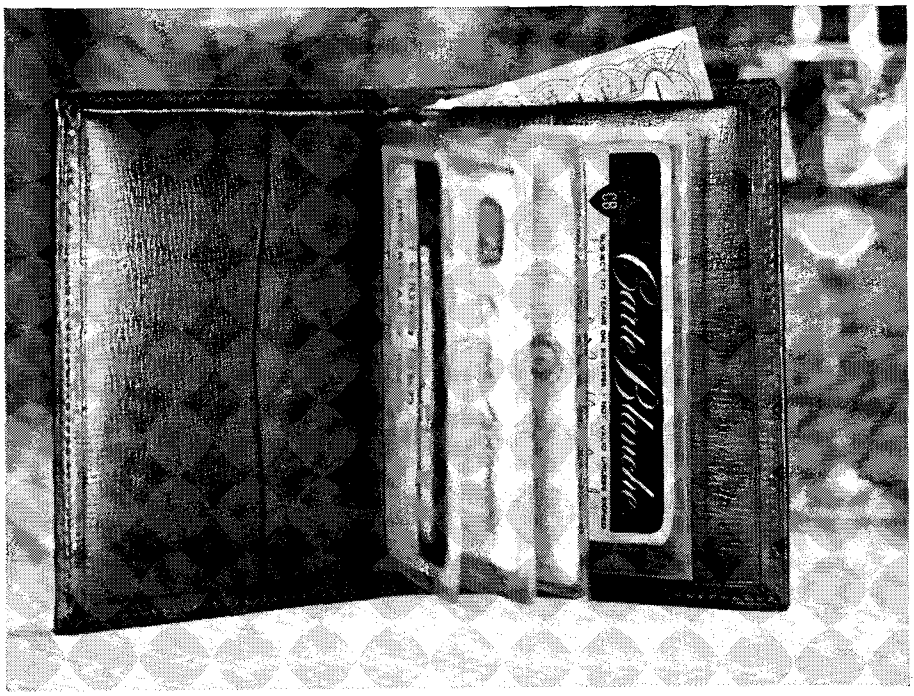

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er," she exhaled desperately. She curtsied and sat down.

The room breathed, chairs creaked. Lynn Donaghue was next. Mother Muhldorf, standing in the corner in front of the map stand, looked at her with enormous eyes, her hands wringing each other white at the knuckles.

"Will you finish the question, Lynn."

"I'm sorry, Mother, I don't know the answer," Lynn said coolly. She made an elegant salute and sat down. Mother Hinchey raised her brows and turned wordlessly to Reverend Mother. "Perhaps another question, for the moment?" said Reverend Mother.

Mother Hinchey nodded, her lips compressed tightly. "In what way were the *chansons de geste* disseminated? Mary Ellen?"

"I don't know, Mother. I don't think we ever learned that."

Mother Muhldorf shut her eyes and turned her head aside. She took a step back, making the map stand teeter. There was no sound but the hiss of the radiators. Mother Hinchey's face tightened, as though she were about to snap her notebook shut and send Mary Ellen from the room. Instead, she glanced for a moment at Reverend Mother, who did not look up or drop a stitch. Then she asked the same question of the next girl, restating it entirely, as though it had not been asked before. Her eyes were like stone eyes in the face of a statue. Beside her, Mother Halloran sat austere and beautiful, mild and attentive, her long white hands folded in her lap. None of them looked at Mother Muhldorf. Around me, everyone wore a somnolent, masklike expression. They might have been at benediction. In the row that would answer before my turn came, Cecily's ironical profile waited, the delicate nose and chin tipped upward. The room was hot and airless; I could not get my breath.

"I don't know, Mother," said Sheila Moran.

I stood up. "The *chansons de geste* were disseminated by the troubadours, wandering musicians who entertained the courts of France," I said loudly, staring straight ahead. "The audience for these tales was largely uneducated and attached more importance to the number and variety of the adventures than to delicacy of analysis or elegance of form." Whole pages of the text began to unroll in my head as if they were printed on a revolving drum, and I talked faster and faster to keep up with it. I had gone through style and versifi-

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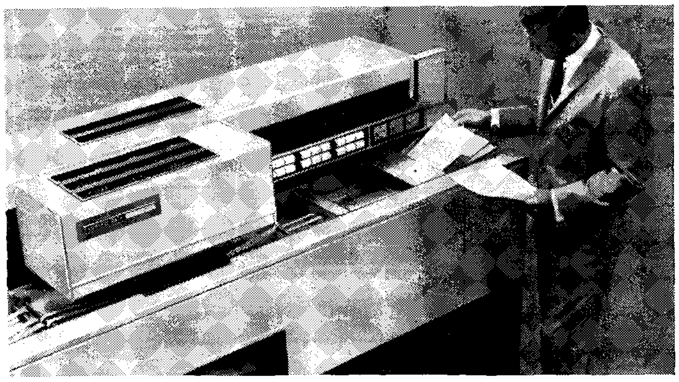

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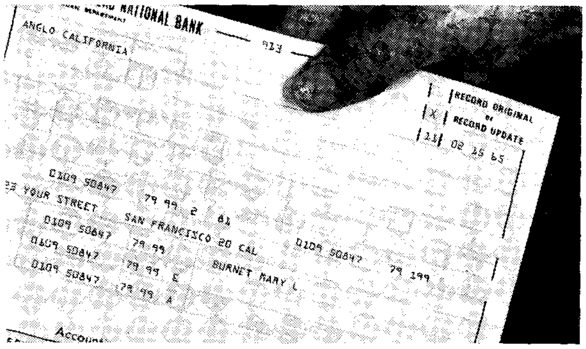

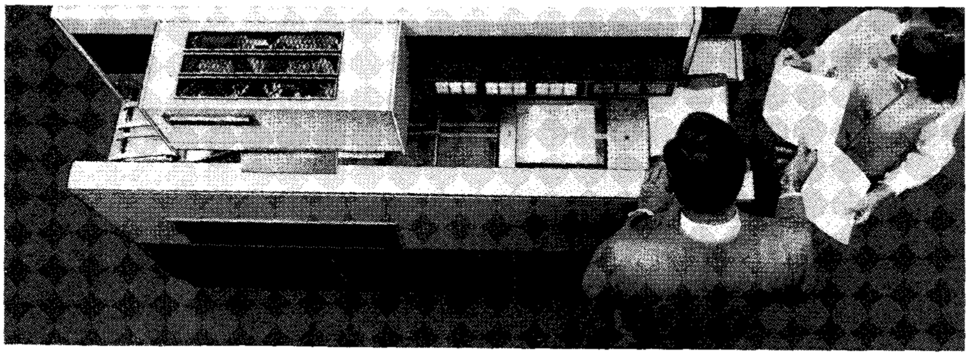

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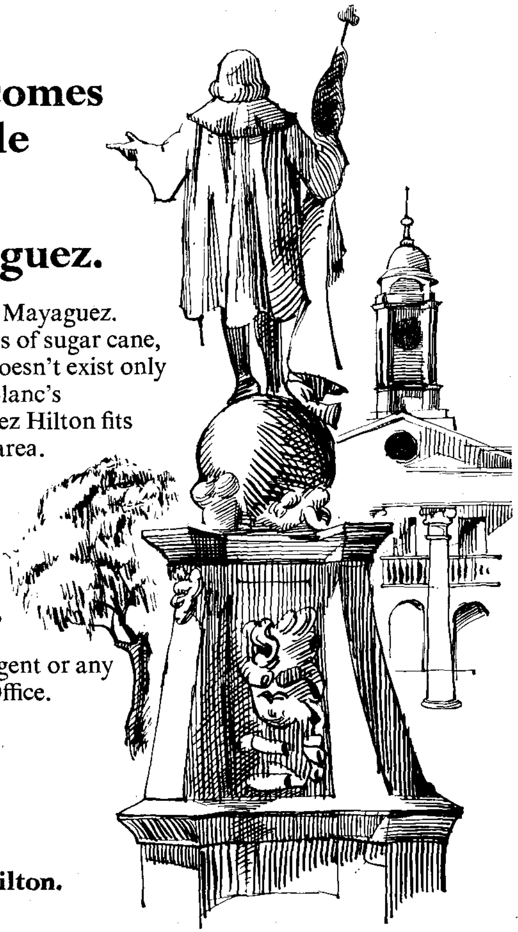

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cation and started on the "Song of Roland" when Mother Hinchey broke in sharply. "That will do, Madeleine, that will do. That's very good."

I sat down, feeling lightheaded. Mother Hinchey turned to Reverend Mother, who counted off a row of stitches, moving her lips slightly, then raised her head. "I think perhaps we need not go on, Mother," she said. She rolled her knitting into a sausage, skewered it with a needle, and stood up. "*Au nom du Père, et du Fils, et du Saint-Esprit.*"

Mother Muhldorf did not move. After the prayer, Reverend Mother went over and spoke to her smilingly for a moment, exactly as though this oral examination had been like the others. Holy cards were passed out, inscribed in Reverend Mother's elegant hand: "*À Madeleine, en souvenir de l'examen oral. Février, 1953. Que le Sacré Cœur vous protège pendant toute la vie.*" The picture was of Christ, His bare feet on the curved surface of the globe, His arms extended in a gesture of embrace. His heart was crowned with thorns for His suffering and surrounded with flames for the fire of His love.

No one mentioned the examination after that day. The next year, Mother Muhldorf was given the sixth grade to teach. As for me, the honors remaining in that last year—medals, examination prizes—were dropped in my lap like dead mice. I still read library books in class, but no one bothered about it much. Mother Hinchey called me in for a lecture now and then, which was her way of showing that she still liked me in spite of herself.

NOT long ago, I went back to Glenwood. My mother was sick, and I went home for a month, taking my young daughter with me. I had been away from Glenwood a long time—really away. My last few months there had been like a diver's interminable rise to the surface, and I left longing for freedom, impersonality, controversy. I gave up a scholarship to a Sacred Heart college and went to a large state university for four years, and after that to Europe, where I was married and two years later divorced. I was in Rome for part of that time, and on cold mornings in Santa Maria in Cosmedin or on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna I sometimes found myself looking around vaguely as if I had lost something; I was half expecting to see Reverend Mother Prideaux's muffler. That year, I heard from my moth-

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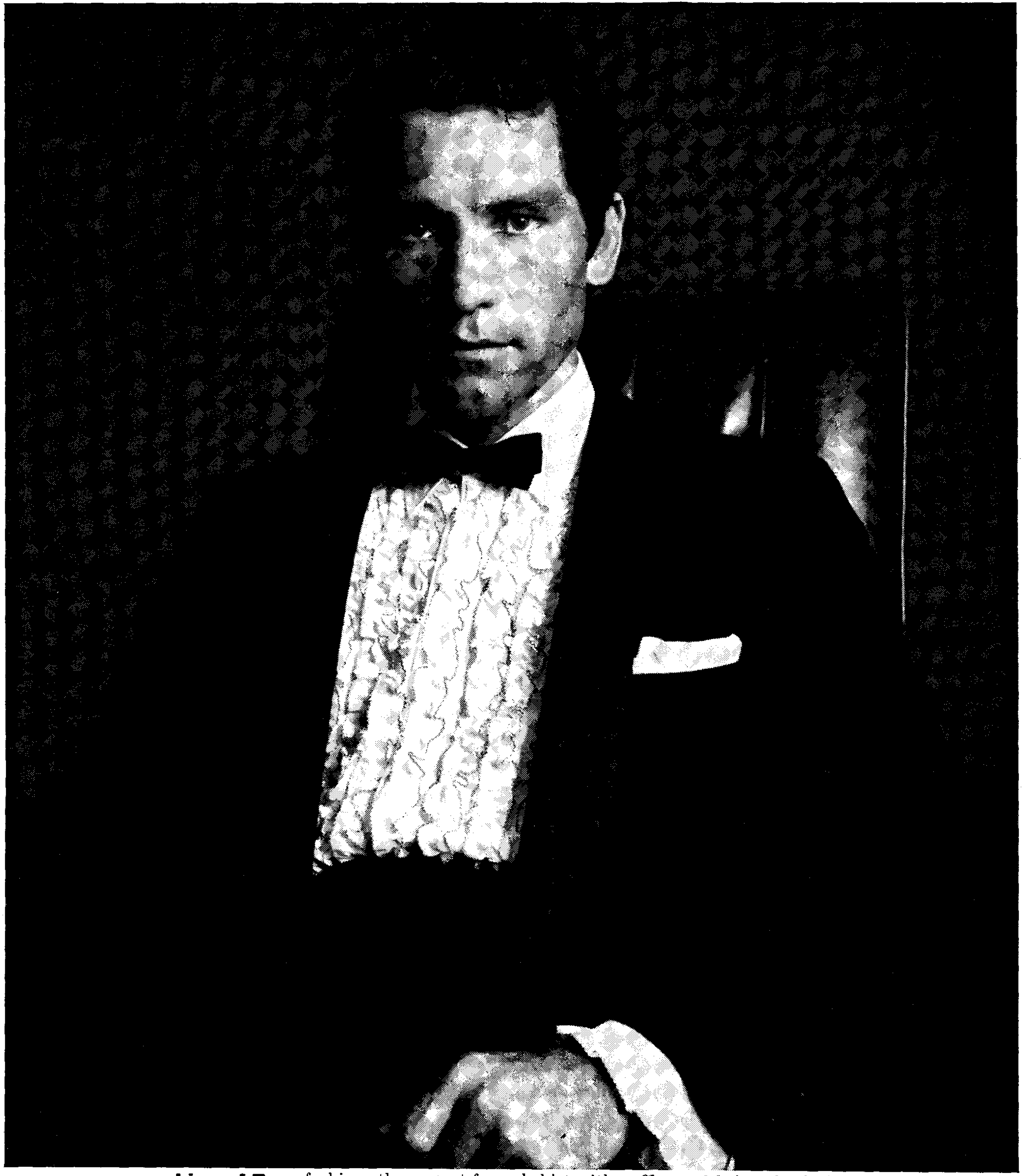

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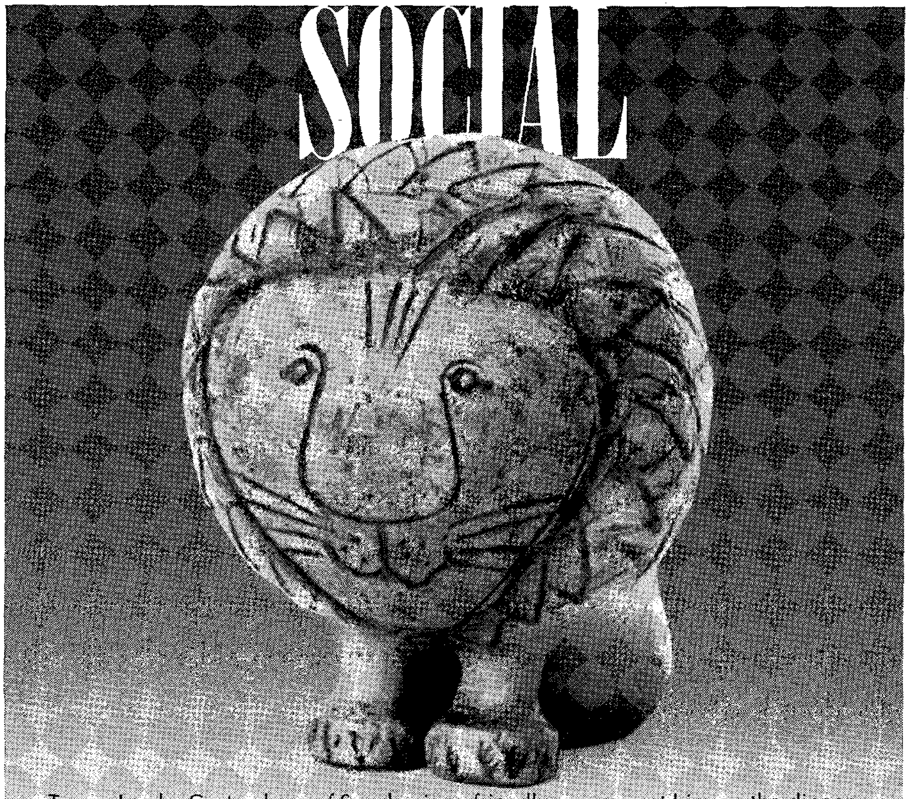

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er that Reverend Mother had died of cancer.

I came back to this country to go to graduate school, and a year later I was married again. Returning to Glenwood, I wondered how much they knew about me. Although I had no friends among my old classmates, the convent's intelligence system was efficient, and during all those years and changes of name and address the Alumnae News had followed me like an ironic commentary, with its smiling pictures of Cecily and Susie and Karen, surrounded by their little Maureens and Michaels, Kevins and Kimberlys.

Mother Halloran and Mother Pershing met me at the door; their slender figures and smooth faces were unchanged. They kissed me and fell delightedly upon my little girl. "Madeleine, you have come bearing gifts—we must have her immediately! How old is she? Three? Laura—what a lovely name! Isn't she beautiful!"

We installed ourselves in the yellow parlor. There were new striped drapes, but the worn satin furniture and the painting of the Dream of St. Ursula were unchanged. Laura was being offered the box of stale peppermints kept for small children when Mother Muhldorf came in.

"Mother, I'm glad they told you I was here," I said, going over to her.

She smiled shyly. "I thought you might want to say hello."

"As if I would think of coming without seeing you!" I said uneasily.

"And that must be Laura. What a beautiful little girl! When will you let us have her?"

"Well, I don't see how we could. We're not living here, you know. We have to be back in New York. I have to finish my dissertation—"

A voice behind me intoned, "Madeleine Mary, my dear!" I turned and was enfolded in the embrace of Mother Hinchey. "You have changed," she said tragically, holding me out at arm's length. "You look tired, Madeleine. Quite lovely, but tired." Nuns age slowly beneath their coifs and veils and concealing capes. Mother Hinchey looked just as she had ten years before.

"If I've changed, Mother, you are exactly the same."

"This life preserves one," she said. "Oh, and there is the little girl. Laura, isn't it?" The younger nuns moved aside for her, and Laura started back apprehensively before her advance. "What a lovely child. Lovely! Madeleine, she reminds me of that exquisite Bronzino portrait of little Maria de' Medici in the south corridor. Such self-

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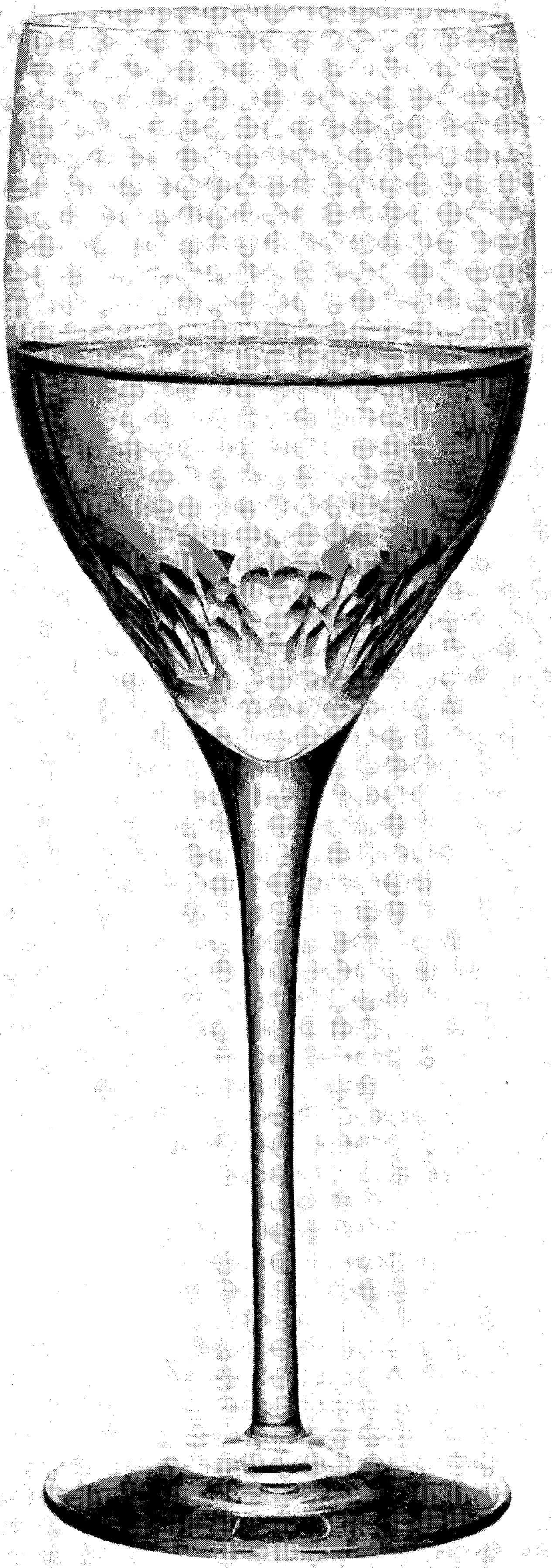

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possession! Do you like your mother's old school, Laura?"

"Yes. Why have you got on a black dress?"

"It's the only one I've got," said Mother Hinchey. "Don't you like it?"

"Well, red is prettier," Laura answered, dispassionate.

"I always have such a disturbing effect on small children," Mother Hinchey said graciously. "I wonder why that is. I think I must frighten them. But Madeleine, we will have her, won't we? In spite of your . . . in spite of what has happened?" She drew me into a corner where the others would not hear. "Sit down. Tell me about it, Madeleine, if you can," she said in her rich, grieved voice. "Your divorce . . . I cannot believe you have really lost your faith. I feel it must be only this man you've married—"

"Oh, no, Mother, I've lost my faith, all right. It had nothing to do with Alex. It happened before I married the first time, at the university and in Europe and all."

"In any case, it is a misfortune, a tragedy. But you will not deny your daughter her religion and her birthright to a Sacred Heart education."

I looked over at my little daughter. She was enthroned on the worn yellow satin of the Directoire sofa, surrounded by the three nuns, who touched her hair and hands with the timid tenderness of women who will never have children of their own. I felt a throb of envy, as if she were one of the convent girls with whom I had gone to school. She could have it all now; the custom and ceremony would become as familiar to her as her toys and books, and she could take all of it as her due, with the impressive insolence of the self-assured. Laura could draw me at last into this long line of female succession, this world where nothing changed, nothing was lost, everything recurred and reverberated endlessly.

"I'm afraid," I said slowly, "it is really out of the question, Mother."

"Madeleine, you must promise me that you will at least think of it until the fall. Go to see the nuns just once in New York. I will write them about you." Her voice grew fervent. "I like to think that your child might be the means of your salvation."

"Well, I'll think, Mother. But I can't imagine Alex doing it."

Her face lighted up with interest. "I believe your husband is of the Jewish faith?"

"He's— Yes, he's Jewish."

"Madeleine, I must confess to a lifelong sympathy for the Jewish peo-

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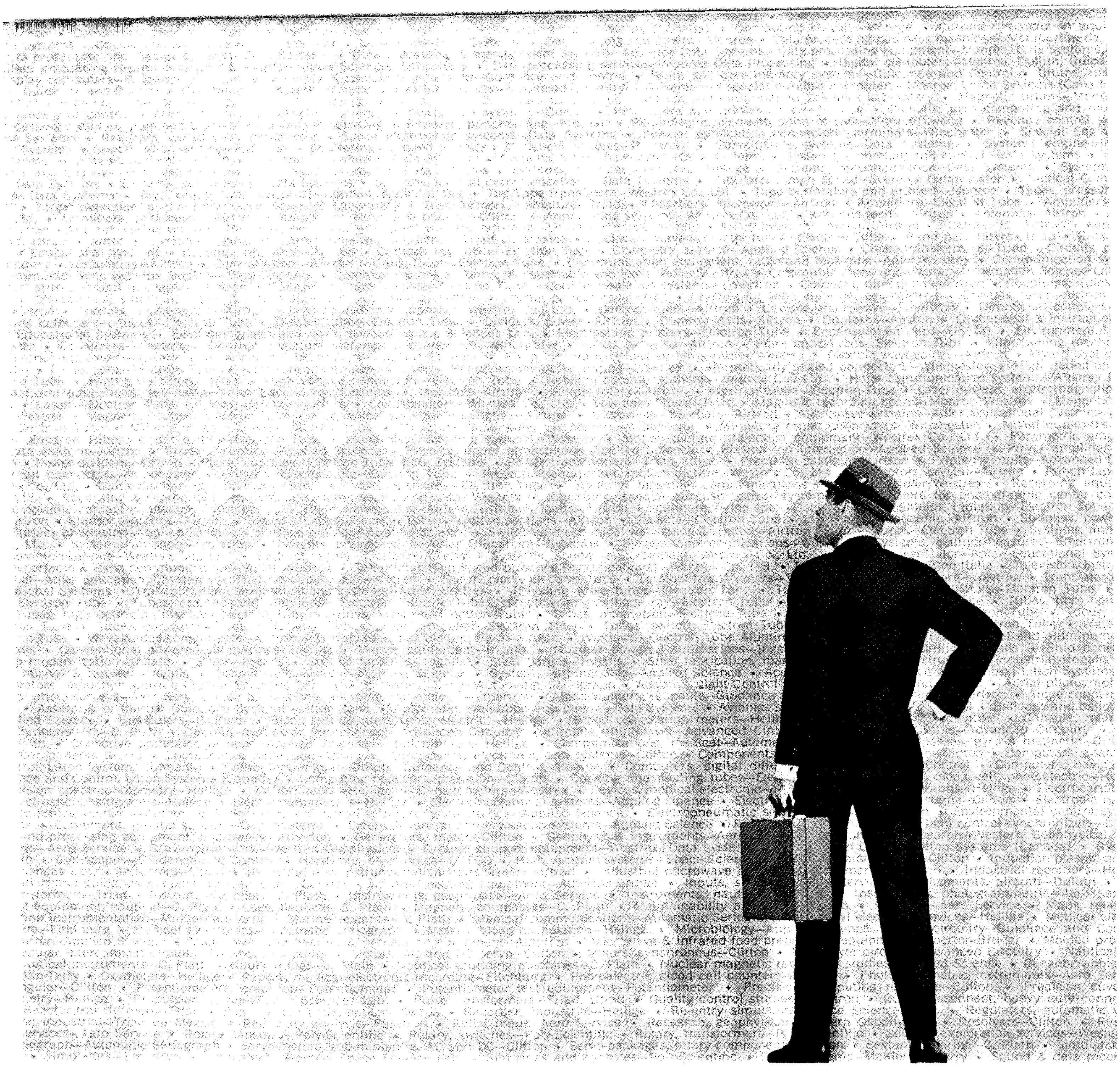

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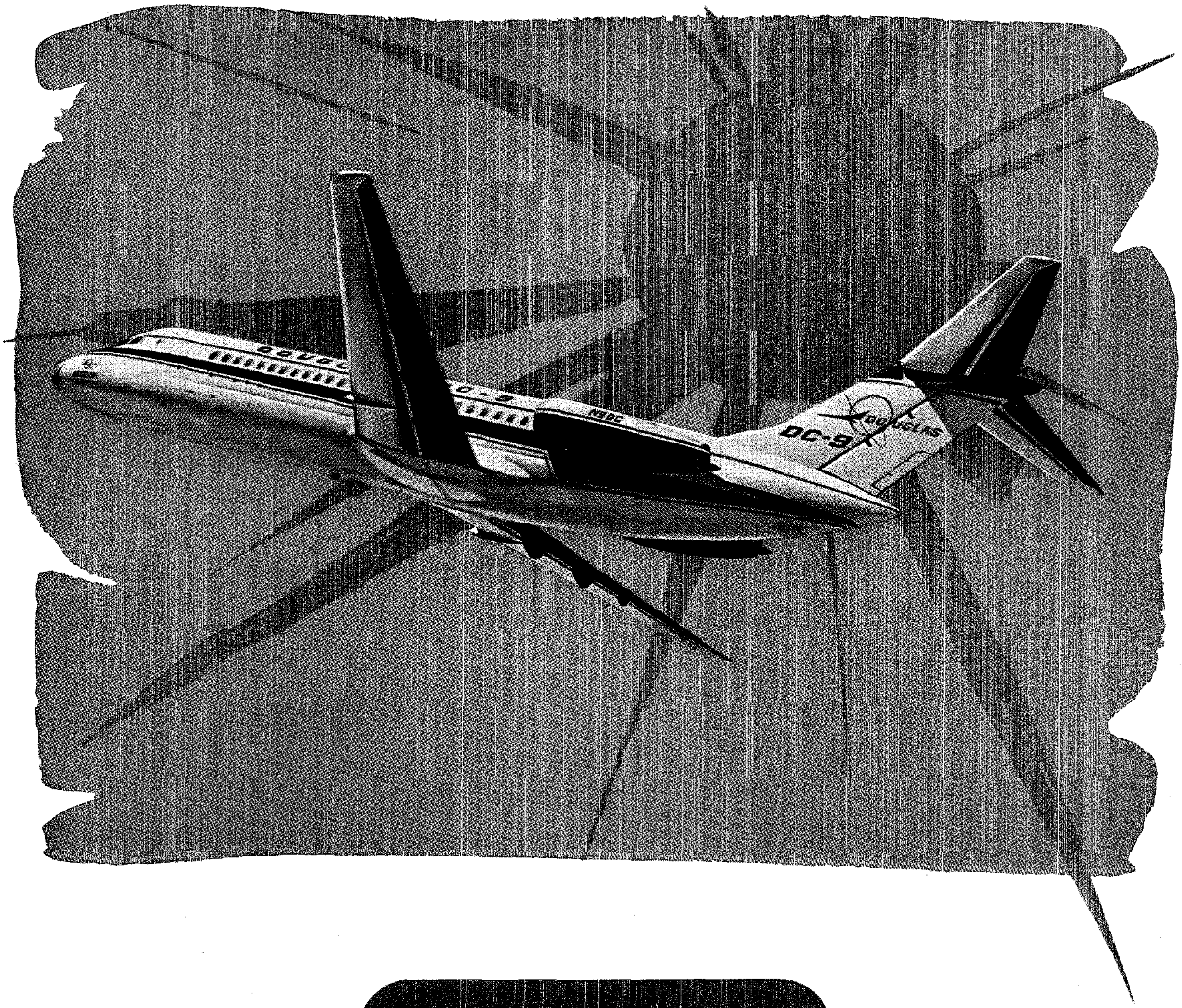

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ple," she said conspiratorially. "They are so very much closer to us in spirit than the Protestants, and you know there is an increasing trend among them towards orthodoxy. I cannot help but feel that perhaps the day of their conversion is approaching. Really, all that is needed is that they accept Christ as the Messiah, and one feels that the rest would follow of itself. How magnificent that would be!"

I did not explain to her that if that unlikely event ever takes place it will have little effect on my husband, whose main link with the Judaic past is his fine, assertive nose.

"Tell me about the theatre, Madeleine. Do you go often?" she said eagerly. "You know, in New York or San Francisco, one can at least read about it in the newspaper, but here you wouldn't know there was such a thing. What do you think of the new French novelists? Your mother said you were doing your dissertation on them."

We talked until Laura grew restless, then I said goodbye.

That fall, we went back to New York, and Laura goes to kindergarten now at the public school in our neighborhood, where she is learning not French but Spanish. Half the students are Puerto Rican, and a quarter are Negro; the remainder are mostly the children of university people like us, who come to P.-T.A. meetings with the Puerto Rican parents and embark with great determination and many smiles on conversations in pidgin Spanish and English. The teachers are earnest and progressive; when a Puerto Rican child is taught an English word, the English-speaking children are taught the Spanish word. They learn Spanish folk songs, too, which Laura sings with her best friend, a Puerto Rican boy named Hector. The neighborhood is noisy, interesting, and dreadful. Intersecting the broad streets with big apartment houses like ours are the narrower ones that teem and ooze in summer like the alleys of Naples, but with more despair and more danger. Sometimes all of it confuses and frightens me, and I feel guilty toward Laura; it seems no life for a child. And then I consider the other lives she might have led, and I know that they, too, are not without danger.

—ELIZABETH DALTON

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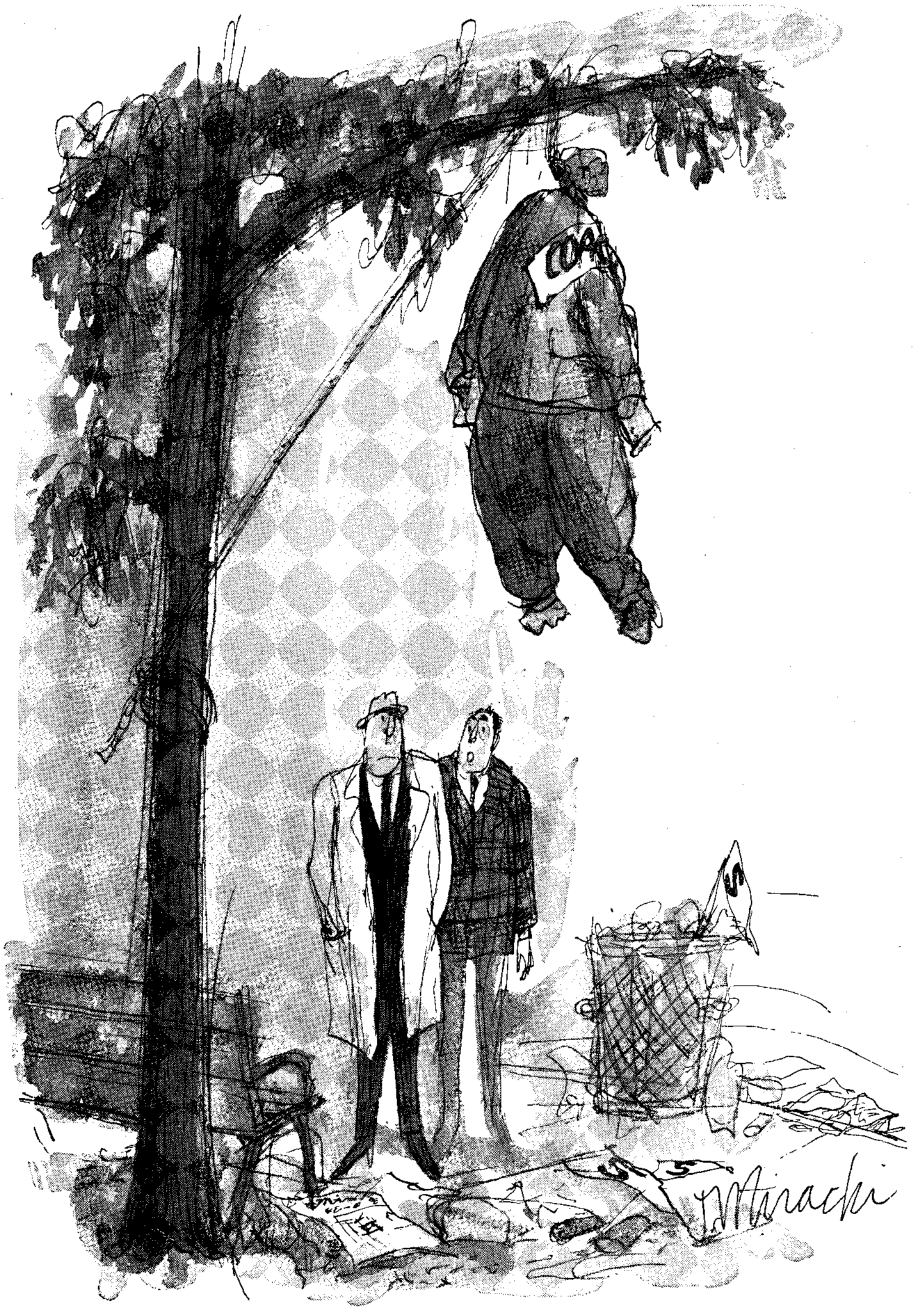
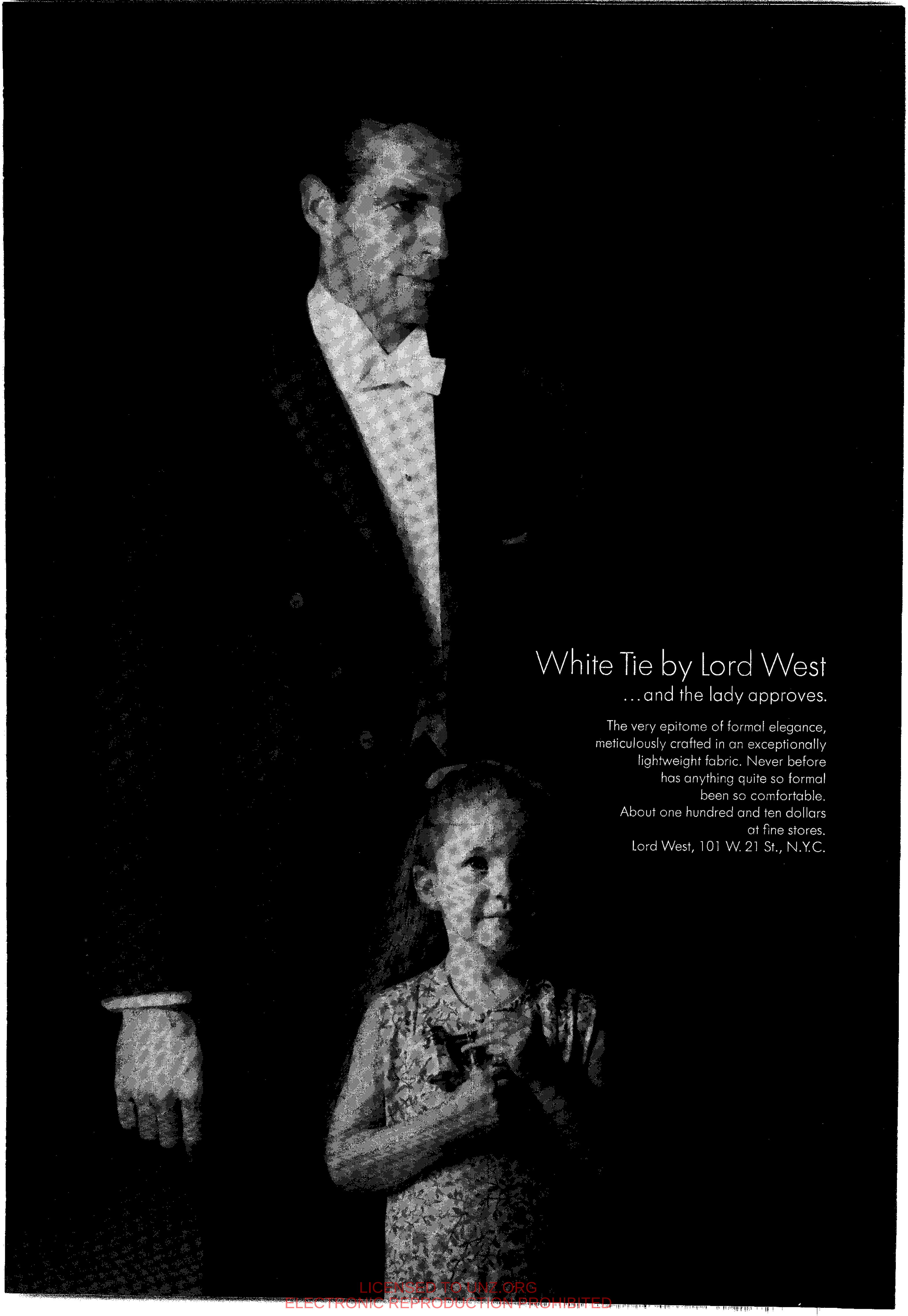
## CLUMSY CAPERS

"ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE," at the Lyceum, which won the London Drama Critics Award as the best new British play of 1964, is assuredly the oddest item to be presented on Broadway this season. Written by Joe Orton and directed by Alan Schneider, the comedy brings to our attention a quartet of characters who might very well represent an Anglicized branch of our own Jukes and Kallikak families. Actually, only three of the four are related, but since the fourth is just as crazy as the others, he fits nicely into the pattern. In the order of their appearance, we have Kath, a forty-one-year-old spinster who prides herself on her "refainment" and suffers from nymphomania; Sloane, a nineteen-year-old murderer who takes up residence in Kath's house and is quickly coaxed into becoming her lover; the Dadda, a creaky old party who is purblind and drifting slowly into senile dementia; and, finally, Ed, Kath's brother, who is a successful London businessman, a pillar of his community, and a man with only one weakness—a homosexual yearning for well-muscled youths. As Kath and Ed vie for Mr. Sloane's favors and the Dadda becomes convinced that the lodger is a fellow who did in his boss not long ago, Mr. Orton succeeds occasionally in inducing a laugh or two, and there is a pleasant lunacy about Sheila Hancock's portrayal of the middle-aged *femme fatale*. On the whole, though, this is a most unsavory business, and little in the way of jollification is contributed by the central figure, Sloane, who, as played by Dudley Sutton, is not only mindless but also so violent that in one of the climactic scenes he kicks the Dadda (George Turner) to death after the old man has threatened to identify him as a murderer. This, I think, is carrying macabre humor too far, but however distressful such scenes may be, Mr. Orton has managed to contrive a kind of happy ending for his enterprise. It seems that Kath, who has become pregnant by Mr. Sloane, will agree to pretend that the Dadda's death was accidental provided she is allowed to share him with her brother—six months of Mr. Sloane for Kath, and six months of him for Ed. As for Ed, who is played by Lee Montague, he is fond of understating grisly facts, and can be wryly amusing.

IN "The Impossible Years," at the Playhouse, Alan King plays a well-heeled psychiatrist who is writing a book about adolescents and their dilemmas, even though he can't figure out what makes his daughters (aged seventeen and thirteen) act the way they do. Besides the daughters, all sorts of other young people are on view, and all of them are trying. Another aspect of the comedy that militates against enjoyment—it was written by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have been toilers in the television vineyard—is the hellish racket of the transistors to which the young are dedicated and the cacophonous squealings that accompany far too much of the action. As you might expect, there are jokes about psychiatry and jokes about virginity, adolescent love play, hypochondria, and Medicare. They all sound pretty familiar, and I doubt if Mr. King's efforts to comprehend teen-age



*"You shouldn't take it so hard, Coach. Just suppose they had used the real McCoy."*



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motivations will interest you for very long.

"DRAT! THE CAT!," lately at the Martin Beck, was described in the program as "A Musical Spoof," and what it spoofed were those big, busy, simple-minded melodramas that were so popular before the turn of the century. The show had all kinds of frenetic scenes, splashy settings, and production numbers, but it missed, principally because it wasn't any funnier than the thing it attempted to satirize. It involved us with a rich young lady who seemed most demure but was secretly a jewel thief who did her dark deeds at night while costumed as a cat. Lesley Ann Warren was trim, agile, lyrical, and lovely as the cat lady, but Elliott Gould, portraying a lovelorn cop on her trail, wasn't quite as happy in his role, and I had an uneasy suspicion that his notions of how a simple-minded policeman might act were derived from some of Jerry Lewis's routines. I suppose I should mention the fact that the musical had a book and lyrics by Ira Levin and music by Milton Schafer. David Hays provided the sets, and they, Lord knows, were ingenious.

IF it's love and love alone that you, like the world, are seeking, you'd do well to drop into the Ambassador, where Charles Aznavour is lining out passionate ballads of his own creation. As a muezzin of tender emotion, Mr. Aznavour can sing with the best of them, and I imagine that by this time he has straightened out a difficulty he had on opening night with a microphone that made his voice sound as if it were being piped in from a subterranean echo chamber. Mr. Aznavour is to be with us until October 30th.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Will Geer as the Poet*

"AN EVENING'S FROST" is an arrangement of poems by Robert Frost, along with selections from his letters and talk and from biographies of him. The arrangement is more or less chronological. The selector and arranger is Donald Hall, and I don't see how he could have chosen better, the balance between familiar and unfamiliar poems being just right and the connective material being appropriate and lively, though I thought there was a bit too much of it. It also occurred to me that some of it might seem *too* appropriate—might indicate, in other words, that the

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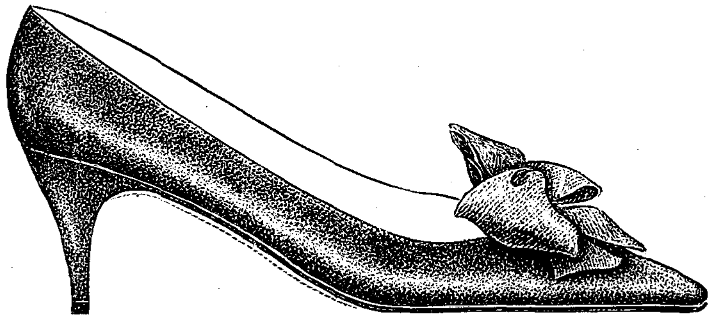

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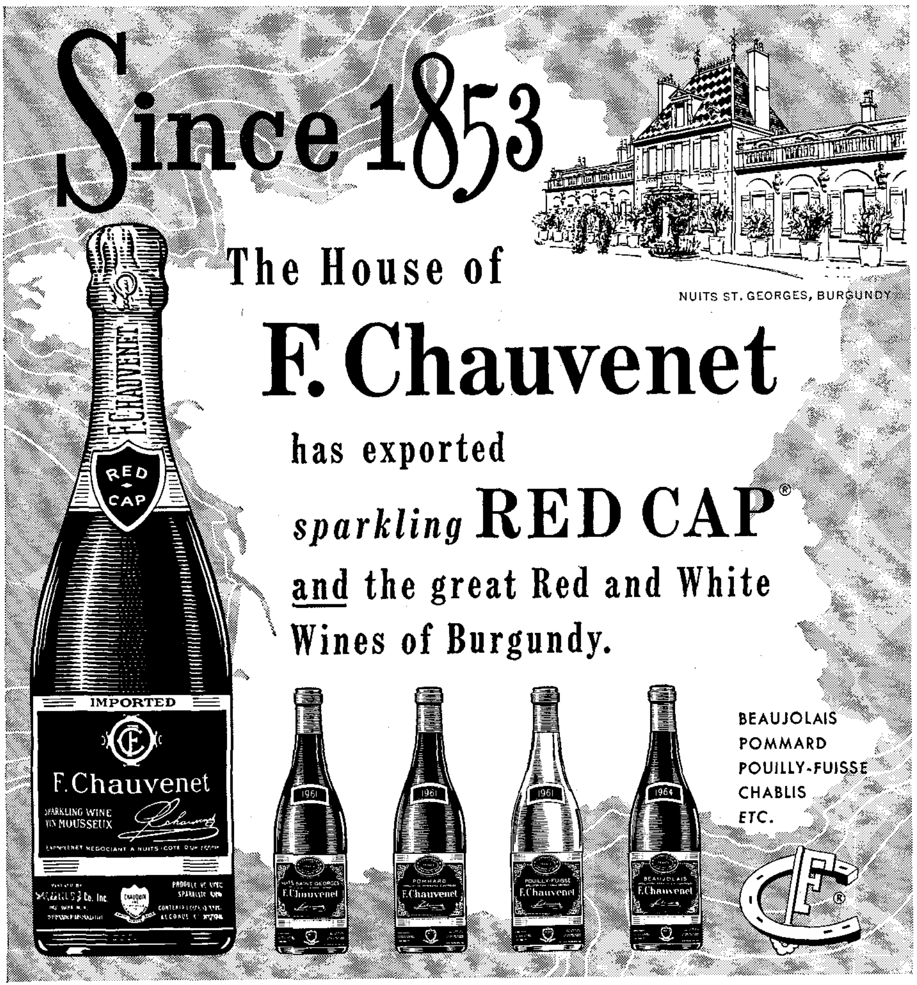

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poems a man writes are more overtly or more clearly linked to the events in his life than they actually are. (News of the death of one of Frost's children, for instance, is immediately followed by a recitation of "Home Burial.") Although there is a company of four and a set and lighting, the production is more a recital than a play, but, play or not, it certainly has a real performance in Will Geer's remarkable impersonation of the poet. No one, including the original himself, it seems to me, could have played Frost with more depth or style or relish than Mr. Geer—and with no sentimentality; all the bitterness and crankiness are there, too. He converses and then recites the poems in a heightened "running-speech" tone, never declaiming. He listens with total attention and appreciation, his mouth twitching, to the recitations of Donald Davis and Jacqueline Brookes, and to John Randolph's biographical narration. Three of the poems—"The Death of the Hired Man," "Home Burial," and an eerie one, new to me, called "The Witch of Coos"—are dramatized by Mr. Davis and Miss Brookes, who do well enough. But the evening is most effective when it is least theatrical, which is when Mr. Geer is most directly in touch with the audience. —EDITH OLIVER

•

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a bulletin published by British Industrial Plastics, Ltd., Birmingham, England*]

GENERAL ADVICE

Before starting on this type of work forget the pressure and the rush of current events. Think of the leisurely calm of the countryside; the coolness of a punt on the river beneath the willows; the fresh softness of the grass as you lay at ease and listened to the snapping pods of the gorse on that hot summer day rather a long time ago; the idle ebb and flow of the tide at low water as you sat on a rock with your bare feet awash and watched the lazy Laminaria wink in the misty sunshine. When you have guided your thoughts into these calm or even nostalgic channels you will be in the right frame of mind, and the resin technique of preserving biological specimens will prove relatively simple and most rewarding.

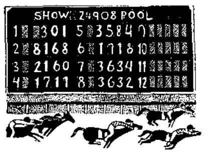
•

Last Spring Baltimore sports editor John F. Steadman said he'd eat his words if the Orioles didn't win the League pennant. Thursday he did. But the job was made more palatable when outfielder Jackie Brandt ran the newspaper column through an electric grinder and mixed it with sirloin, celery stalks and a small union.—*Chicago Daily News.*

With the pickets strained out?

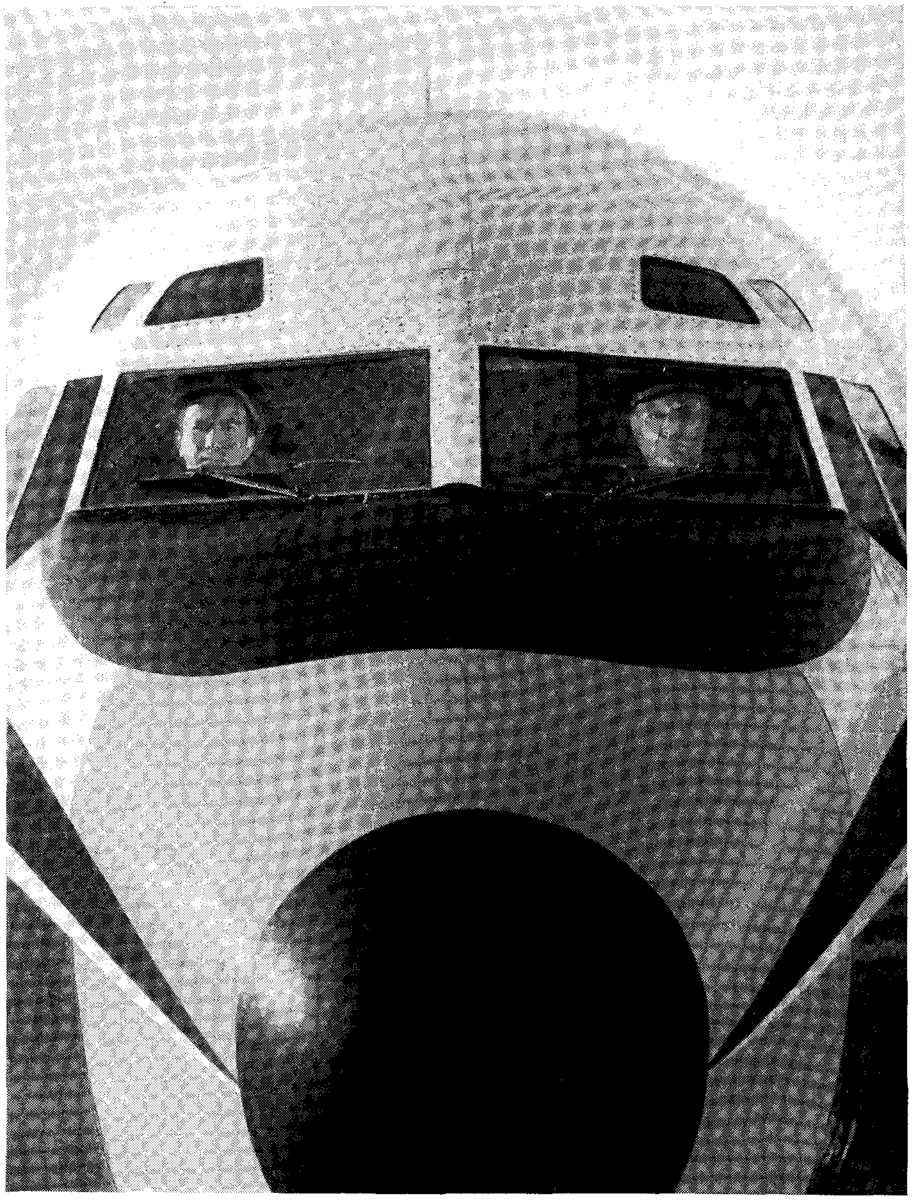
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Glamour Boy*



A WINNER is always a glamorous figure, as anybody who has ever bet on one knows, and Buckpasser, sailing home by four lengths in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, looked every inch the champion. Not at all incidentally, Priceless Gem, who beat him in the Futurity last month, finished sixth, nearly a dozen lengths behind. If ever a stage was set for a return meeting, this was it—weather clear, track fast, and a gala crowd in the stand. Priceless Gem, arriving in the paddock early, was calmer than she had been before the Futurity, but her trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, taking no chances on a case of nerves, hurried her to the saddling stalls. My favorite horse measurer tells me, by the way, that she is an eighth of an inch taller at the withers than Buckpasser, who was the next to arrive in the paddock, along with his stablemate Impressive, both of them looking particularly fit. Of the seven other two-year-olds, only Our Michael and Advocator, who were to finish second and third, caught my eye. After an even start, Impressive and Priceless Gem were first to show in front, and, quickly joined by Our Michael, they hotfooted it down the backstretch and around the far turn, well ahead of the others. Meanwhile, Buckpasser, who got away slowly, was moving up steadily, and as he swung into the homestretch he took the lead in a dozen jumps. (Ussery, who rode Amberoid, charged later that at this point Buckpasser bumped him, but the claim of foul was dismissed.) As Buckpasser drew away, Priceless Gem dropped back, well beaten. When Blum, who rode her, weighed in, his answer to questioners was "No comment." To me, the most credible explanation for her defeat is that it was the first time she was headed from the start of a race and kept under pressure all the way. Of course, Buckpasser's trainer, Bill Winfrey, put Impressive, a fast colt, in the Champagne to do just that, and, as he expected, it upset her apple cart. Now let's see what happens if and when Priceless Gem meets Moccasin, the two-year-old filly who won the Alcibiades by fifteen lengths at Keeneland last weekend.

The Champagne is the oldest race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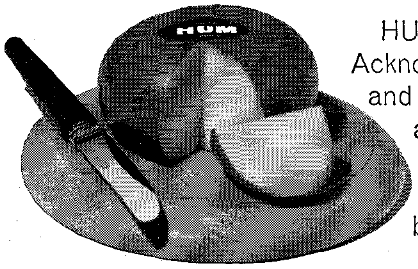

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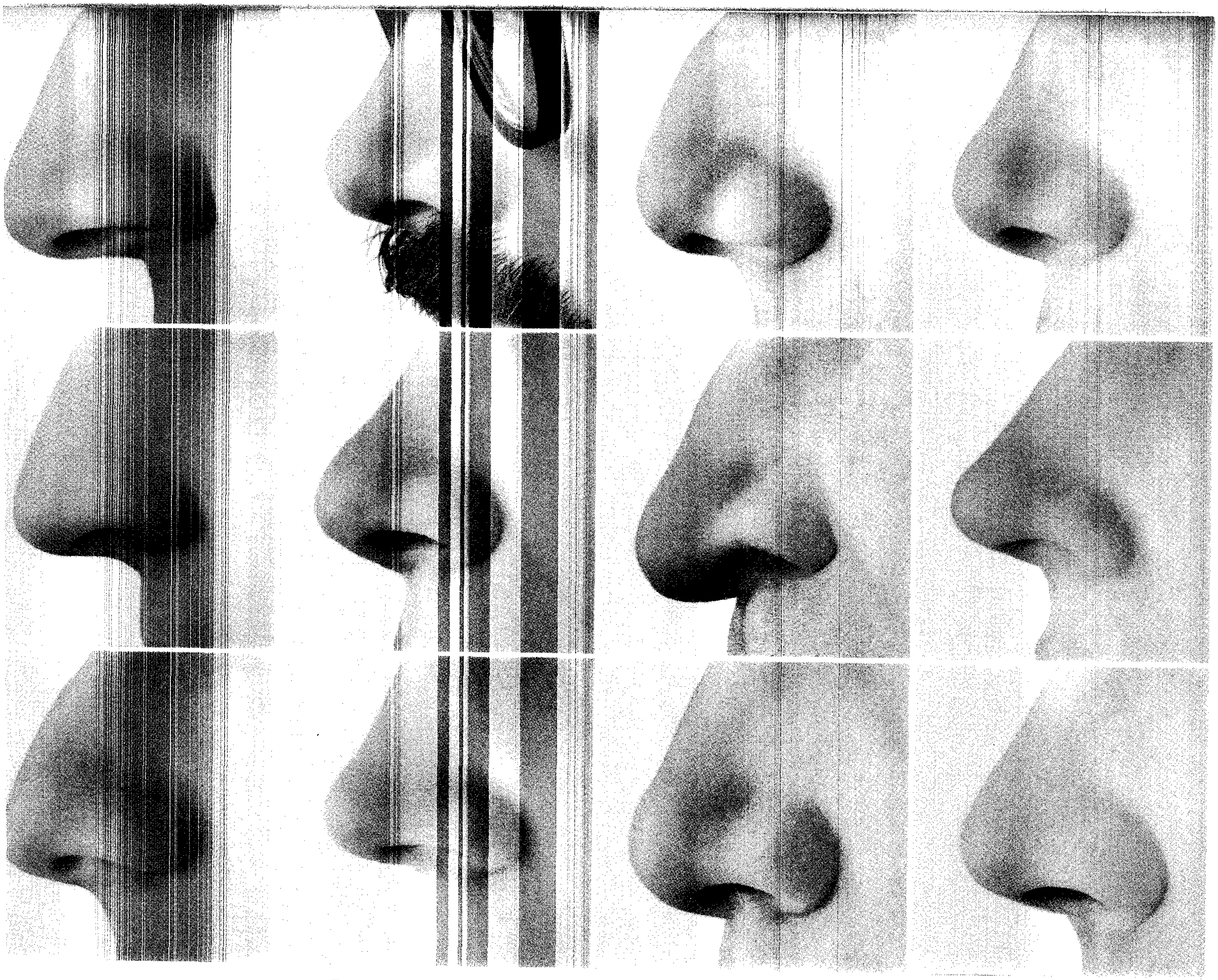
for two-year-olds in the country, and its ninety-fourth renewal last weekend was the year's richest race for horses of any age in New York. The supplementary nominations of Buckpasser, Our Michael, Advocator, Priceless Gem, and Impressive, at $10,000 each, together with the regular entry and starting fees, plus the $125,000 added by the New York Racing Association, brought its gross value to $223,875. Buckpasser's share was $163,875, and his earnings for eleven starts, of which he won nine, are $568,096. Later in the afternoon, Ogden Phipps, who owns Buckpasser, announced that the colt was through for the year. His next appearance will be at Hialeah.

As you've probably heard, Kelso has also been retired—at least for this season—because the injury to his left eye, which was struck by a clod as he was winning the Stymie Handicap several weeks ago, hasn't healed. Whether he'll return to the races—he is still $22,604 short of that two million—or call it quits will depend on how well he comes to hand next spring. He'll be nine years old, you know, and rather elderly to be running in top company. He won only three of his six starts this year—two in Class B company. The third, the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga last August, in which he gave Malicious sixteen pounds and beat him by a whisker, was as thrilling as any of his many brilliant performances. Earlier in the afternoon of the Champagne Stakes, a painting of Kelso, the 1964 Horse of the Year, was presented by the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form* to Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, who owns him. It was the fifth time he'd won the award. This year's honors are up for grabs. The leader at the moment is Roman Brother. A fortnight ago, he won the Woodward Stakes at the Big A by ten lengths from Royal Gunner, Malicious, and three others, and on Columbus Day he rolled home by eight lengths at a mile and five furlongs in the Manhattan Handicap, in which he gave big weight to everyone except Pia Star. Next weekend's Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles, looks like pie for him. . . . Chalk up another score for Steeple Jill. At Garden State Park last weekend, she won the Vineland Handicap from Cordially, Tosmah, and five others of her sex. And, at Laurel, Chieftain took the Laurel Turf Cup. He may replace his half brother Tom Rolfe, who has been retired temporarily, in the Washington, D.C., International there on Veterans' Day.

—Audax Minor



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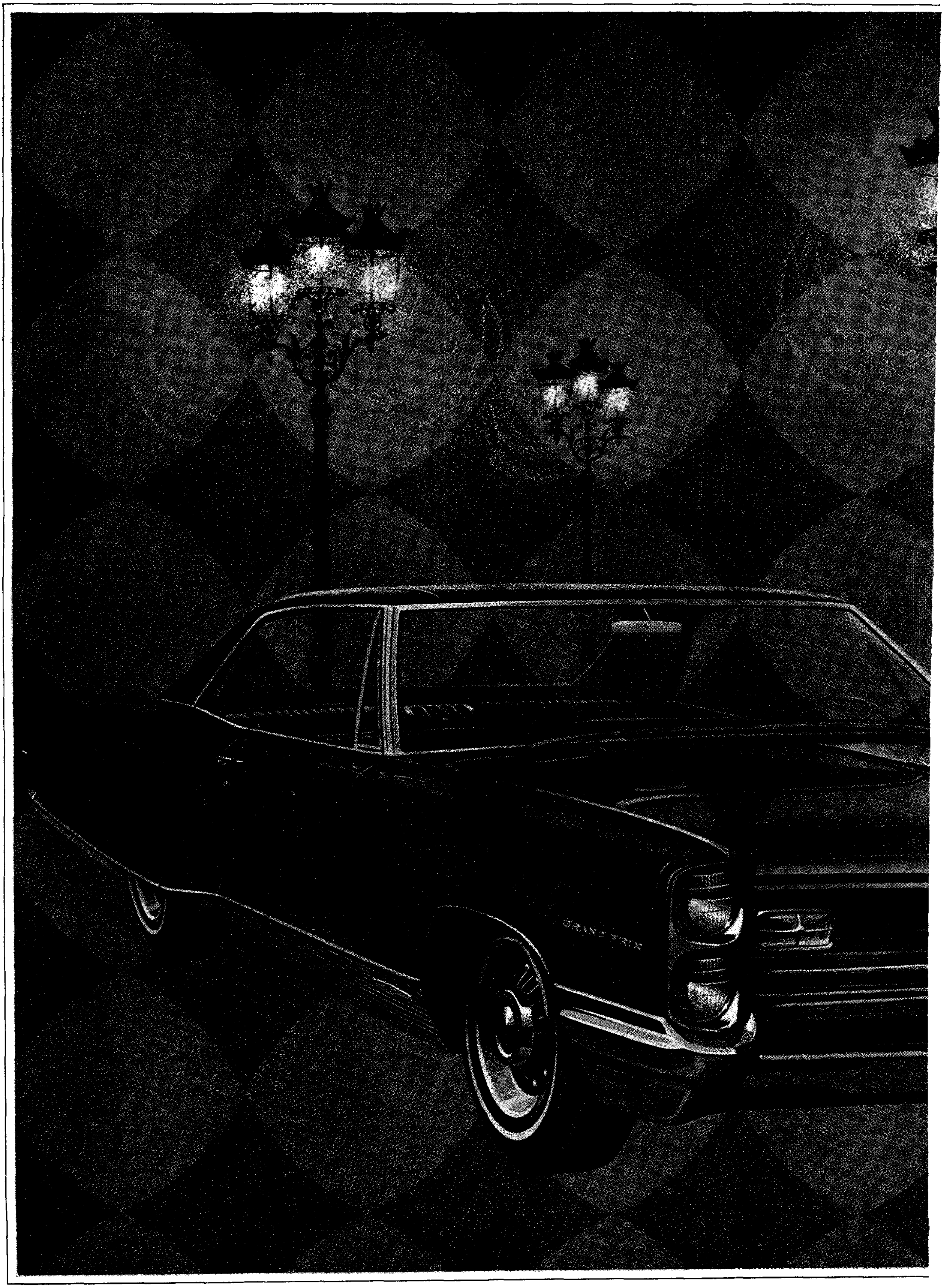
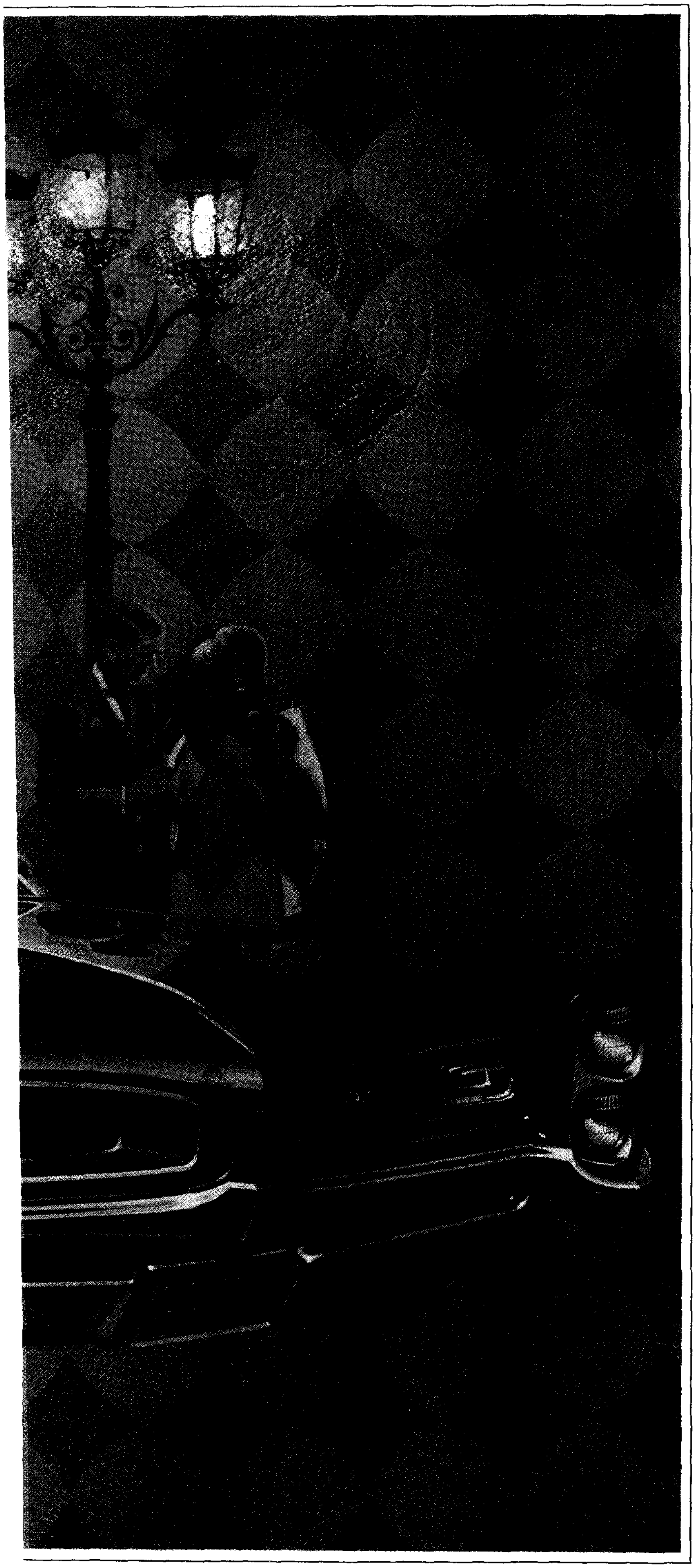


GRAND PRIX



# Has success spoiled the Grand Prix?

## Obviously not.

Ever notice how it is? A car gets one sniff of success and it starts coming on fat and lazy, dull as dust? Meet the exception. It's all little reasons, really. Like deep bucket seats (or bench), carpeting, console and all the other niceties being standard equipment. And a 333-hp striped tiger being standard engine. Not to mention styling that makes any other car look positively drab. We could go on, but you get the idea: the only thing going to be spoiled about Grand Prix this year will be the people inside. The tiger scores again!

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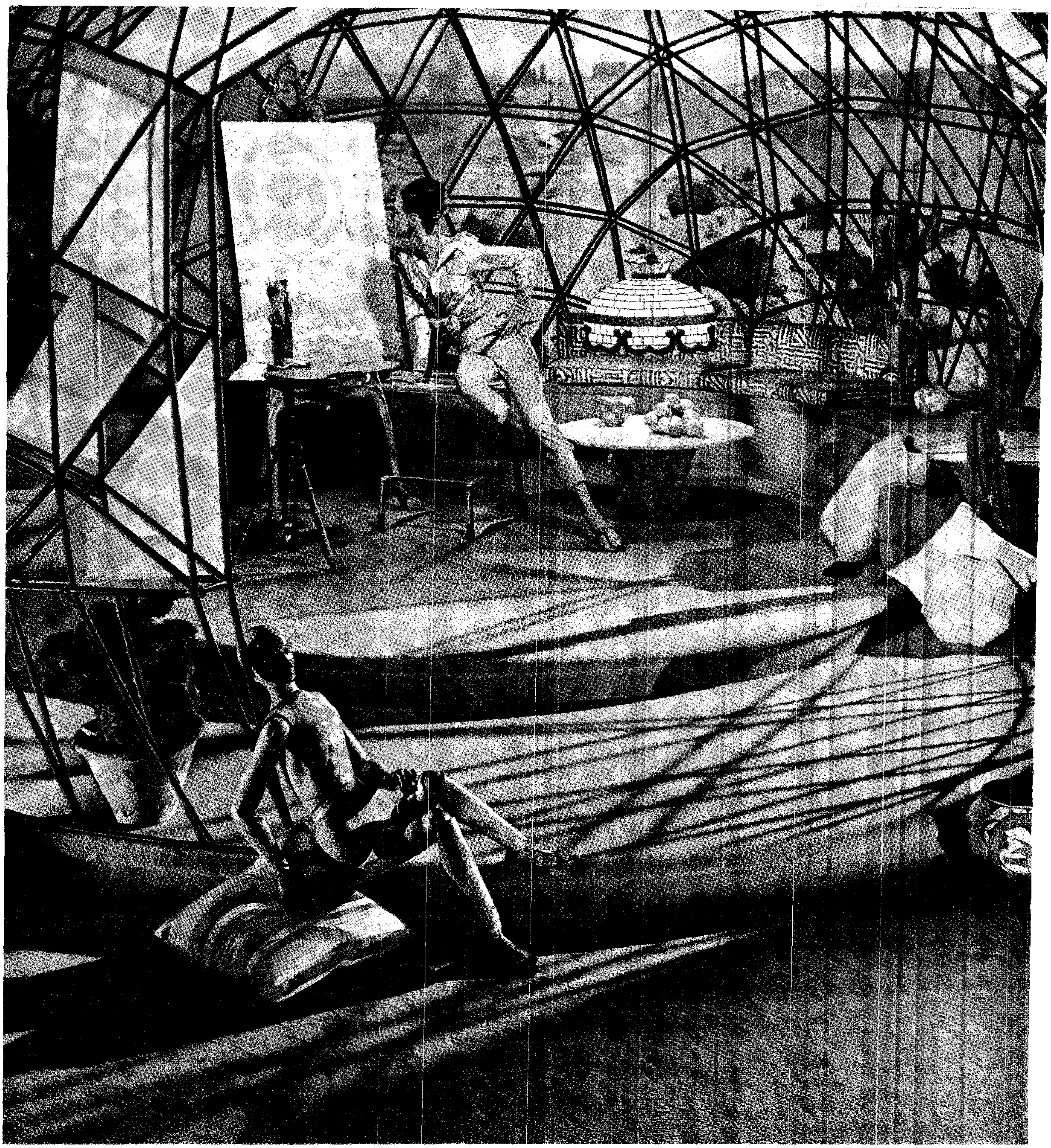

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## SOMETHING ABOUT A RIVER

WE left the ranch—the Circle S, a horse-and-cattle ranch that also takes in guests, some thirty miles north of Pinedale (pop. 965), in the Wind River Mountains of western Wyoming—after an early breakfast, and headed up a long, empty gravel road that led to Bridger National Forest. There were three of us and a cowhand driver in an old International Scout, and behind us we towed a big, flat-bottomed rowboat on a trailer. My companions were William A. Worf, the supervisor of Bridger National Forest, and Thomas Scholebo, the foreman of the Circle S and a professional guide and boatman. They sat in the back of the Scout, hunched under the flapping canvas top, holding their big hats on their laps. Scholebo's face was deeply tanned to a point just above the eyebrows, but the skin on his forehead was white. With them was our gear—an insulated lunch bag, a quart thermos bottle, a couple of jackets, and a pair of hip-length waders. I sat up front with the driver. The road was flanked by sagebrush flats, and there were bluebells and bright-red Indian paintbrush and yellow bitter brush in flower among the gray-green bushes. Beyond the sagebrush flats rose scattered groves of quaking aspen, and beyond the aspen were forests of lodgepole pine and Engelmann spruce climbing steeply to high green mountain meadows, and above the meadows were granite peaks capped and crevassed with snow. Down on the road, it was hot and dry, and we drove in a haze of yellow dust. We drove for half an hour. Then the road turned right, and we climbed up through the aspens. The aspens gave way to pines, and the road became a track. We emerged from the pines at the foot of a little mountain lake near the head of a mountain river. The lake was Lower Green River Lake, and the river was the Green River and our destination. The Green River, the principal tributary of the Colorado, which it joins in southeastern Utah, is one of several remote and unspoiled rivers that have been proposed by the Departments of the Interior and Agriculture for inclusion (wholly or in part) in a National Wild Rivers System. An eighty-four-mile stretch of the Green—from its headwaters in a torrent of springs and glacial creeks just above Upper Green River Lake to a crossroads village just west of Pinedale called Daniel—has been designated for preservation under this program, and I was there to see what I could of it.

The driver swung the Scout around and backed the trailer down to the edge of the lake. The lake was a brilliant blue in the July sun, but it also looked cold and deep. We all got out, and Worf and Scholebo put their big hats on. We unhitched the boat and hauled it across a pebbly beach and into the water. It was a solid, rough-water boat—a fourteen-foot Mackenzie River boat, with a Fiberglas bottom, a high gunwale, and a high, pointed bow decked over for a couple of feet. Scholebo pulled off his boots and got into the rubber waders. Worf and I stowed the lunch and the jackets away in the cubby under the bow, and Scholebo tossed his boots in after them. Then he waded out and brought the boat about and nodded to us to get aboard. We stepped in and sat down together on a thwart at the bow. Scholebo gave the boat a shove and climbed over the gunwale and took the center thwart. We drifted heavily off. The driver leaned against the door of the Scout and watched us from under the brim of his hat. Scholebo got out a pair of oars and fitted them into oarlocks. He pulled the boat into line. Then he rowed us along the shore of the lake and around a wooded point of land and into the grip of the river.

We moved with the current down a pillared aisle of pines. Scholebo rested on his oars. There was nothing for him to do but keep the boat head on. The water was brown but very clear, and I could see the cobblestone bottom sliding away beneath us. It looked about five feet deep. The pines thinned out and moved back from the river, and willow scrub sprang up along the banks. Beyond the willows were sagebrush flats like those that flanked the road. The road was somewhere off to the left and out of sight behind the sweep of a long wooded ridge. On the right, beyond the flats and the aspen groves and the forests of spruce and pine, the snowy mountains loomed again. At the edge of one of the aspen groves stood a browsing antelope. It raised its head and looked in our direction, and five or six more antelope rose up from the brush. They gazed at us for a moment. Then they turned with a flash of white rumps and trotted up the slope and in among the trees.

"We call them pronghorns," Worf said. "I understand that thirty or forty years ago they were practically extinct, but they've come back very strong. You're apt to see them almost anywhere in this valley—even grazing right along with the cattle." He turned to Scholebo. "The river looks high. I've very seldom seen it as high as this."

"It's real high," Scholebo said. "I think we might have some excitement when we hit fast water today."

"Is there much fast water along here?" I asked.

"I don't know this part of the river too well," Scholebo said. "But I think there's two or three pretty fast stretches. We're coming down from pretty high country, you know. The elevation back there at the lake is over eight thousand feet. We'll run about twenty-five miles—I thought we'd take out at a landing just above the Circle S. We'll have dropped at least three hundred feet by then. Our elevation at the ranch is seventy-eight hundred. That's an average fall of a good twelve feet a mile."

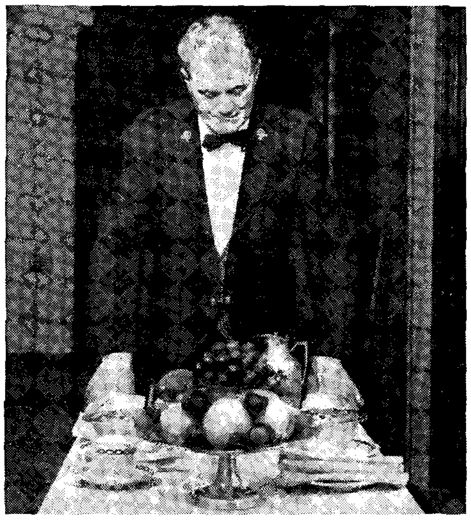
"I know one stretch where the river drops something like sixty feet in only a couple of miles," Worf said.

"You mean just below Roaring Fork Creek?"

"That's right."

"So do I," Scholebo said.

The river widened a little, and the current began to slacken. A slough appeared on the right. Scholebo took up his oars again. Here and there along



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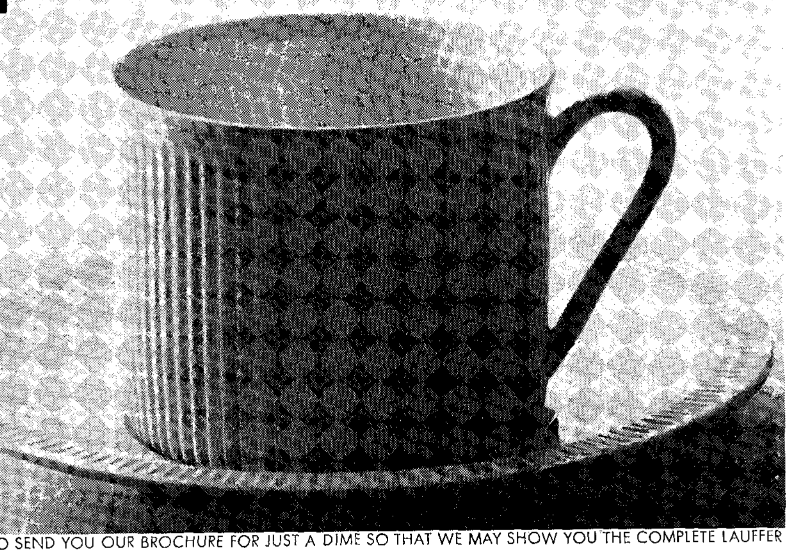

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the riverbanks were the remains of beaver houses. They looked like piles of brush cast up by a flood. A change came over the water. It was still clear. I could still see the cobbly bottom. But the color had changed from brown to a bright and shining green.

"I can see why they call this the Green River," I said.

"It's green, all right," Worf said. "But I don't know. You hear a lot of stories. Some people think like you do. They say the river got its name from the color of the water. Other people say it got its name from the way it keeps this valley green. But the story most people tell is that it got its name from the famous fur trader General Ashley. They say he named it for a friend of his back in St. Louis named Green."

The river wound down through the flower-spangled sagebrush flats. I could smell the dry, peppery, haylike smell of the sage on every breath of breeze. From somewhere out on the flats a meadow lark called its gulping call. The only other sounds were the lap of water against the boat and the creak and rattle of the oars. Worf touched my arm, and pointed to a dark speck high in the sky overhead.

"Hawk?" I asked.

"Golden eagle," he said.

The river crawled around a bend and into a tumble of boulders. They were great, round, hummocky boulders. Some of them were as big as the boat. Most of them were overgrown with a flaming-orange lichen. The lichen burned against the bright-green water with an almost tropical intensity. We moved in among the boulders, and I heard the sound of running water. The sound grew louder. I looked over my shoulder at Scholebo. He smiled.

"Sounds kind of interesting, don't it?" he said.

I felt the current quicken. There was a sudden flash of white up ahead. It was water breaking and boiling over a sunken boulder. Near it was another burst of white water, and, beyond that, still another. I glanced at Scholebo again. He was pushing hard on the oars, pushing against the current, braking the boat against its strengthening pull. His smile was fixed on his face. Then we were in the rapids. The boat gave a skittering lurch. We dropped between two dripping boulders and slewed across a third. Scholebo wrenched the boat around. We heeled clear of an explosion of spume. The stern went down, and the bow rose up and shuddered and fell away. We tilted

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**"Poor Richard!"**

*"Liz, m'love, we really must hurry or I shall miss the plane. Could I help you with the luggage?"*

**"Just open the door, Richard."**

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down a heaving chute, ground over a seething shoal, and emerged into open water. I looked back up the rapids. They didn't look much longer than forty or fifty yards, but we had dropped six feet or more.

"That was nice work, Tom," Worf said.

"Very nice," I said. "I don't see how you ever followed that channel."

Scholebo's smile relaxed. "Channel?" he said. "There isn't too much channel to follow in water like that. About all you can do is try to stay out of the white stuff."

The river resumed its comfortable course. We moved gently along in a gentle current. The willow banks slipped past at an easy walking pace. A dozen big white ducks sprang up from under the brushy bank on the right. They were mergansers. They ran splashing across the water and out of sight behind a willow island. Up on the flats beyond the island stood a weathered raw-plank shed. It was the first building I'd seen since we left the ranch, and it had a forlorn and lonely look.

"That's a state feed barn," Worf said. "They store hay there for the elk in winter. We've got a herd of four or five hundred head of elk up here, and they can't always make it through to spring without a little help. This is big snow country, you know."

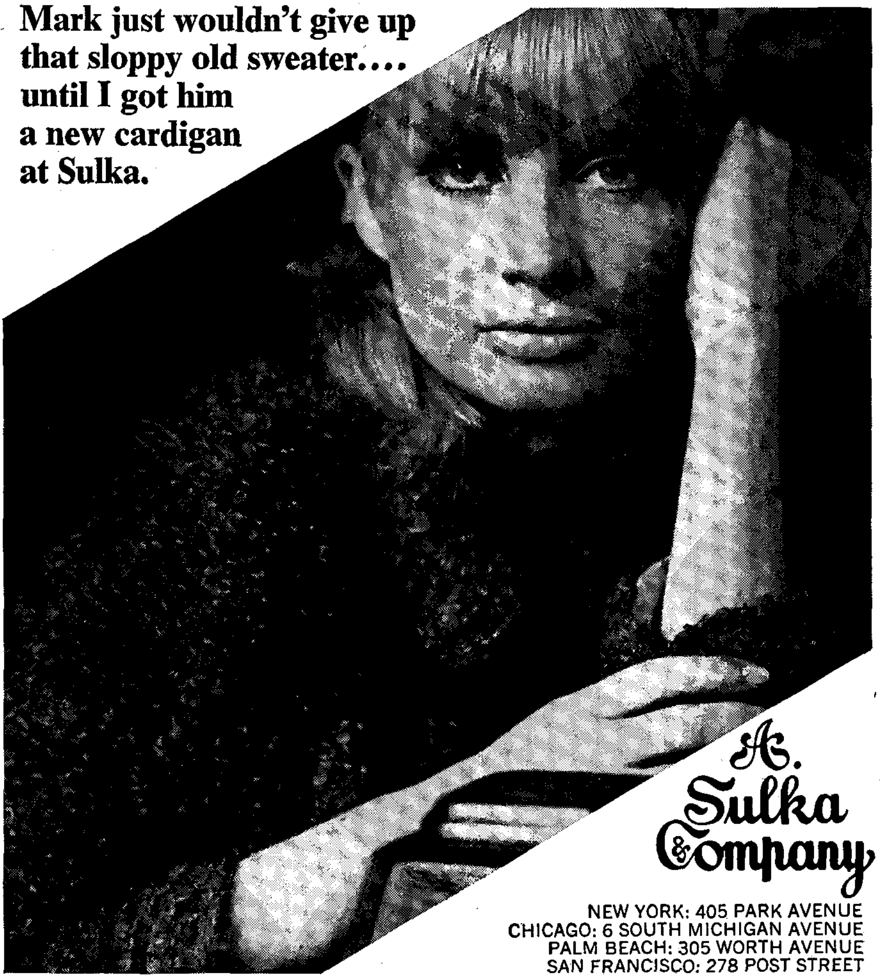
"We get a lot of snow," Scholebo said. "One winter back in the old railroading days, the Union Pacific sent a gang of tie-hackers in here. They cut pine for crossties until spring, and then floated the logs down the river and cleared out. That was a long time ago, but you can still tell where they worked. You can still see the stumps—hundreds of acres of six-foot stumps. That's how deep the snow was that winter. And that was nothing unusual. I've seen twelve foot of snow on the ground at the ranch."

Something moved across the front of the barn. It looked like a big tan dog. It disappeared into the brush.

"Coyote," Worf said.

A rocky ridge far off to the right moved closer to the river, and here and there, thrusting up through the sagebrush on the flats at its foot, were great fists and fingers of granite. Plunging down from the ridge and across the flats was a creek. I could see it foaming among the rocks, and I could hear its surflike rumble. It plunged over a granite shelf and into the river in a thunderclap of spray. Worf sat up in his seat.

"Roaring Fork Creek," he said. "The Green looks a lot like that back



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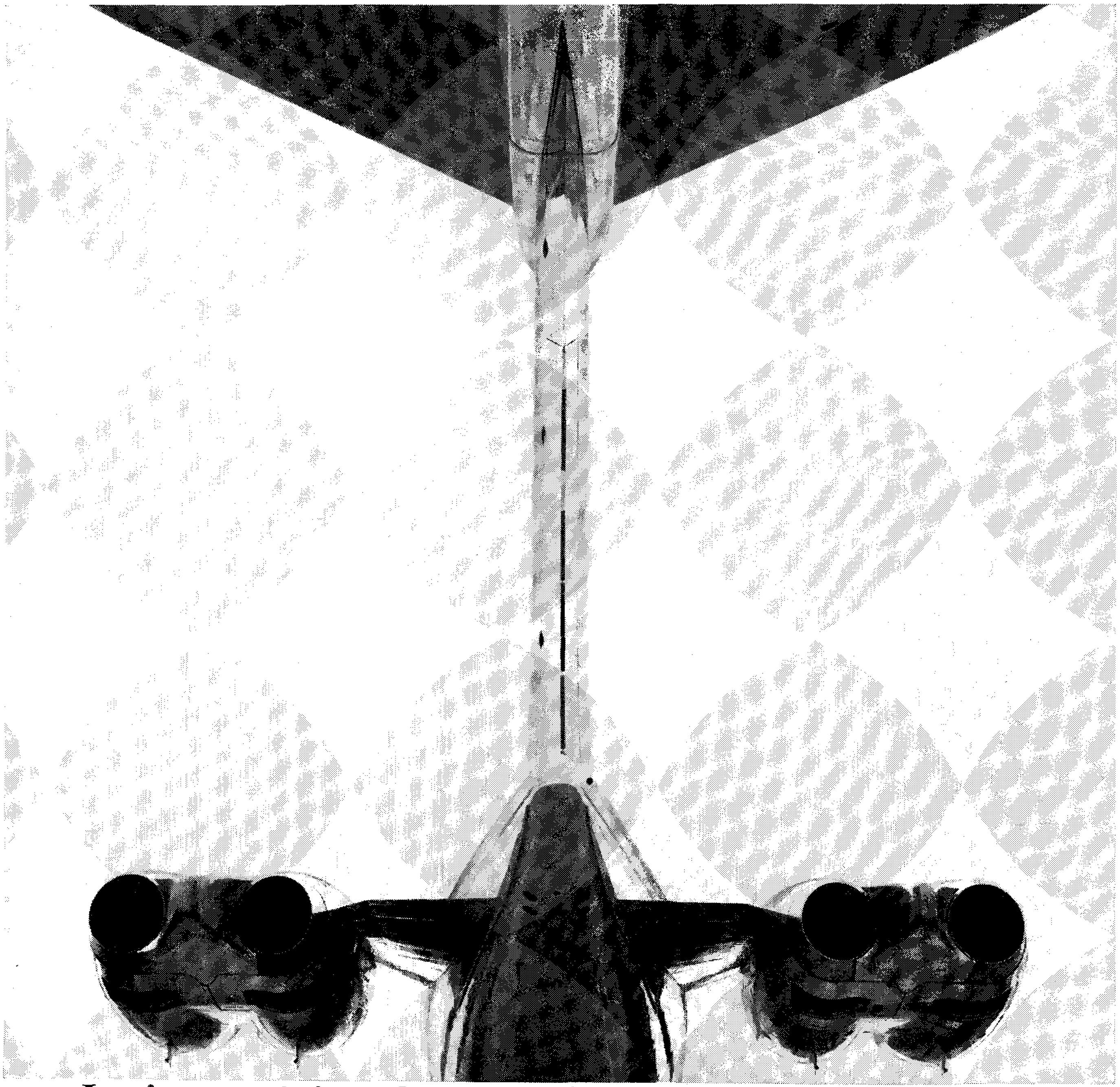

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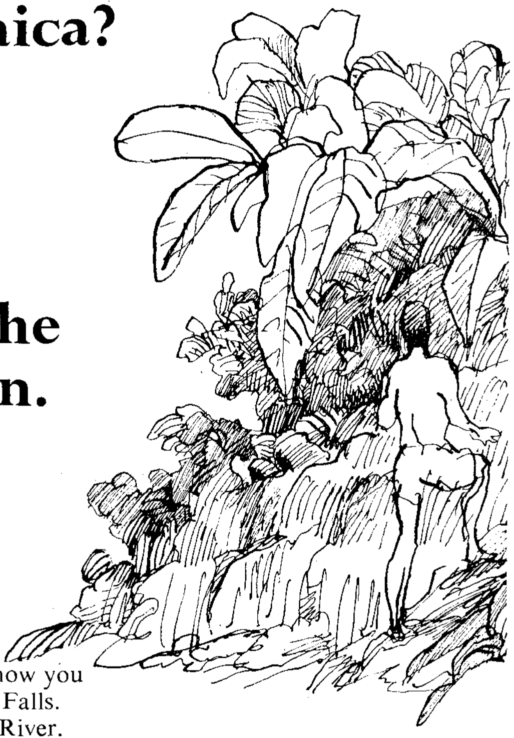

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up in the mountains where it gets its start. It's just as wild and just as milky. And this is where we hit some real fast water." He turned to Scholebo. "Look at the size of Roaring Fork, Tom. This next fast water is going to be fast."

Scholebo smiled and nodded.

We moved past the mouth of the creek in a sudden surge of current. The roar of Roaring Fork diminished and died away, but up ahead I could hear another, deeper roar. Boulders appeared in the stream bed, and the river suddenly narrowed. The current gave another sudden surge. We swung around a violent wishbone bend and under the flank of an aspen grove and into a torrent of whipping, whitecapped water. It swept us down and across the river. We bumped and scraped and lurched along the face of a wave-swept boulder. Scholebo pulled us off and safely about. We bobbed for a moment in a kind of eddy. Then the current caught us again. We slipped into a deep-green channel between the bank and a boiling boulder shoal. Another fury of whitecapped water exploded just ahead. We heeled away to the right—and the bottom fell out of the river. We dropped emptily down an avalanche of froth and foam. The stern rose up, and the bow went deeply down. Worf let out a warning yell. I made a grab for the gunwale. A wall of water broke over the bow and collapsed on Worf and me. It was icily, numbingly cold, and it filled the boat to the thwarts. Another wave broke over the side. We thumped like a log down a hundred feet of chute, and then Scholebo hauled us clear and into a pocket of easier water. We hung there, pitching and sloshing.

"That wasn't so good," he said.

"No harm done," Worf said. "I wasn't wearing my Sunday suit."

Scholebo smiled his absent smile. He leaned hard on the oars, holding the boat in the slack water, and gazed down the river. It looked as bad below us as it did back up above. It looked worse. It was boulders and spray and thrashing water as far as I could see.

"Well," he said. "We'll never make it down the rest of the way like this. This boat is pretty close to swamped." He shifted his grip on the oars. "I guess the only thing is to try to get to shore and empty her out."

The only shore was the willow bank on the left. The other bank was too steep and stony for landing. And the only way was down. We moved across the slack water and wallowed down a shallow riffle. The bottom bumped and scraped on every sunken stone. At the foot of the riffle, the current cut sharply in among the overhanging willows. Scholebo pulled hard to the left, and the boat swung in toward the bank. He shipped the oars and caught up a line and jumped out into water halfway up his thighs. He took a step and slipped. The line went slack, and the boat began to slide downstream. I grabbed a trailing willow branch. The boat gave a lurch and tilted. I went over the side.

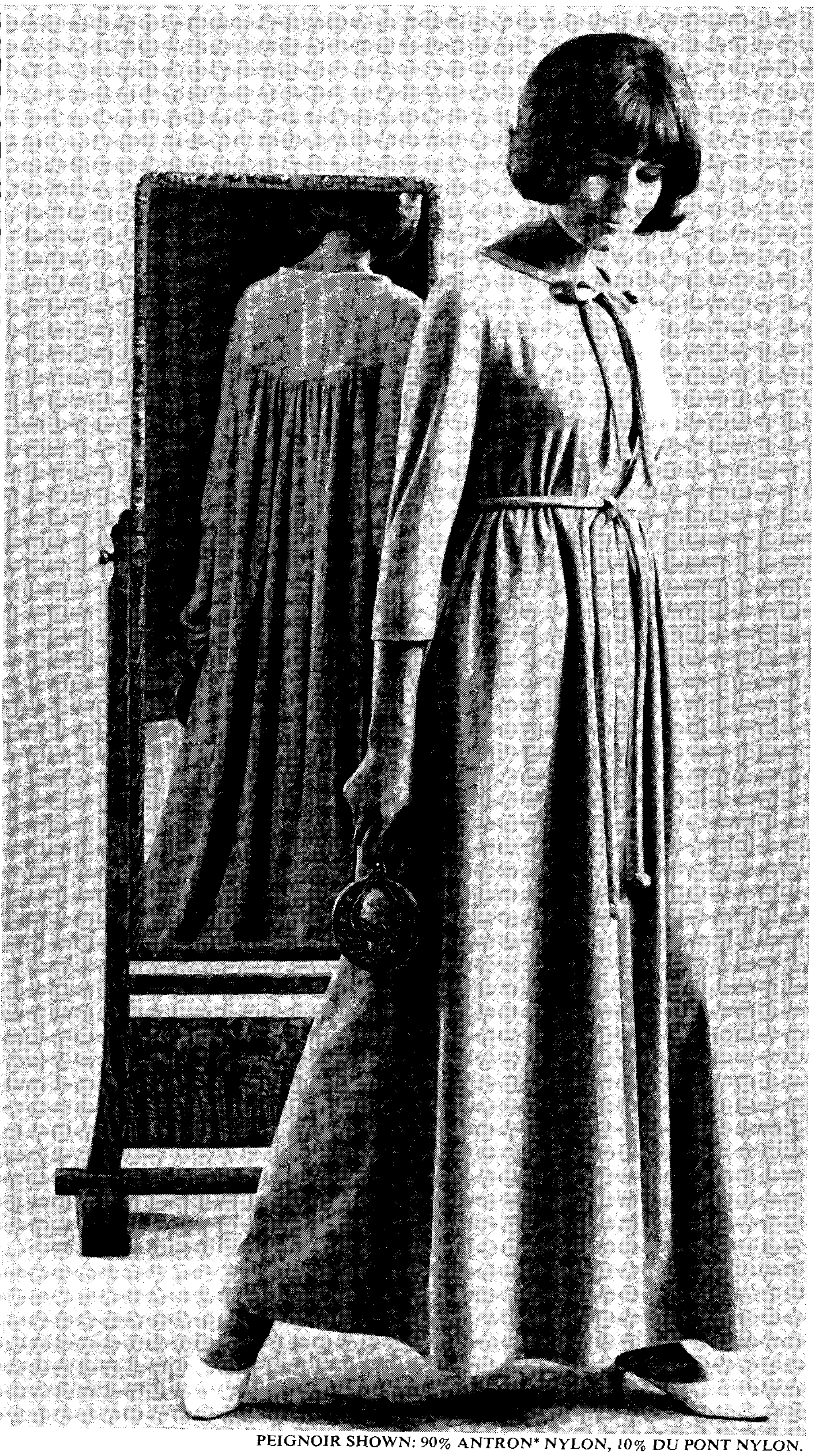
When I came up, Worf reached out and got my arm and helped me back into the boat. I came in over the bow. The boat had yawed around in the current and was slopping along the bank stern first. Scholebo was already back aboard. He had the oars, but the willows were in the way and he couldn't get them into the water. A twist of current drew us away from the bank, and Scholebo freed the oars. He brought the boat properly about. We skirted the lip of a chute and lumbered into an eddy and back in among the willows. It was slack water there, and the boat sat as dead as a hulk. Scholebo waded ashore with the line. Worf and I followed him, and the three of us dragged the dead weight of the boat a few feet up through the willows, and unloaded the lunch and the oars and our sodden jackets, and heaved it over on its side. We held it there while the water dumped and poured and dribbled out, and looked at the bottom. The Fiberglas glaze was cobwebbed with tiny scratches and one little thumbnail gash. That would have been the boulder at the very head of the rapids.

Worf looked at his watch. "Five to twelve," he said. "What do you fellows think about lunch? I'm kind of hungry."

"Suits me," Scholebo said. "As a matter of fact, it's either eat now or wait about an hour. These rapids go on for another two or three miles."

I said I was ready, and we gathered up the lunch and the jackets and pushed on through the willows. We came out into a sunny meadow of sage and blooming flowers. The most abundant flower was Indian paintbrush, and it grew in clusters among the sage in several different colors. Most of the blooms were red, but there were also clusters of orange and yellow, and even a delicate apricot pink. Against the background of silvery sage they were very beautiful.

There was no shade in the meadow, but after the waterlogged boat and my fall in the river the hot mountain sun felt good. We took off our shirts and



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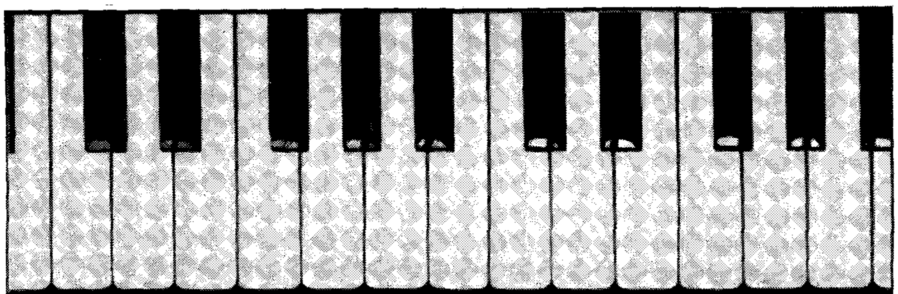

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spread them and our jackets on the springy sage to dry. Almost at once, a cloud of little black mosquitoes sprang up around us. They were very small, not much bigger than gnats, but there were so many of them that they filled the air with a distant, menacing moan. I began to slap at my arms and chest. Scholebo brought out a bottle of insect repellent. He poured some in his palm and handed the bottle to me, and I spread a protective film and passed the bottle on to Worf. The stuff had a pleasant, spicy smell, but the mosquitoes were immediately repelled. They rose to a point an inch or two above our heads and hung there in a seething, heaving, moaning swarm. We squatted comfortably down in a clearing in the sage, and Scholebo opened up the lunch. The mosquitoes followed us down.

"It's funny about these mosquitoes," Scholebo said. "The old stockmen that settled this country didn't feel the way we do about them. They used to say they were glad to see a good crop of mosquitoes. They said mosquitoes meant moisture in the ground, and moisture in the ground meant good hay, and good hay meant fat beef. I think they had a point."

"Worse things can happen to a river than mosquitoes," Worf said.

"You've got a point there, too," Scholebo said, and handed us each a paper bag.

My bag contained a little six-ounce can of Coors Rocky Mountain beer, a thick roast-beef sandwich, an orange, a Hershey bar, a beer-can opener, and an enamelware mug. The others had the same. I opened my beer and unwrapped my sandwich, and Scholebo filled our mugs with coffee from the thermos. The beer was cold, and at that altitude it had almost the impact of whiskey. I drank it and ate my sandwich and peeled and ate my orange. I left the candy bar in the bag for later. Then I lay back with my coffee and gazed peacefully up at the mountains and the gleam of snow on the peaks and the pale-blue sky beyond. The only thing that kept me awake was the hovering moan of the mosquitoes.

WHEN we got up to go, our clothes were practically dry. My shirt was crisp and warm from the sun, and faintly scented with sage. We packed the remains of our lunch back in the insulated bag and walked down the meadow to the boat. The mosquitoes followed us down the meadow, but most of them peeled away at the edge of the willows, and by the time we had the boat in the water, the last of

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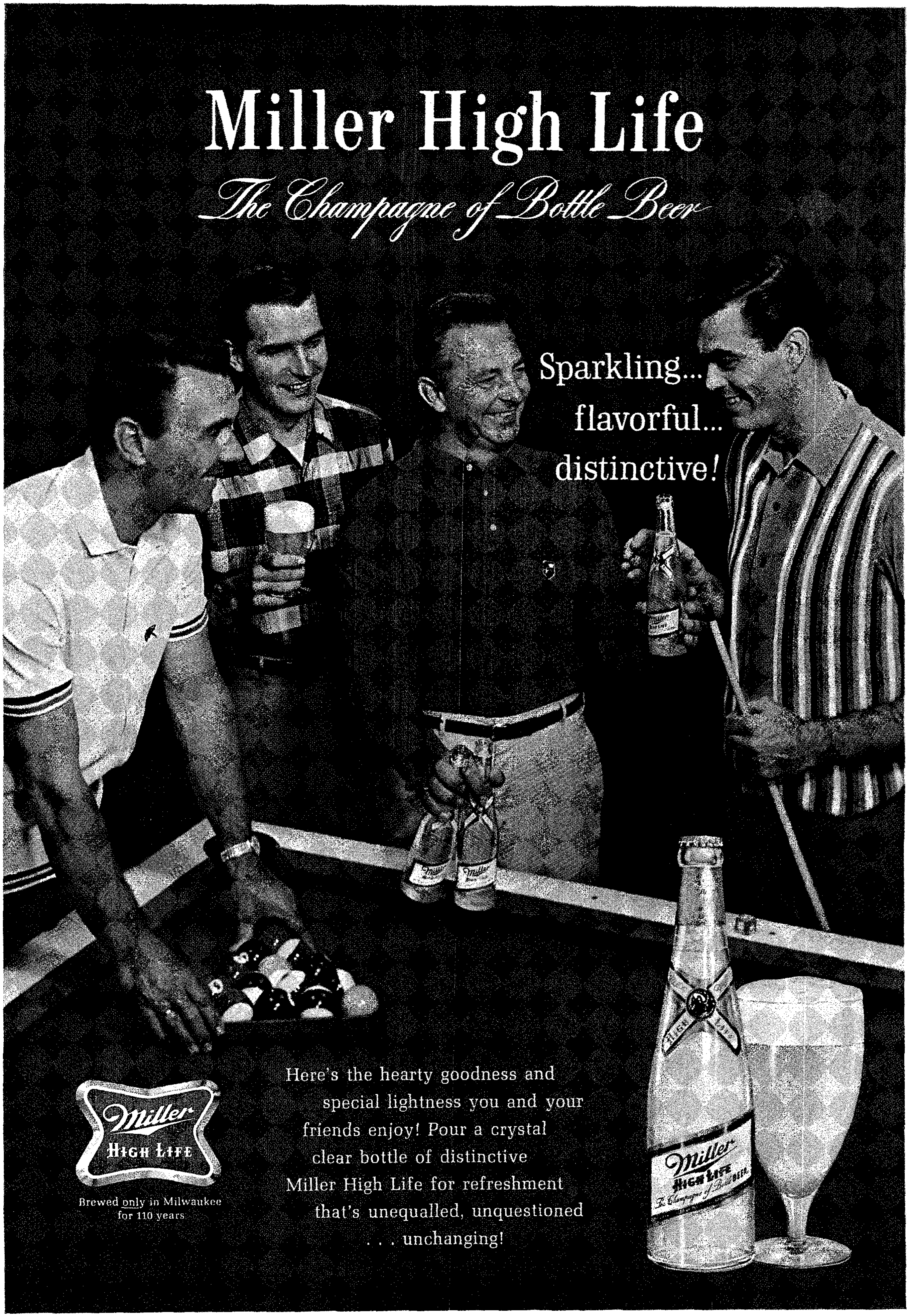
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them were gone. Scholebo shoved off and splashed in over the side and swung the bow around. I felt the current touch it, and we began to move. We moved into smooth but heaving water, in and out of the wrench of a whirlpool, and into the chute we had skirted almost an hour before. It was long and steep and very fast, but the openings were wide enough for Scholebo to use his oars for braking, and we went down in grinding rushes and teetering halts and sudden, surging slides. Below the chute, the openings between the boulders shrank, and the river began to twist and turn. We bumped and plunged from boulder to boulder for about a mile. Then the river gradually widened. The current slackened, the chop subsided, the boulders dwindled away. A scatter of grassy islands appeared, and we drifted in among them. Like the sagebrush flats, they were bright with many kinds of flowers. Worf reached out and picked a handful of bluebells.

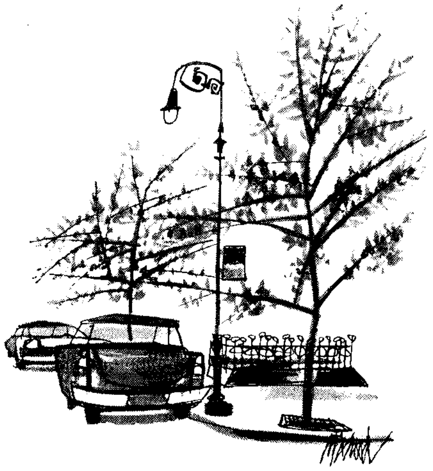
"Down south—down in Utah, in the Wasatch country—they have whole fields of these," he said. "Acres and acres of bluebells. They're the primary sheep feed there. But you never saw anything more beautiful in your life."

"I've seen them," Scholebo said. "And they're pretty, all right. But I'll tell you what I like. It's this green all along this valley, these four different greens—the willow along the shore, the sage on the flats, then the quakers on the slopes, and the pines up there on the crests. That's what I call pretty."

We emerged from the islands. The river was even wider now, and the high stony bank on the right had vanished. In its place stretched a marshy wilderness of willow scrub and backwater ponds.

"That looks like moose habitat," Worf said.

"It is," Scholebo said. "And if you want to see a moose, there's a yearling



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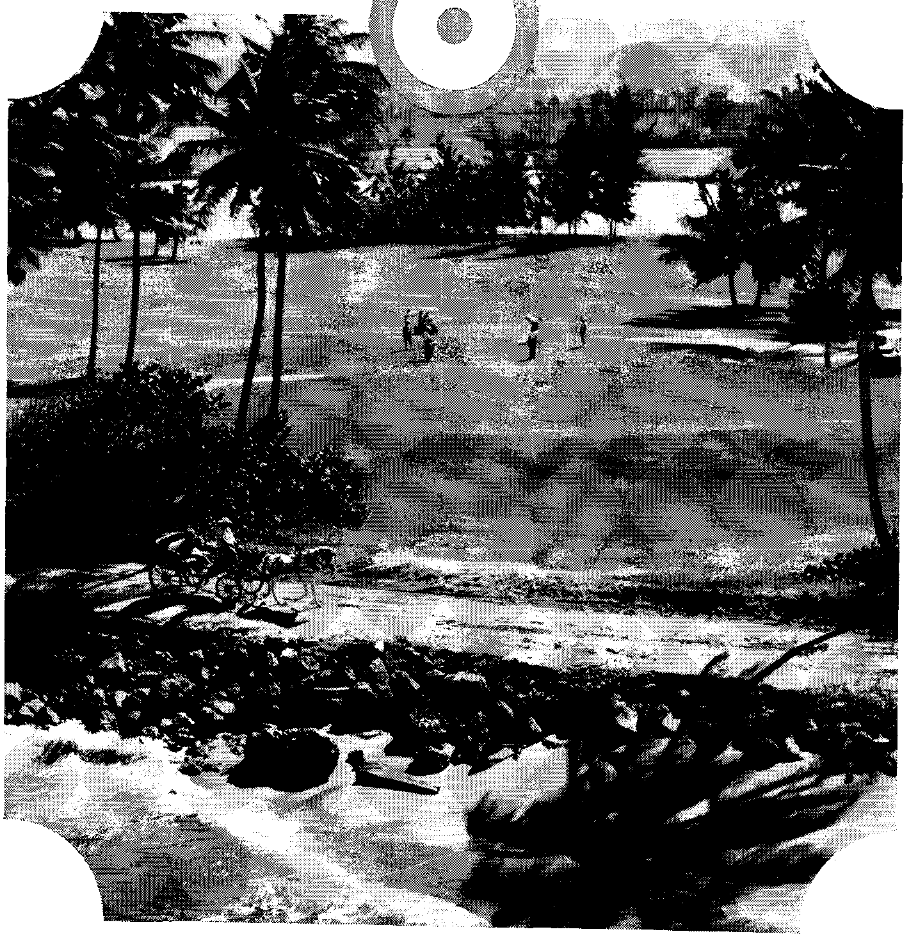

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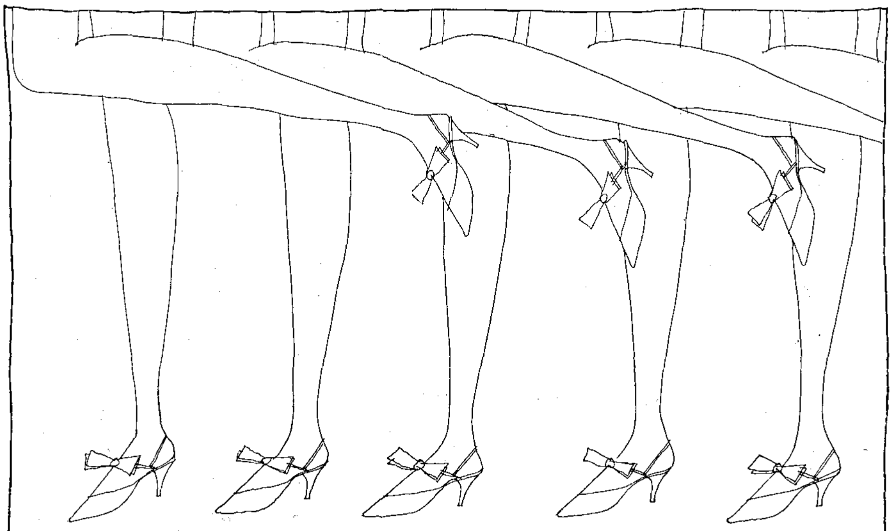

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laying down there in the willows." He leaned forward and pointed. "He's just this side of that slough."

I followed his finger and stared. It was an extraordinary sight—a long, brown horsy head, an enormous head, with two enormous, mulelike ears and an expression as sad as a hound's. It watched us drifting closer and closer. Then it unfolded its legs and stood up. It stood as tall as any horse. It turned into the slough and splashed away.

We drifted on in an easy current. Two yellow warblers dodged out of the willows and in again. In the distance, half a mile downstream, a string of six or seven ducks went swinging across the marsh. There was another sound of splashing, and another big head poked through the willows. It was almost immediately joined by another. The two moose watched us for a moment, and then they were gone.

"Another couple of yearlings," Scholebo said.

"Hey," Worf said, pointing off to the right. "There's a cow and her calf."

Two moose were swimming across the end of a pond. Only their heads were showing, one twice the size of the other. Scholebo gave the oars a vigorous pull to the left.

"I guess we're far enough away for comfort," he said. "But I don't want to take any chances. You want to stay away from a pair like that. If a cow moose thinks you're interested in her calf, you can have a real fight on your hands. She'll take anything and anybody on."

"Don't I know it!" Worf said. "She'll climb right into the boat with you. I remember one time I was riding up in the Forest, way back in the Wilderness Area, and I happened to get between a cow moose and her calf. She practically climbed right into the saddle with me. She hit that horse like a ton of bricks. I tell you, we really took off."

The moose came out of the water. The cow was even bigger than the first of the yearlings, and her color was the same dark brown, but the calf was as red as a Hereford. It stopped and raised its head and bawled. It didn't sound much like a frightened calf. The sound was a wild, ferocious blat. The cow turned and looked carefully all around. Then she gave the calf a nudge, and they clambered up the bank and into the willows.

The current petered out, and the boat began to wander. Scholebo took up the oars again. A big black-and-white bird with a long greenish tail hopped out on a willow branch and

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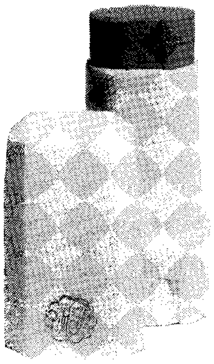

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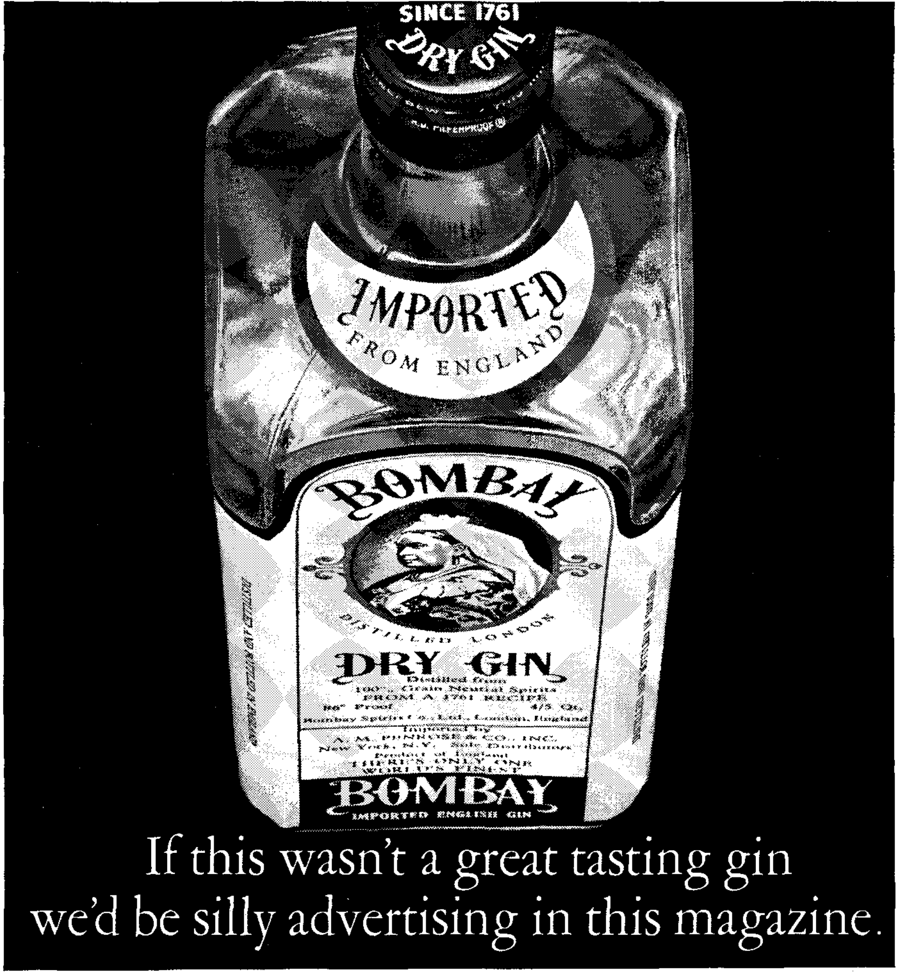

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gave a frantic cry. It was a magpie. It cried again, more frantically than before.

"There's another nervous mother," Scholebo said. "She's got some young ones not too far away."

We floated down along the marsh for a mile or more. There was an almost constant sound of splashing from deep in the sloughs, and once I heard the distant blat of a calf. Then the marshy bank began to rise. The ponds shrank and dried into sloughs, and the sloughs climbed up into sagebrush flats. Scholebo rested on his oars. The current was back again.

"Well, that's the end of the moose for now," Worf said. "We're out of moose habitat. They only like the willow sloughs. But we saw some moose, didn't we? A cow and a calf and three yearlings. I say that's quite a sight. And it isn't one that you can see just anywhere."

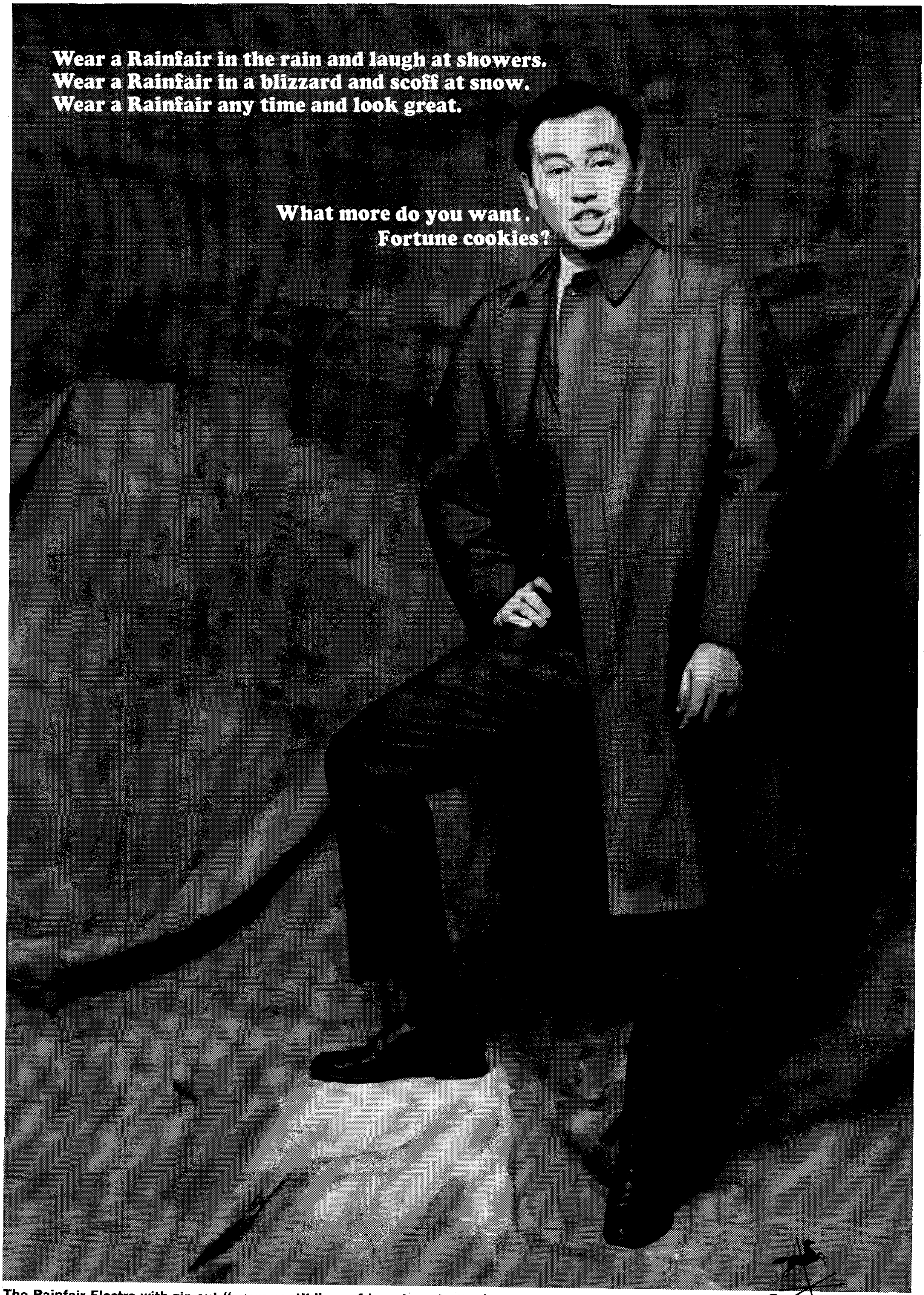
"You've got a point there, Bill," Scholebo said. "This is still pretty nice country around here. The sooner they put this river in that Wild Rivers System, the better I'll like it—the better any stockman will like it. I don't know any better way to keep the developers and the dam builders out. It's like Bill says—where else can you find what we've got here? I've never heard of better trout fishing anywhere than in this river and the creeks that feed it, and we've got moose and elk and deer and pronghorn antelope and bighorn sheep and bear and mountain lion. We've still got every kind of wildlife here we ever had—except buffalo. A couple of years ago, I walked into three mountain lions in a bunch. It was up in that high country there—up around Pass Creek. There were two of them laying down, and the other was standing up. They say they won't bother a man, but I got away from there real fast. All I really remember is their tails. They had the longest tails you ever saw. They looked about four feet long."

"What about bear?" I asked.

"Well," he said. "You know that bearskin on the wall to the right of the door at the ranch lodge? The boss's wife got that bear the spring before last up Jim Creek. That's only a couple of miles from the Circle S."

"How about that bearskin on the other wall?" Worf said.

Scholebo laughed. "Oh," he said. "I guess I got that one myself. I got it last fall. Me and another fellow were out after elk. We come up a draw and stopped to rest our horses, and I happened to look up. There was a black bear watching us over a hump in the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ridge. I got off my horse and got my rifle and put in a shell, and the bear took off. She took off up the ridge, and just before she reached the top I got my shot. She dropped and began to roll. She rolled down the ridge right for me. I had to jump out of the way or be run over. I climbed up to the hump where I'd seen her and looked around a little and finally found a cave. She'd been cleaning it out and fixing it up for winter. She was a fair-sized bear for a black bear. She dressed out at a little over three hundred pounds."

A little creek tinkled in from the left. The river slowed and widened, and willows began to gather again on the banks. High overhead, a big black bird circled into view. Two smaller birds were darting around it like swallows flighting at dusk. The big bird looked very much like a crow—but a giant crow. It looked as big as any hawk. I turned to follow its flight, and Scholebo looked up from his oars.

"That's a raven," he said. "And those are rusty blackbirds chasing him. Those little birds will go after a raven every chance they get."

"Or a hawk," Worf said.

"That's right," Scholebo said. "They'll take on just about anything. But I guess they're not much more than a nuisance. A raven or a hawk can shake them off any time they like. All he has to do is climb. That's what this fellow is doing right now. He's going way up where the little birds can't follow."

We watched the raven until it was only a speck in the sky. The rusty blackbirds fell slowly back to easier altitudes. Off in the willows I heard a splash, and then an irritable blat. We were back in moose country. It was duck country, too. At every bend, we put up little flocks of mallards or mergansers. Scholebo touched my shoulder, and pointed. It was also goose country. Close to shore, near the mouth of a dribbling creek, sat a Canada goose and a file of four big, fat goslings. The goose let out a warning honk, and the goslings gathered instantly together. She honked again and swung away downstream with the goslings paddling along behind. Big as they were, and they were at least the size of mallards, they were still too young to fly. We trailed them down the river to the mouth of another creek. They slipped in there and disappeared behind a curtain of willows.

"Well, by golly!" Worf said. "I call that another sight worth seeing." He gave a kind of grunt. "You know, there's something about a river. It isn't

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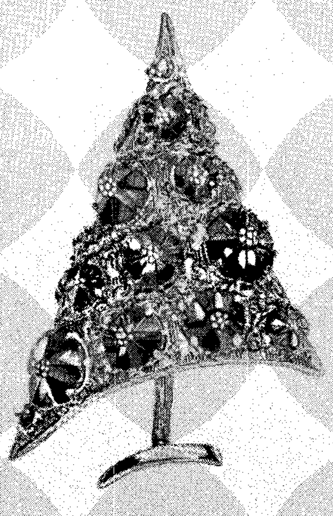

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like a lake or the ocean. I mean, it's always changing. Especially a river like this. You never know what's going to happen next. You never know what you're going to see. Every bend is something new and different."

"It's a pretty good way to spend a day," Scholebo said.

"It's one of the very best," Worf said.

There was a sound of running water off to the right. I looked around at Scholebo.

"That sounds like some more fast water," I said.

He trailed his oars and cocked his head and listened. "Could be," he said. "But I don't think so. I think there's a beaver dam in a creek back up in there. I think what we hear is the water coming over the top. I *know* that's what it is—there's a beaver house. It's in use, too. You can tell by all those bright new sticks piled there on top of the old."

"And there's your beaver," Worf said. "See him? He's just under that big, drooping willow."

I saw him—two wide-set eyes and a dark wet head—in a patch of shady water. Scholebo took a careful pull on the oars. But it wasn't careful enough. A big, flat, leathery tail came up and down in a slapping splash, and the beaver was gone.

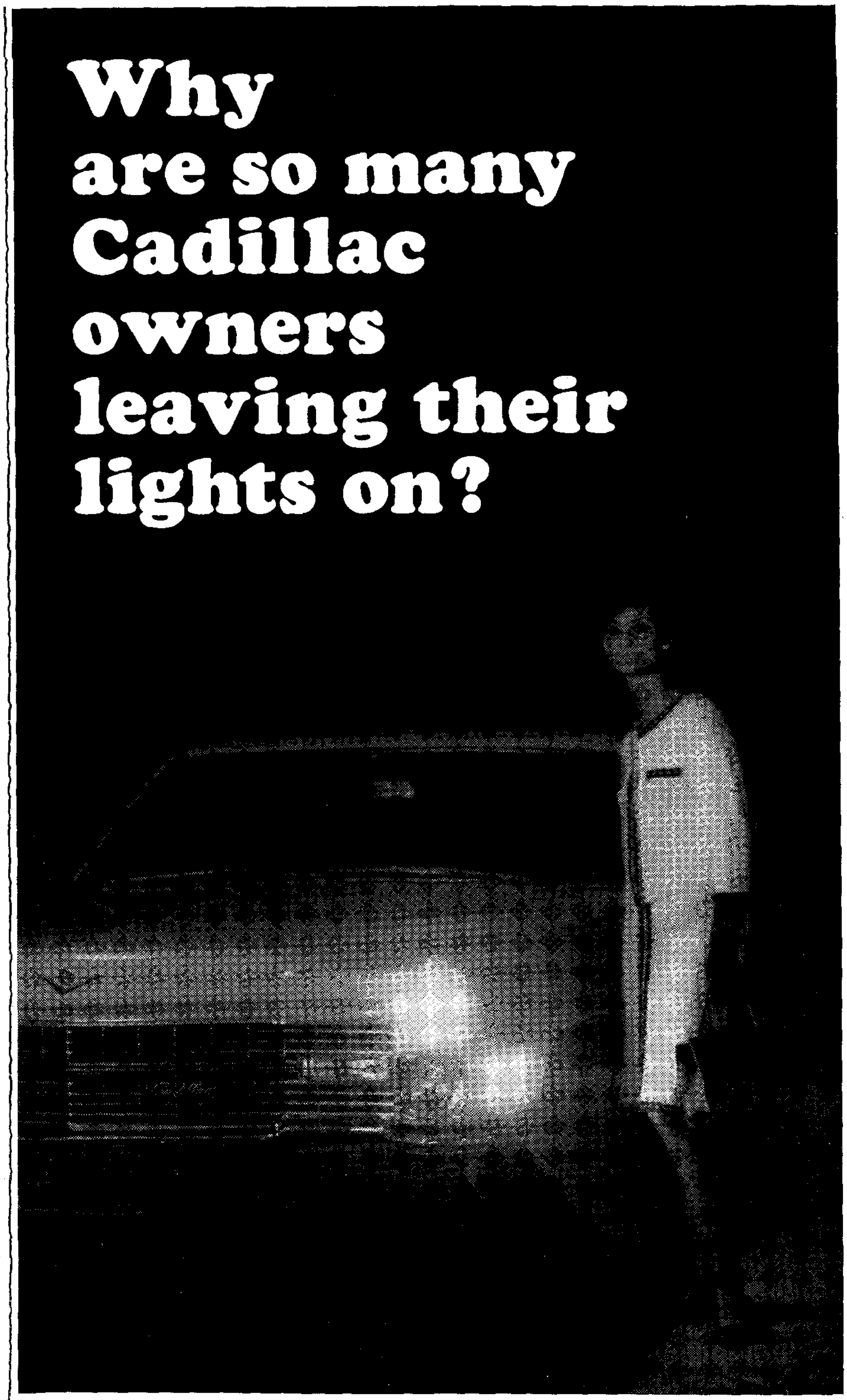
"That's the fourth or fifth occupied beaver house I've seen today," Scholebo said. "And I've heard beaver moving in the sloughs. It looks to me like they're coming back real strong."

"I think they are," Worf said. "I hope so, anyway. It sure would be nice if they did." He turned to me. "I suppose you know that this was once the greatest beaver country in the West. General Ashley, Jim Bridger, Sir William Drummond Stewart, William Sublette, Jim Beckwourth, Jedediah Smith, all the famous mountain men—they all trapped along this part of the Green in the eighteen-twenties and thirties. All the old records and journals make it clear that they'd never seen anything like this river for beaver. It was so good it took them twenty years or more to clean it out."

"They tell me beaver makes pretty good eating," Scholebo said. "Beaver tail, I guess it is. I've never tried it, but if it's anything like most wild meat, I'd rather have a beefsteak."

"I like bear," Worf said. "I must say, though, that it's better if you don't have to stay in the house while it's cooking."

"Moose don't have such a good smell when it's cooking, either,"



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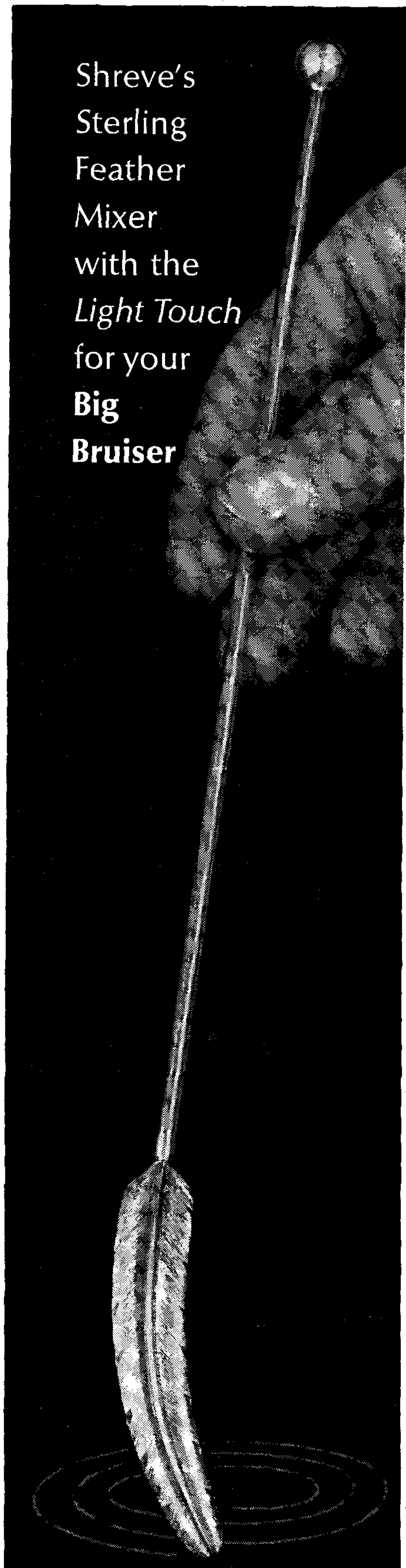

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Scholebo said. "To tell the truth, I don't care for either one. But maybe I'm wrong. All the moose I've ever eaten is big old bulls."

"I've eaten yearling bull moose and liked it fine," Worf said. "It was real good."

"You may be right," Scholebo said. "But I'd rather have a beefsteak."

A mule deer came out of the willows far up the beaver creek. I watched it browsing through the flowering bitter brush toward a high ridge densely grown with aspens. A patch of something white glittered from a break in the trees on the ridge. It was at least a hundred feet long and it looked at least ten feet high. It took me a moment to realize that it was a bank of lingering snow.

"I've seen drifts like that hang on right through the summer," Scholebo said. "The reason is they're placed so they don't get the sun but three or four hours a day. And then, of course, the thawing stops the minute the sun moves on or goes under a cloud or something. Also, it's pretty high up there. It must be close to nine thousand feet. Only a little higher and it freezes hard every night."

"There's an interesting sight you can see up in that high country some summers," Worf said. "The snow gets warm enough to support a growth of algae. I don't know the name of the algae, but it sure is an interesting sight. It turns the snowbanks pink."

"It can get real hot up there," Scholebo said.

"I know it can," Worf said. "Old Frémont came through these mountains in August of 1842, and his journal tells how he spent a night up there. It was up around Island Lake. He found a big, flat rock that had set in the sun all day, and he made his bed on that. Probably kept him warm all night long. Island Lake is part of Bridger now, and I hunted around there a couple of years ago and I think I found the rock he described. The sun lay on it just right, and it was nice and warm. It was hot."

The sound of running water came again. It came from a distance, but this time there was no mistaking it. I could already feel the current beginning to stir. There was another rapids up ahead.

"That's no beaver dam," Worf said.

"No," Scholebo said. "It sure as heck isn't. We're getting close to Kendall Warm Spring, and there's a stretch of pretty fast water just below where the Warm Spring Creek comes in. I think that's probably it." He

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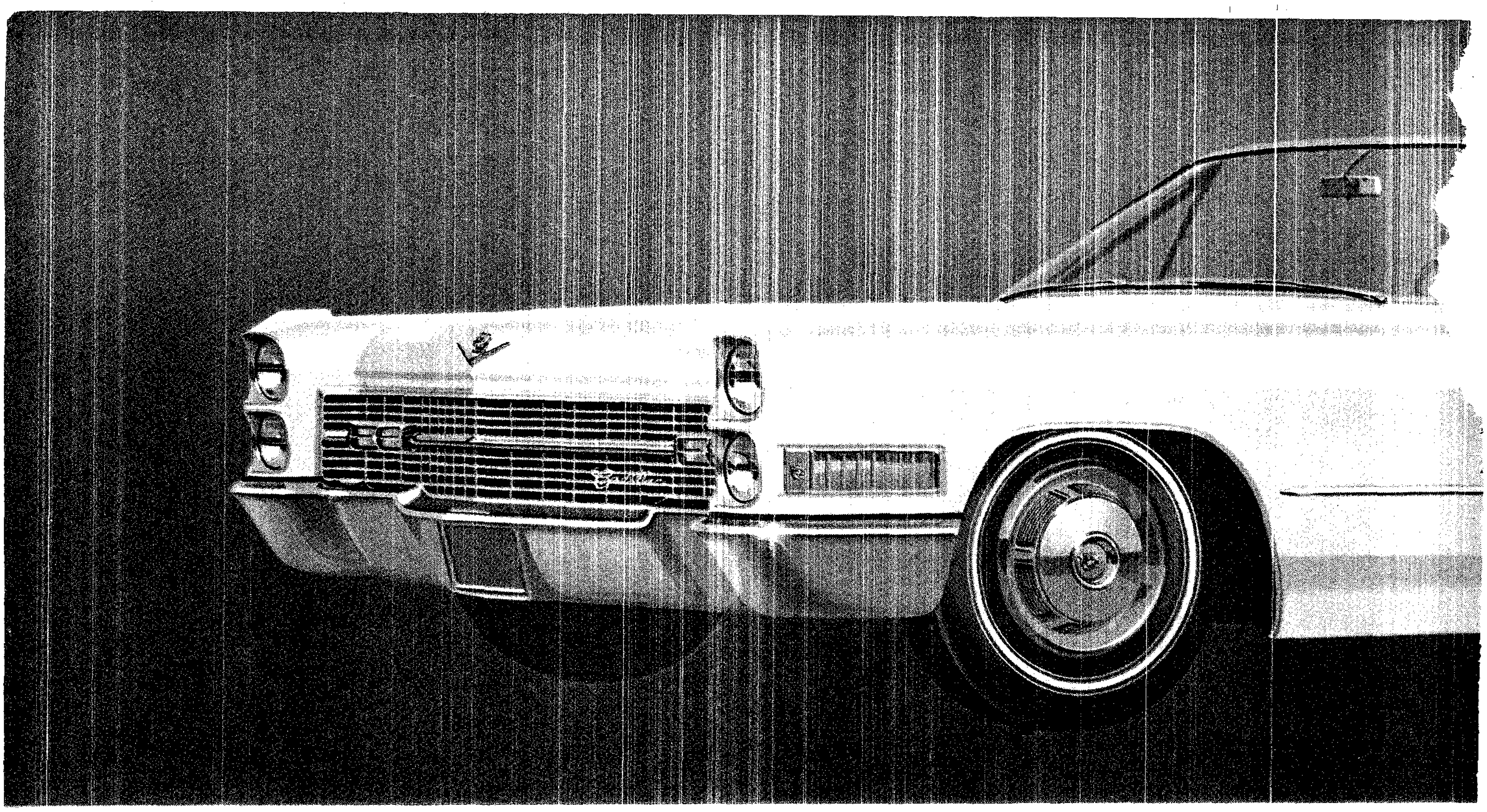

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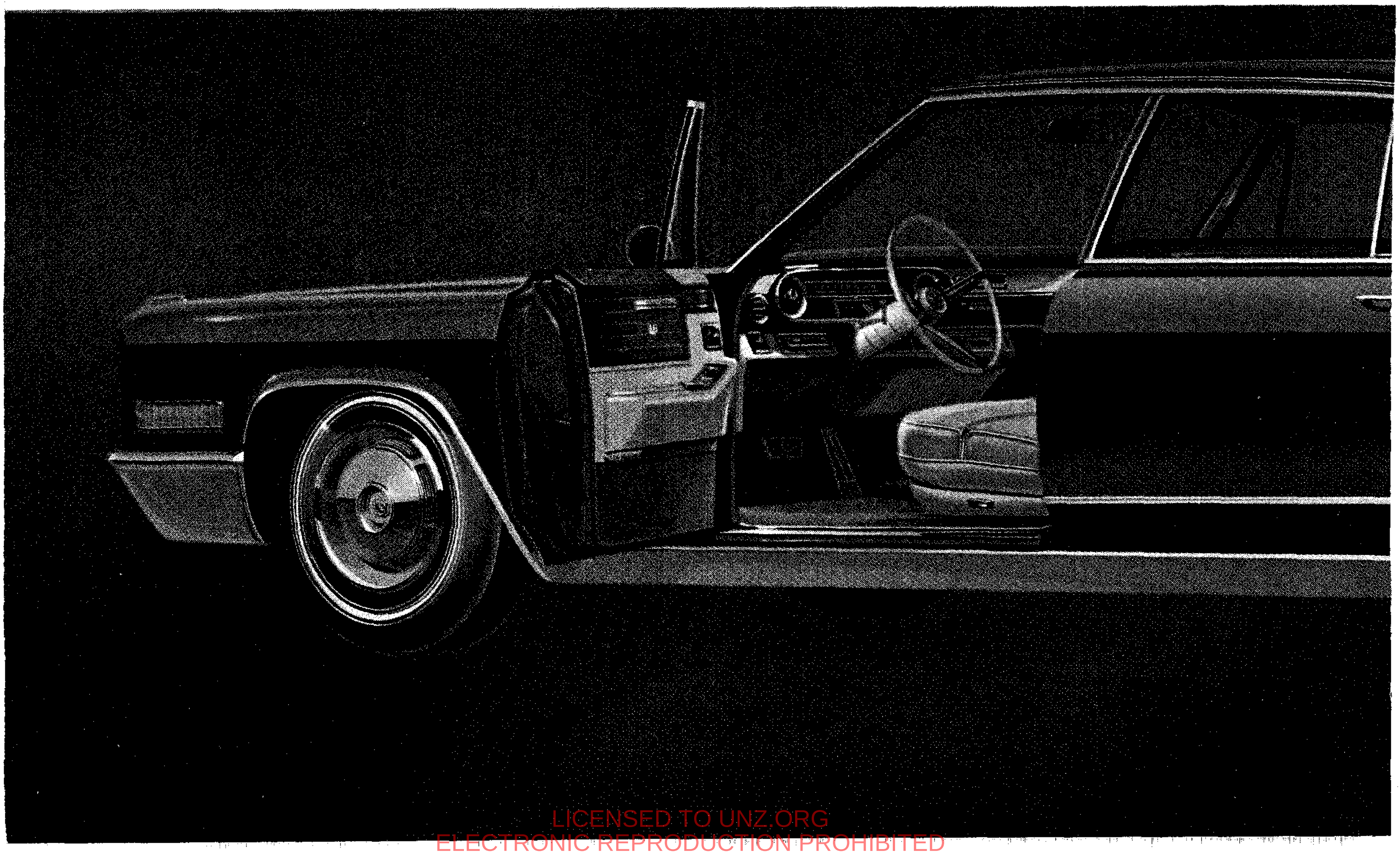

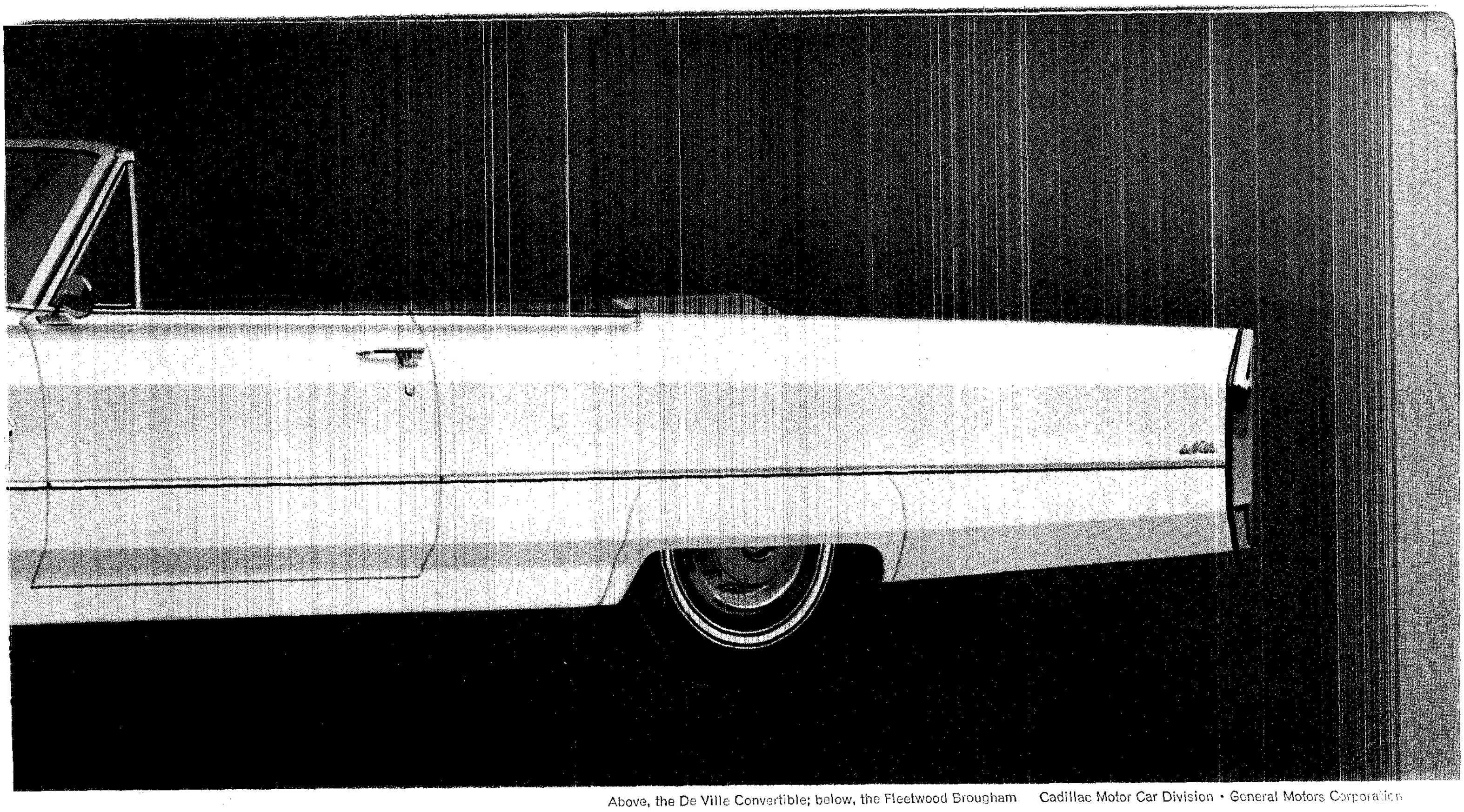

Above, the De Ville Convertible; below, the Fleetwood Brougham    Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

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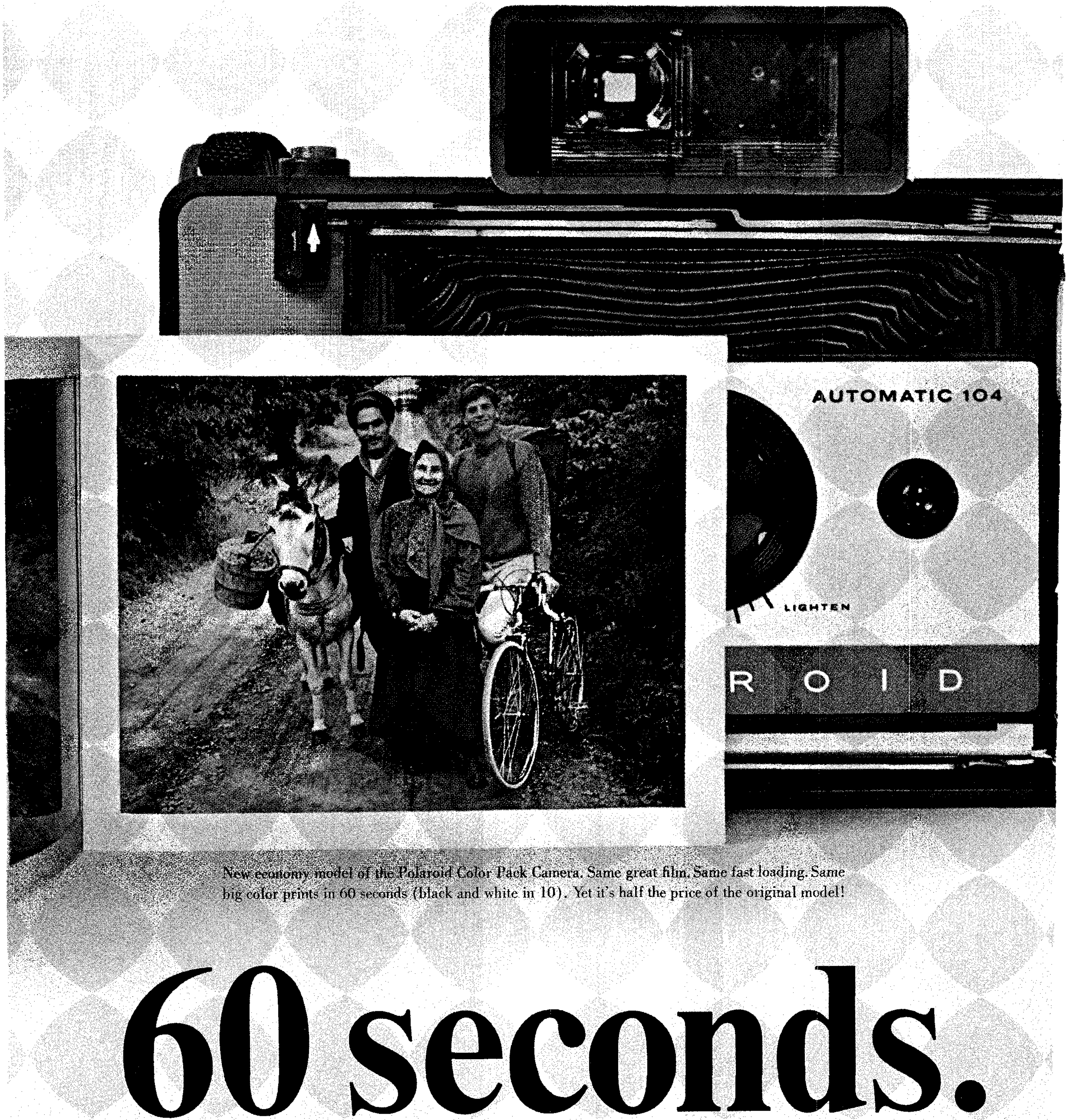
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turned to me. "Warm Spring is one of the big curiosities around here. If it wasn't so late, I'd suggest putting in and walking up for a look. The spring comes out of the rock in that ridge up there. But Jim Creek, where I plan to take out, is six or seven miles from here, and we haven't got that much time. Warm Spring is good and warm. It averages right around eighty degrees—winter and summer both. Winter is when you really notice it. It keeps the river free from ice for about a quarter of a mile downstream."

"There's another thing about Warm Spring," Worf said. "There's a species of dace in the springs that's unique. It's a little inch-long minnow that has adapted itself to that particular water—to that particular temperature and to certain elements, like sulphur, it contains. I understand it can't live anywhere else."

"I know it can't," Scholebo said. "The kids are always catching some of those minnows in a jar and taking them home for pets. But they very seldom get them home. The water cools off a little and they die."

We moved past the mouth of Warm Spring Creek. It looked like any creek. I leaned over the side and dipped my hand in the water. It felt as cold as ever. But the river itself had changed again. Just below the surface of the water I could see the hump of a lurking boulder, and the sound of the rapids was loud and very near. The river cut to the left and back to the right and into a kind of canyon. The boat gave a sudden thrust. We dropped through a turmoil of whitecaps and burrowing eddies. A boulder twice the size of the boat loomed just ahead. Scholebo braked and pulled hard away to the right—and into the loom of another big boulder. I grabbed the gunwale and held my breath. The boat slammed up the side of the second boulder with a shriek that sounded like splintering wood. For an instant, we hung there, half out of water and half capsized. Then we slid back. I let out my breath. We were rocking and lurching and swinging broadside to the current, but we were dry and right side up. Scholebo brought the boat back under control, and we scraped down through an opening and into a stretch of fast but open water. I took a deep breath.

"You know," I said, "there was a moment there when I really thought—"

"You and me both," Worf said.

Scholebo smiled. "Me, too," he said.

We came out of the canyon and out

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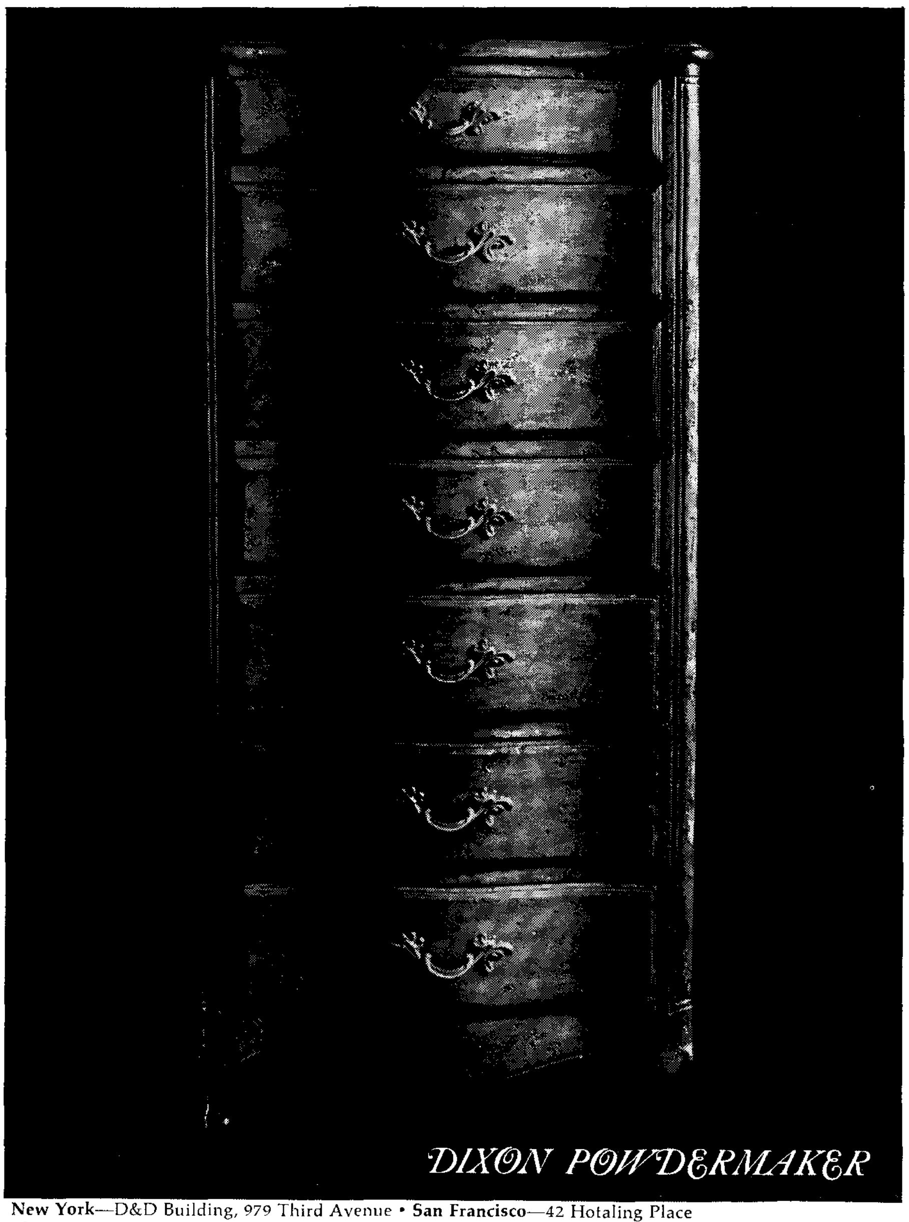

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of the rapids. The rolling sagebrush flats reappeared, and the sun seemed brighter and warmer. We passed the eroded remains of a ford. Then an old wooden bridge came into view. It crossed the river in a single span. A lonely dirt road came down to the bridge from the foothills of the mountains on the left and crawled emptily away through the sage toward the high ridge country on the right. There was a dusty Chevrolet sedan with California plates parked by the side of the road. We slid under the bridge and through a clutch of musty cold. Just beyond the bridge, a man and a woman in big hats and waders stood fishing on a gravelly strand of beach. They stared at us for a moment, and then smiled and waved.

"How's the fishing?" the woman called.

Worf shook his head. "We're not fishing today!" he yelled. "We're just looking!"

"Well, how's the looking?"

"Real good!"

"What?" the woman called.

But Worf only nodded and smiled. We were out of hearing.

The river looped around a wooded point. The trees were all big lodgepole pines, some of them rising forty or fifty feet without a branch, and they grew down to the very edge of the water.

"They call that Whiskey Grove," Scholebo said. "There used to be a saloon back there in the old tie-hacker days. People go there for picnics now. It isn't too far from the ranch. As a matter of fact, we're practically home. The second big creek that comes in on the left is Jim Creek. Which is where we take out for the ranch."

Jim Creek came in like a race. It looked and sounded almost as wild as Roaring Fork Creek. We moved across a spurt of current at the mouth of the creek and past a tangle of trailing willows, and nudged into a low mudbank. We hauled the boat up clear of the river. Above the bank was a broad hay meadow flooded with an inch or more of water. Scholebo pulled off his waders and put on his boots, and we gathered up our gear and started across the meadow. It was soggy walking, but there were clumps of lush grass thrusting up through the water, and between the clumps were dandelions and bluebells and yellow cinquefoil and purple lupine. Off to the left, I could hear Jim Creek rampaging down between its willow banks. We came to the end of the meadow and snaked under a barbed-wire fence and went up a sagebrush knoll. I reached the top almost

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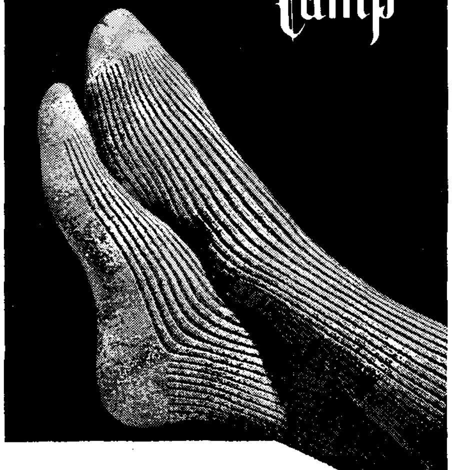

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gasping for breath. It was a climb no more demanding than a flight of stairs, but this was an altitude of seventy-eight hundred feet, and that made all the difference to an outlander. A rutted track ran down the farther slope of the knoll. We followed it down and along the edge of another big meadow and up another little hill, and there was the ranch spread out below—a dozen log-walled buildings clustered together in an immensity of sage and grass. We went down the track, past an empty horse corral and an open shed with a bawling Hereford calf, to a barn. Scholebo stopped off at the barn, and Worf and I went on to the lodge. There was a smell of woodsmoke in the air and the smell of frying meat.

Worf and I washed, and then had a dizzying drink from a bottle of Scotch I had. We were ready for dinner when the dinner bell rang. Dinner was steak, mashed potatoes and gravy, stringbeans, hot biscuits and apple butter, apple pie, and coffee. There were two kinds of steak—beef steak and moose steak. I tried the moose steak first. It must have been a yearling bull. The meat had a dark, gamy flavor. It tasted more like wild duck than any other kind of meat. But it was tender enough, and I liked it fine.

—Berton Roueché

◆

### THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From the Washington Post & Times Herald, May 10, 1959*]

Commenting on the "tendency" of today's college students to be conformists, President Clark Kerr of the University of California characterized them as "a kind of pre-Organization Man."

"I can just see . . . that the employers will love this generation," Kerr said, "that they are not going to press very many grievances, there won't be much trouble, they are going to do their jobs, they are going to be easy to handle.

"There aren't going to be riots. There aren't going to be revolutions. There aren't going to be many strikes."

◆

Two 15-year-old Arverne boys were arrested by Patrolman Dennis Moynihan of the Far Rockaway precinct, about 4:00 P.M., August 18, for breaking into the home of Mrs. Sarah Rosenzweig at 1923 Plainview avenue, Far Rockaway. They are alleged to have taken $60.74 from the woman's pocketbook, which was lying on a dresser, according to police.

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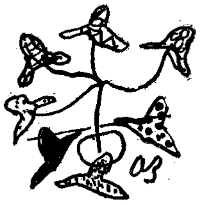
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

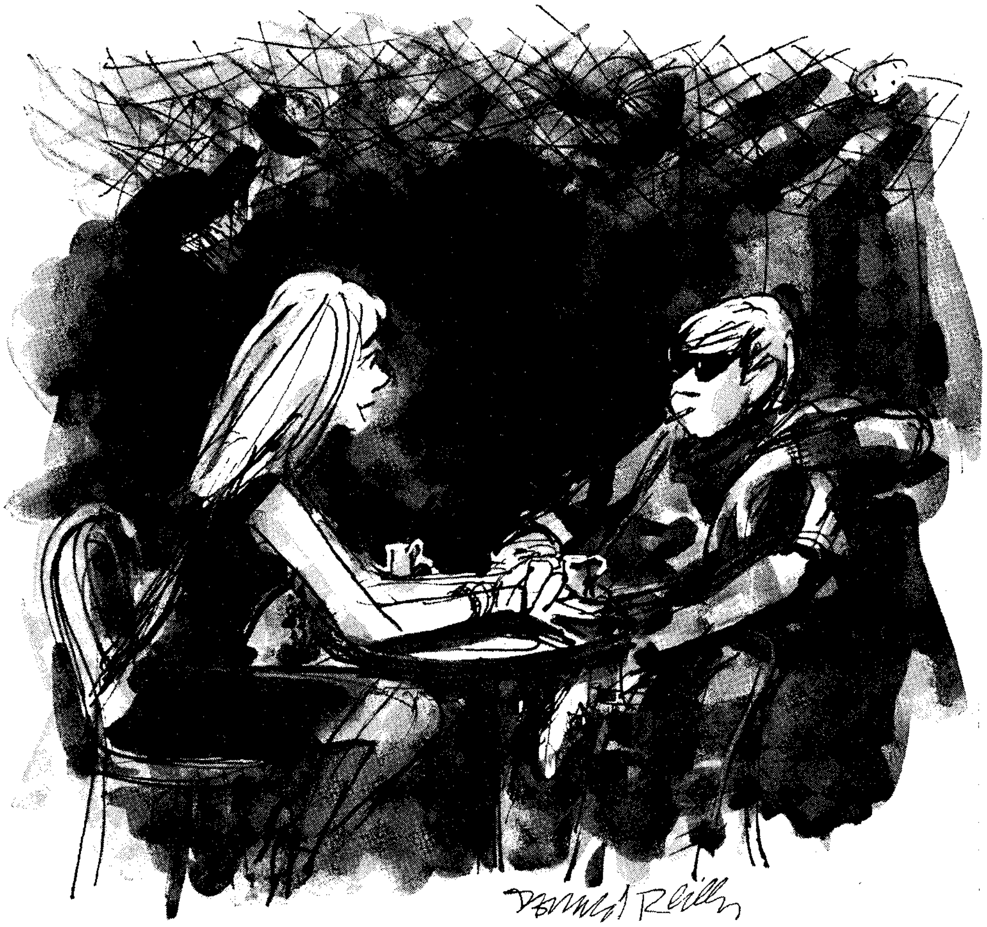
## FEMININE FASHIONS



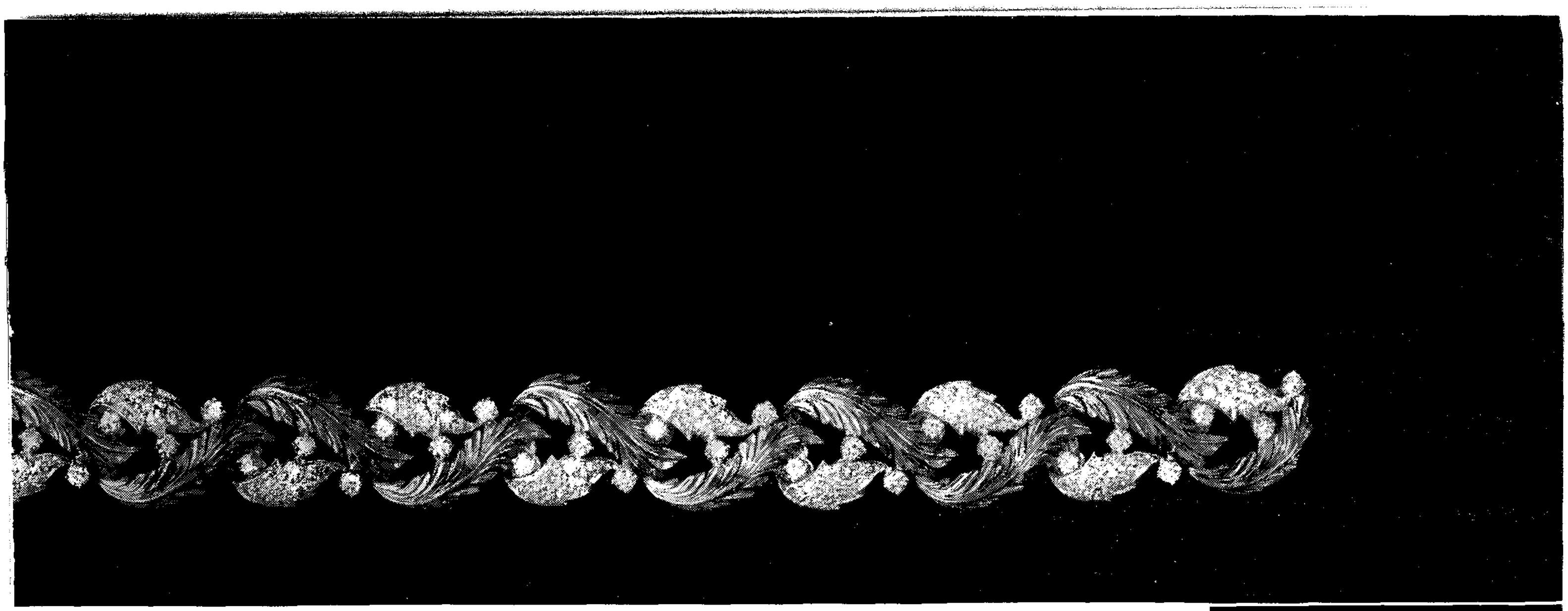
THE easygoing little slip of a dress in jersey or sheer wool (with all that bias seaming to make it cling to the body) is still a mainstay of every woman's wardrobe as the next winter approaches, but there is a "new" tightening of the waistline and there is a "new" bumptious look in the skirts. ("New" my eye; these are just revivals.) There are, too, low, circular flarings. Bergdorf Goodman likes them down toward the hem, as in a dress by Larry Aldrich, with a slanting welt seam below the bosom and another that ends on one hip, above a skirt that goes circular. This is in any number of colored wools, and $125. Or as in Bergdorf's Teal Traina triumph—a sleeveless mite with a cowl top and a circular panel well below. The color I saw it in is Winter Violet, and it is just $90. (You will hardly see prices like that anymore in this sermon—a dissertation on the great American ready-to-wear trade, which holds that suits at $395 should be considered giveaways.) Bergdorf also cares about Trigère's sculptured sleeveless dress of wool in this or that hue, with wide V seaming on the bodice and a skirt that is all flat umbrella pleats in front. It is a known fact that Geoffrey Beene favors cluster-pleated skirts, and I found evidence at Lord & Taylor—in a gray wool dress with a three-button waist-length coating-weight jacket, of which camel wool is the wherewithal. Bill Blass has even gone as far as an accordion-pleated skirt to finish off, for Saks Fifth Avenue, a costume—a heavily braided coat (there are small epaulets) and an Empire dress, both of black wool. A box-pleated skirt is what Dior-New York shows up at De Pinna with, and it belongs to a suit of Shocking-and-gray plaid. D.-N.Y. is also the author of one of the most impertinent of all the bouncy dance dresses in town—very form-fitting in its black wool crêpe, with a deep flounce of taffeta that sweeps along the hem from front to back and there ascends in a vast inverted V, which makes a great outward flip all the way up to the base of the ample U décolletage. De Pinna has latched onto it.

There is something that is *actually* new, and odd, in those easy little wool dresses—an upward yoke line that arches a few inches below a round neck, sometimes with puckers underneath it. Galanos has tried it for Bonwit Teller, and superbly, in charcoal wool with a welt seam that starts inside one wrist, scoots up the inner arm, curves high across the chest, and dips to the other wrist. Tiffeau & Busch does a beguiling version of this device in white gabardine. (Should everybody be told that white is In, except for begrimed commuters?) This one has small puckers on the chest, and the price is $185 (Lord & Taylor, among others).

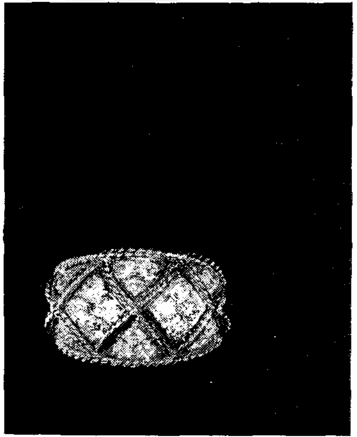
Ubiquity is again a prominent characteristic of Ben Zuckerman, and so is High Style, and so is meticulous tailoring. He also has some new ideas, such as dresses of sheer wool (pale pink or powder blue or pale absinthe) with a single button, usually gleaming, on the shallow yoke and an inverted-V seam up each side to give the thing Shape. Saks is one of the takers. More glitter occurs on pastel evening suits of sculptured Italian wool, with glowing jewelled buttons, and there are more buttons on the overblouses of pale lamé that match the lining of the suits. Examples of these are everywhere, especially at De Pinna and Saks, and usually in pink. Next, we get around to more of Zuckerman's dinner clothes, in suit form or in dress-and-jacket form, of flowered tapestry wool (Bonwit, among many others), and to his fur-trimmed numbers (for any time of day), among them suits of a very brisk indeed Bristol-blue wool with black Persian lamb making the sharp, high lapels and the cuffs (De Pinna, to name just one). Bonwit has acquired (1) his shapely coat of white Melton cloth, for which more Persian (now in taupe) does the cuffs and the pointed collar, as well as (2) his coat of a pinky-mauve wool with a collar of chinchilla around the deep V neck. No fur appears on his daytime coat (De Pinna) of Astro navy wool, but there are six black buttons, in double-breasted array, up front, plus lowdown belt detail. This color scheme proves, thank goodness, that we will now be allowed to wear black accessories with



*"Do you really think I'm a gas?"*



Bracelet, about $5350



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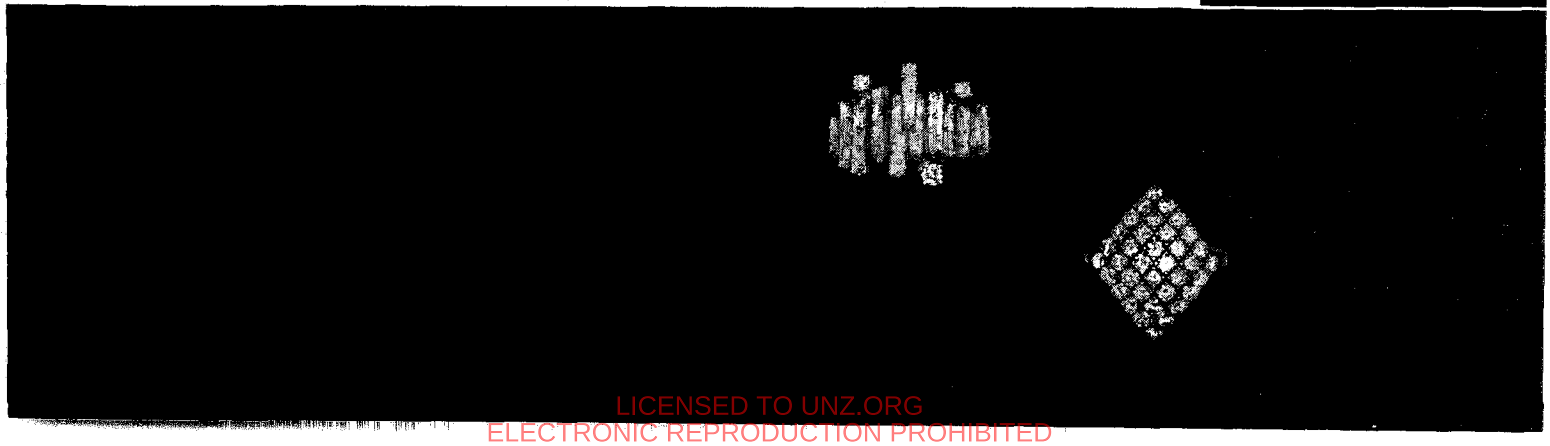

for
those
black
lace
moods!

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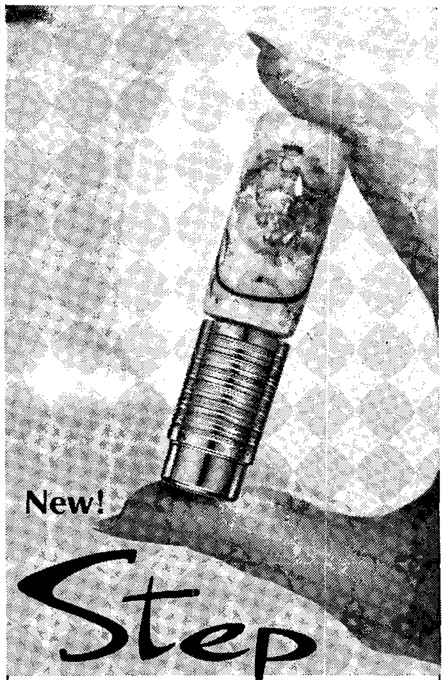
navy; I'm lazy about changing handbags all the time, and no two navies ever quite match. But on with the fur trimming, and on to John Moore's small cape jacket, which has mere apologies for sleeves and is trimmed with black fox, this item to accompany a dress with a high-rise seam under the bust and a slight A look to the skirt. Black wool is the main factor of this costume. Bergdorf and Bonwit are the owners. And, to return to blue and black, Bergdorf has lots of Trigères in midnight blue, and black accessories are to go with them.

"A" IS for Alphabet, and "A" is for Altman, which is where the week's point-to-point steeplechase through the shops begins. Here are bits of quiet magnificence in coats. One is Trigère's reversible concoction—black soufflé wool on one side and black-and-white tweed on the other—with a very circular hem. Altman is among the many suitors of Tiffeau & Busch, which has turned in a coat in a huge hound's-tooth check (cornflower blue and turquoise) on a gold background. Wool-and-mohair is the combination; a rolled collar and slight fullness at the sides are the ornamentation. More hound's-tooth (cranberry check on gray wool) handles a simple dress with patch pockets, as well as its companion coat, on which the check is bigger. Another dress-and-coat pairing uses gray plaid for the coat and camel's hair for the dress. The high front yoke that curves downward is a favorite of Donald Brooks, who, for the benefit of Altman, puts it on a dress of camel twill. Geoffrey Beene the all-pervasive is here with a little short-sleeved dress of black wool that has a flounce at the bottom; a fairly mere $145. Jablow gets into the three-piece act, and merrily, with jacket, overblouse, and skirt—the jacket, semi-fitted, with a low U neckline, which is filled in by the rolled collar of the overblouse. The jacket and skirt are of chenille-and-wool that mixes gold, navy, pink, and green—quite a do; the overblouse is of emerald velveteen. Another pervasive character, Teal Traina, is the author of a dress of brown or gray wool—double-breasted, elbow sleeves, tie belt of soft leather; $110.

AMONG the good deals at Bendel is the Burke-Amey costume that starts off with a sleeveless Empire dress—a deep U décolletage front and back and an elasticized waistline. Over this goes a straight-backed coat with



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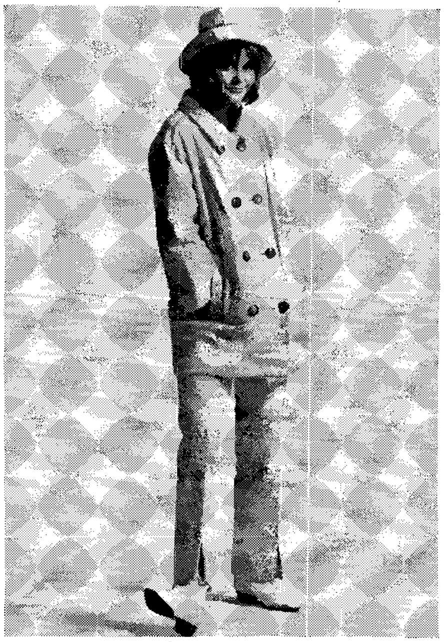

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a wide oblong neck and three buttons down one side of the bodice. Taupe wool is the basis, and taupe is the color of the crushed-leather belt. Charles Kleibacker, whose skill approaches divinity, is represented here by several wool jobs that are alive with bias seams. U necks and long sleeves are the other salient points. One, in gray, wears soft bias pleats just down the front from a bit below the waist. (Normal waists do appear, but they are downright rare anywhere.) Another, in poison green, has a high-waisted look and a circular skirt cut on the bias. For late evening, Mr. K. makes a mightily biassed and fluid long dress of gunmetal Lurex. There is a prim round collar in front, but the shoulders are laid bare and there is a deep V in back. Monte Sano appears here by virtue of a dress in lacy gray wool with a twelve-gore umbrella-pleated skirt; the bodice is plain and round-necked, and the belt is rope. "Little" evenings are taken care of by a Galanos invention in stiff black satin—a minute fillip of a prank cut out in an immense oblong all the way to the waist in back and offering a crushed-bra look across the front. The only thing on that lightly tanned skin of yours to the rear is a little bra bow across the shoulder blades. The skirt, if that matters, is gathered. (Evelyn Byrnes has this one, too.) A daytime Galanos is a coat dress of red ottoman with a two-inch standup collar and, down one side, four little tortoise-shell buttons. A gathered skirt here, too, and a full one, to show that *some* designers still give a thought to hippy women. The back is a straight panel deal, and the belt starts there, for a change, and ties in front above all the fullness.

ON the fourth floor at Bergdorf Goodman are beautiful declarations of faith in Trigère and other artists. I have already spoken of the midnight-blues-with-black-accessories. One is the handsomest town coat (a dress goes with it) I've seen in a while—a wraparound affair with six giant black buttons slanting down from the band collar. It is bias-cut at the sides to give it a tent flare. (Bonwit and Altman also have this one, but they prefer it in black or gray.) Trigère is likewise responsible for a long jacket with a long shawl collar and two faceted buttons side by side at the base, and for the accompanying dress—sleeveless, and with a two-inch band inset in front just above the normal waistline. Wool in midnight blue is the responsible party. The dress shows up in

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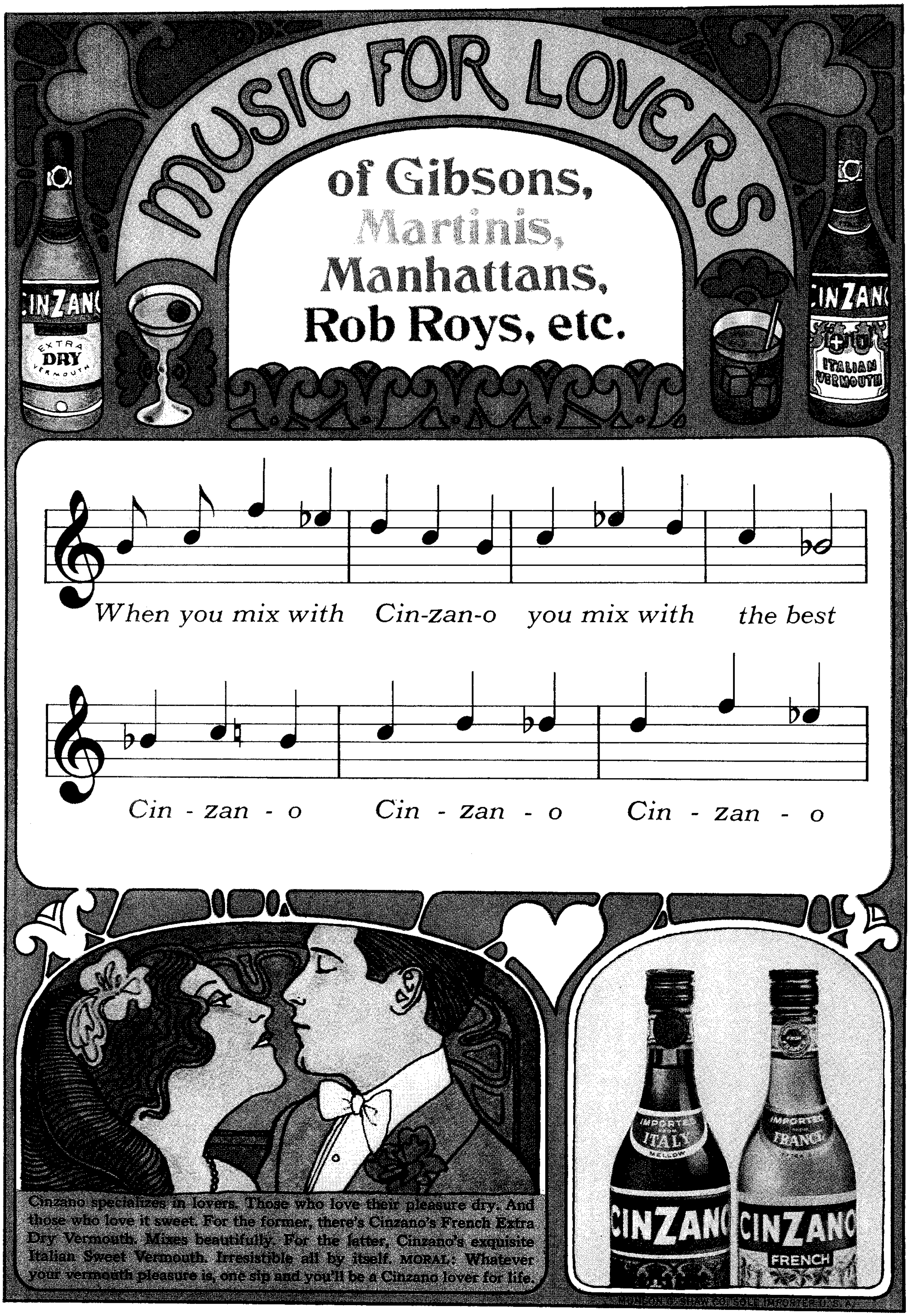
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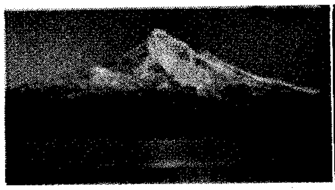

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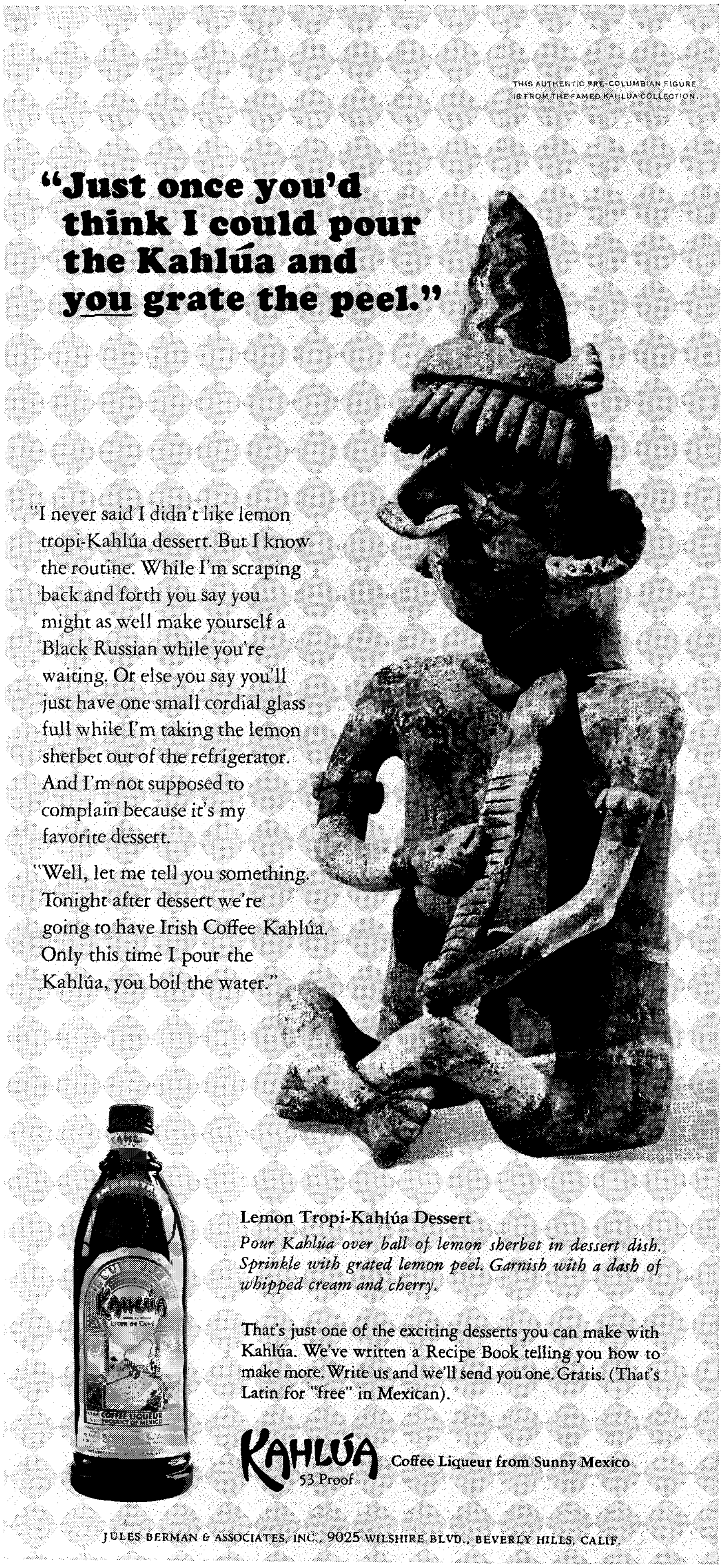
formal length as well, and this time a narrow full-length cape goes with it. Formal Trigères also occur in thin black wool, very circular at the hem. A prime example of the nineteen-twenties binge Norman Norell is on is his flapper dress in a checkerboard of black and silver sequins, with a low oval neckline, tiny straps, and a miniature jacket; $1,825, if you must do something with your life savings. Teal Traina is visible, too. One T. T. is a formal-length brown silk crêpe hanging straight from a small shirred yoke and paired with a jacket of white wide-wale ottoman, very thick and warm—except in bitter weather. Brown and white, I keep being told, are now A Thing for evening. This combination reappears in a dress of taupe wool jersey and a long jacket of white ottoman, with four rhinestone buttons down each side. Geoffrey Beene's liking for short, warm topcoats over dresses has local approval. Such is true of a black wool dress that has a box-pleated skirt and a white wool jacket that has a black bow under the turnover collar; $290. Galanos is present—a suit of heavy black wool with a fly front and belted to make it take on a peplum flare. And Larry Aldrich is present—a career-woman evening dress, long or short, of dark-red brocade with two-inch squares of sequins in designs that look medieval to me. Gold beads go around the U neck. The long and the short of it are $265 and $225.

WOOL that can make us think of our black poodles is at Bonwit Teller, clipped and black, and making something like a ruff around the neck, not to mention the ends of the sleeves, on an overblouse in what looks like an up-and-down black knit. The blouse belongs to a Dior-New York suit of pebbly gray wool with a three-button little-boy jacket. A muffler scarf with the clipped wool at the ends tops the whole thing off. Trigère has turned in an arrogant dress in a brilliant wool challis of deep-blue-green and magenta squares with a design inside each square. Minute piping, ascending a trifle in front, serves as a waistline, and the skirt is gathered. A muffler that buttons together is part of the pact. I have glum feelings about those transparent coat dresses that go over form-fitting slips, but I fell for Talmack's venture into black organza, with two deep circular ruffles at the hem, which is up in front and down in back. A blackened cage for a gilded bird—that's what it is. Another fine idea at Bonwit is Stavropoulos, who bears a wonderful Greek



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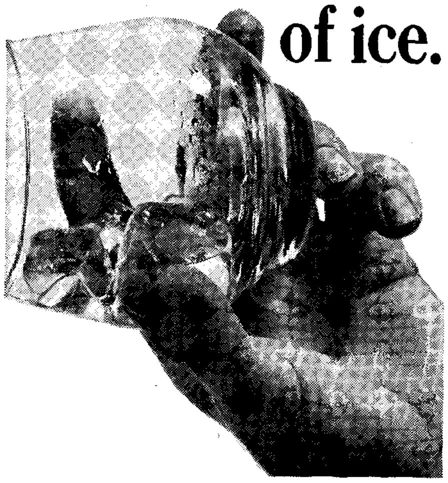

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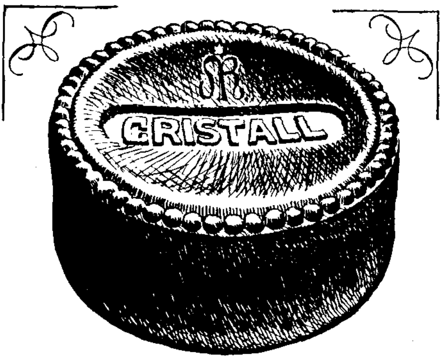
gift in chiffon—a turquoise sheath that outlines your figure underneath its up-to-the-neck circular panels. It can be long or short, and in plenty of other colors, too. Another Stavropoulos, quite formal, is a crisscrossing of chiffon in contrasting hues—taupe and pink, say—and the top layer can, though I don't see how, be draped around the shoulders in a thoroughly classic fashion. And you knew all along that Galanos would be here, and he is—a short dance dress with a high, crushed surplice top and sleeves that are full down to the elbows and then narrow to the wrists. It's of black cut velvet on white satin, and a sash of black chiffon is placed high.

WOMEN whose feverish days must be tailored to the nines and whose evenings must be extravaganza in the manner maintained by Norell, Galanos, and Tassell, that upstanding Californian, might as well head for Evelyn Byrnes' lively establishment, at 480 Park Avenue (58th Street). Extravaganza glitter is accomplished by a short but formal Galanos dress of gold silk serge with a bodice of bright-gold lace encrusted on net. It has a slight A line at the hem and absolutely no straps, and a straight, buttoned-down-the-side coat of gold lace goes along with it. Glitter of the peekaboo sort is another Galanos trait—a long, V-necked sheath of ribbed metallic cloth in a big, silvery herringbone pattern wears an overdress of net that is aswarm with gold and silver paillettes. The overdress sleeves start off huge and then are shirred in at the wrists. Myself, I'd be quite happy with just the underdress. From all this, Galanos turns dreamy and plays with chiffon, which he transforms into a strapless wonder of red, pink, and plum worked into spirals and knotting in front. But askance is my look at his long dress of black chiffon that is topped by a four-inch band of many-colored and much too precious stonemasonry—a band that is the only covering from the waist up in back. The Byrnes enterprise owns a passel of Tassell evening clothes, both short and long. In the first category is a complete darling of white satin with a gathered skirt, the whole thing covered with formalized four-petal flowers of ruby beads. In the second category, and down to the floor, is his completely winning cut velvet in spring-flower patterns and spring-flower hues. The neck is high; the sleeves are long. Just as delicate in concept is the Tassell of pale-blue satin with a rather tunic top supported by a single, slanting



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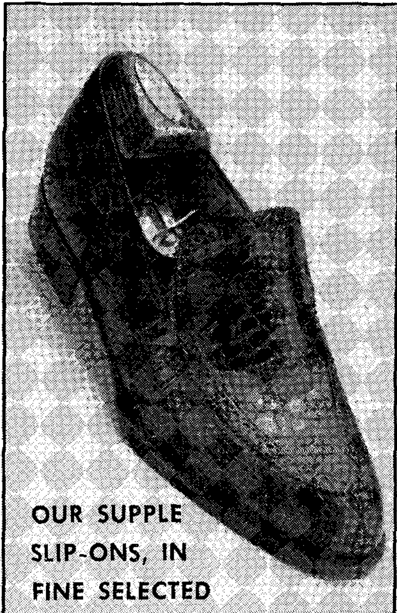

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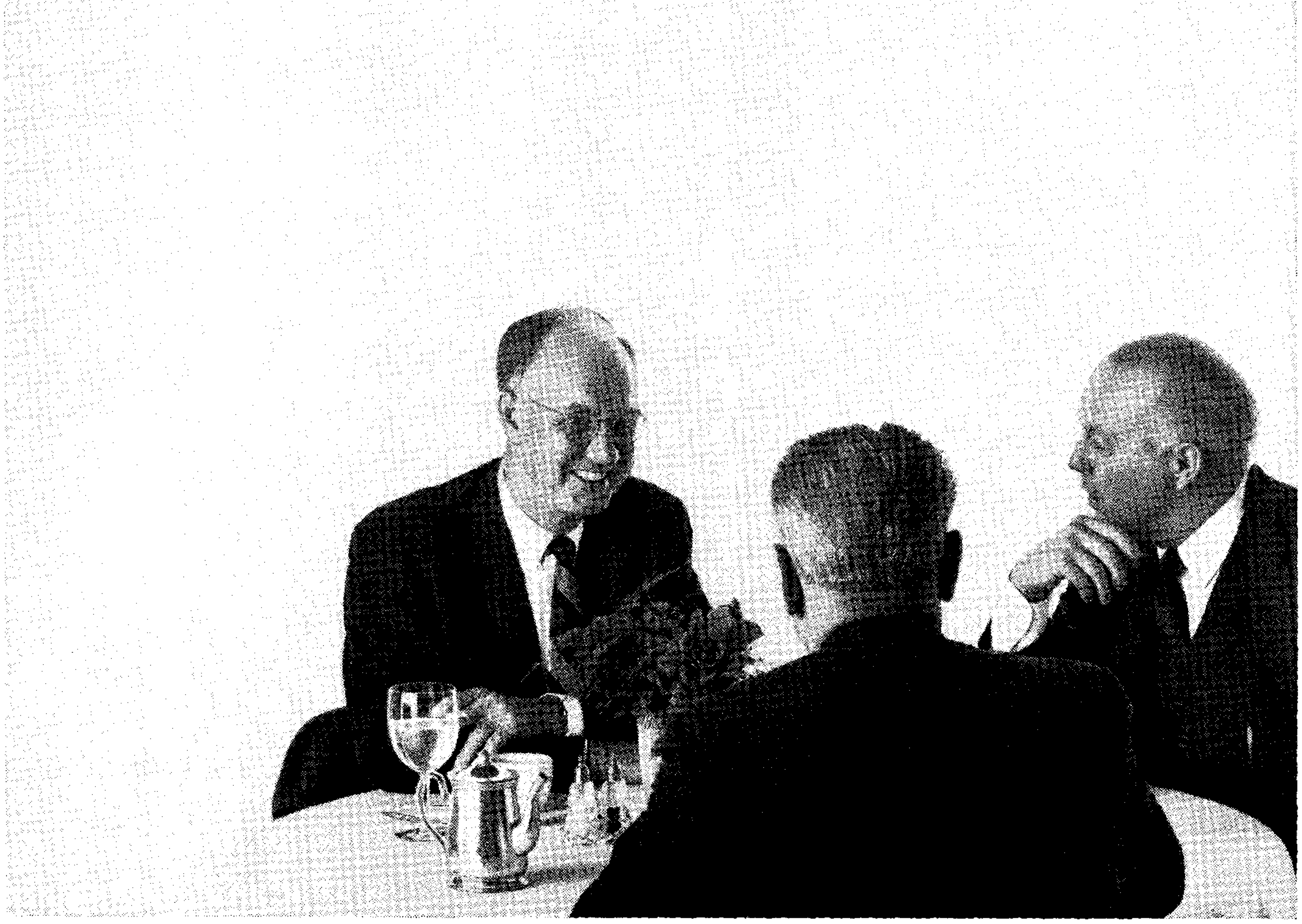

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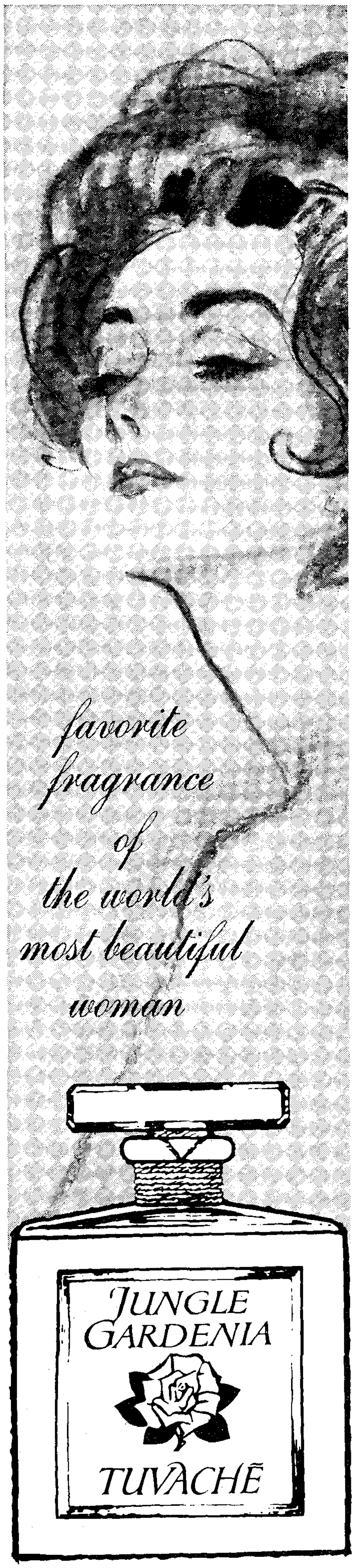

strap. The long skirt is slightly gathered. That back-to-the-twenties Norell flapper dress shows up here entirely (and frantically) in sequins, with string straps above the deeply oval neckline. Most of the sequins are black, but enough of them are silver to produce a spotted-calf pattern throughout. A big scarf of black chiffon is the final touch. I'm a mite dubious about this number, but such are the times we live in. For the tailored daytime life I was speaking of, there are many, many Norells, among them one in black wool with a straight skirt, one button at the throat, and a hip-length cape. A new note—in *my* life, anyway—is Mme. Hanae Mori, from Japan, who devises whimseys like a formal gown with black and brown and gray game birds flung across both the strapless bodice (black satin) and the full, gathered skirt (white satin). Its coat, which sweeps down to the floor, is of black satin, and its lining is quilted.

YOU should still, on De Pinna's third floor, be able to get a glimpse of the one-piece caftan evening dress dreamed up by Mollie Parnis, which ends in a short A-line skirt. It's of Moonlit-gray brocade, and delicate opalescent jewelled embroidery goes around the neck before it resolves into a double panel on the chest. De Pinna's pet baby-girl dress is from Ellen Brooke—in pale-blue jersey, with a childish round collar, a yoke that is very high in front, and an optional string belt. The Town Shop is deservedly pleased with its French imports from the boutiques of Guy Laroche, Lanvin, Patou, et al. A Lanvin dress with an easy rolled collar, short sleeves, and a belt snaking through a long tab in front is of gray flannel, and it costs $160, to give you an idea. From back home, and at the same price, is a honey of a coat by Henry Fredericks, of wool that combines dark gray, pale gold, and white. It wraps all the way across the chest, and thick self fringe circles the neck, then slithers down the buttoned side closing. De Pinna is another admirer of Norell's backward glance at the twenties. Item: That flapper dress again, now of black crêpe, with a very low-slung self belt and a buckle of rhinestones. Item: His two-piece jersey with a long overblouse, and a belt way down on the hips. Again, I'm a mite dubious about some of this Norell, but I overtly love his coat of thick, nubbly wool in dark blue, with six buttons in double-breasted formation beginning quite low. Its belt starts at the middle row of buttons at

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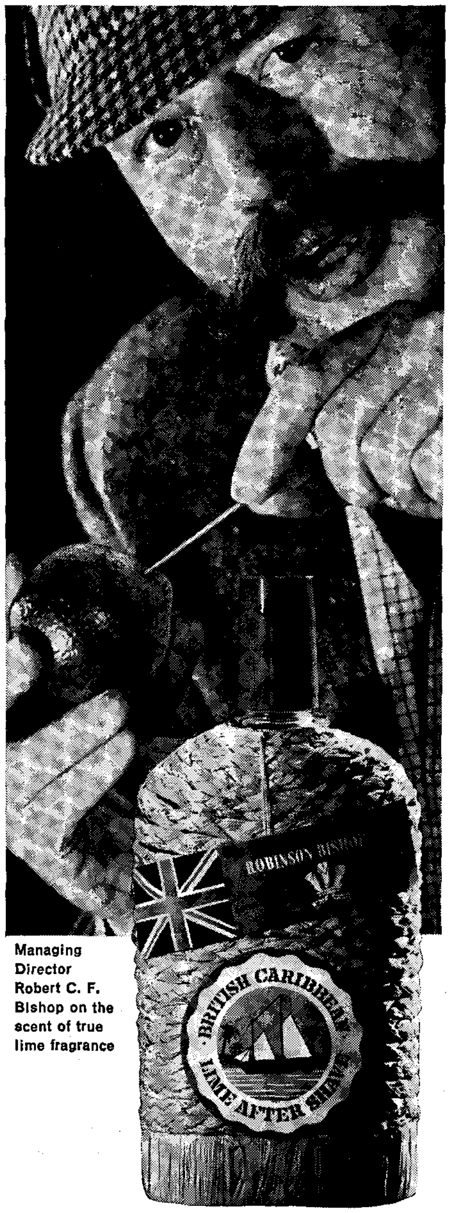

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the sides and goes to the rear, and there are patch pockets even farther south.

AMONG the coats on Lord & Taylor's third floor is Trigère's thing of beauty in mohair tweed—a continuous series of bumps in black, brown, and greeny white, with a belt across the front, and a big, loose ring collar that fastens with two buttons, and inverted-V seaming down the ribs that makes it swing wide. A Zuckerman coat of sand Melton cloth is high-waisted; double-breasted buttons, eight of them, appear in front, and a deep inverted pleat appears below the back belt. Another temptation is an Originala coat of fleece in that brilliant Bristol blue, with buttons and bindings of black leather. Originala gets in among the suits here, too, with something in almond wool that has a long, long jacket, double-breasted buttons of white leather, and up-and-down pockets (placed very low indeed) piped with the same leather. Other L. & T. prides are its Italian suits, some made in Italy and some duplicated in this country, at the likes of $200. My own particular delight in this group is by Enzo, with a band collar that stands well away from the neck. This one is done in a rough tweed that mixes charcoal, white, and beige. It's really a tunic suit, with a black leather belt and an invisible down-the-back zipper; $215. Among the dresses and costumes next. Zuckerman, naturally, gets into this operation—a coat dress of thick tan wool, with wool in black and white checks backing the lapels and making the cuffs. A buttoned shirt-front panel and a black belt finish it off. Right up with the pace set by this is Trigère's ensemble of heavy wool in black, chestnut, and white—a simple dress with a deep oval neckline, and a jacket with ruby buttons *inside* its fly front, giving it the advantage of looking equally good when it is worn open, for no buttonholes are visible. A Trigère burst of glory—a strapless dress that goes very circular as it approaches the floor—sprouts iridescent coq feathers all the way around the top. The long, narrow cape that is its boon companion is, like the dress, of navy wool. Oscar de la Renta, who seems better and better to me all the time, appends a costume that involves a jacket (white or ginger twill, with pocket flaps just below the shoulders, and black crocheted buttons) and a dress (black herringbone wool). As you may know, a formal dress can now go well over a thousand dollars, but Renta can be splendidly formal at less than half the price—$395, which

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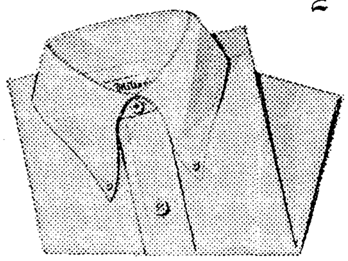

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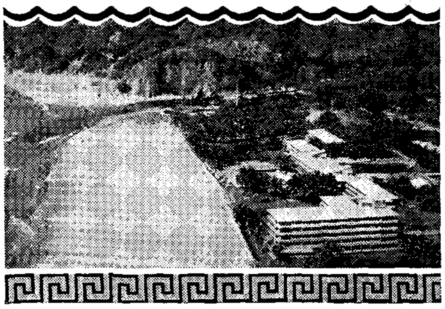
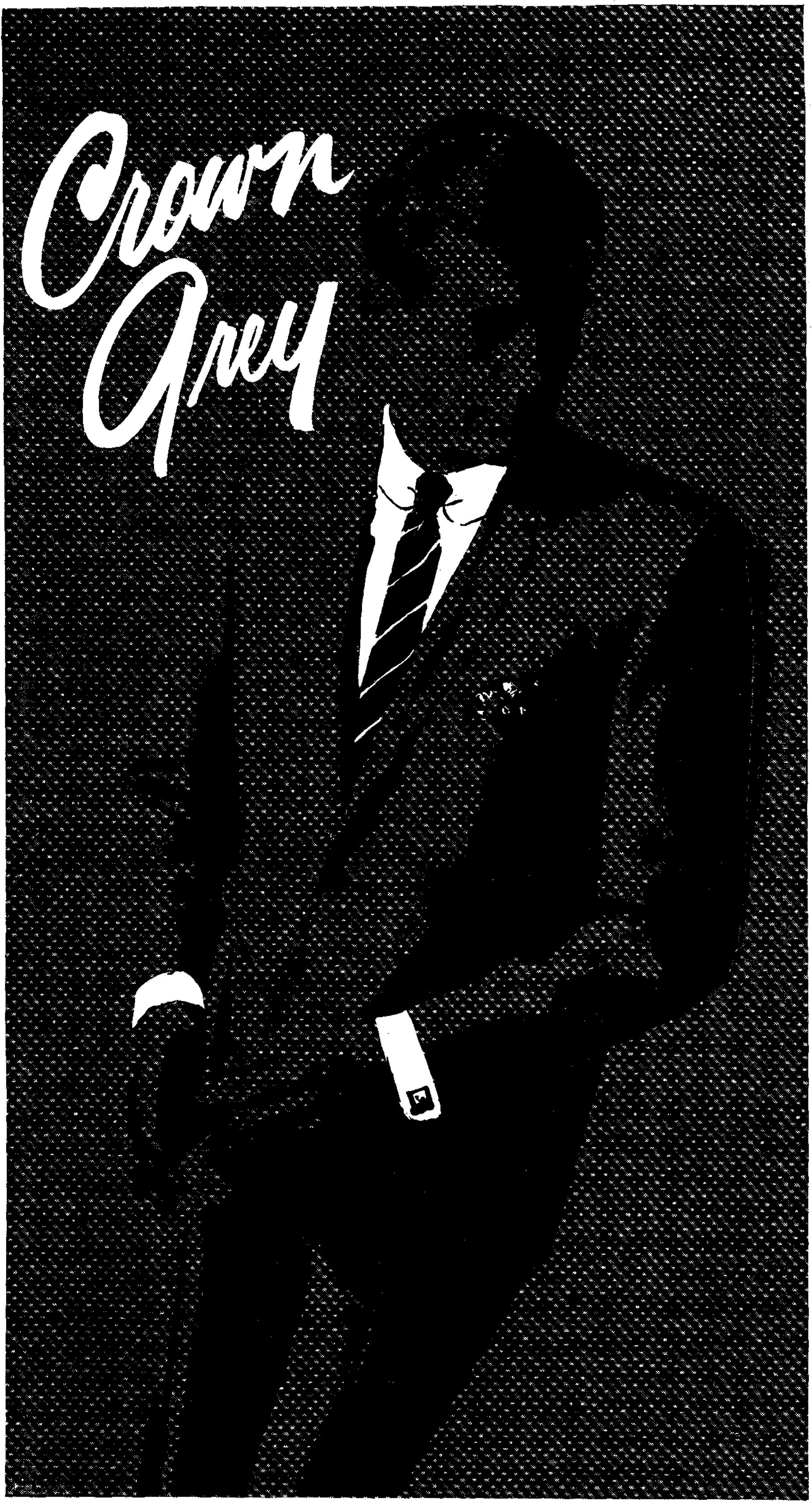


fetches two layers of white net (these covered with silver and gold embroidery) over a layer of chiffon *over* a layer of crêpe, and all of it *under* a ten-foot stole. (At the price, most manufacturers couldn't even touch it with a ten-foot stole.)

AT Saks Fifth Avenue, Bill Blass is a smash hit, and for many reasons. One is his tweed dress with back buttons and a turtleneck that is tall astern and floppy up front. Mostly, it's of one of lots of Linton tweeds—either crossbarred or just plain nubbly or many-colored. Blass owns up to the wildest Paisley in town—all splashy Persian hues, bright yellow and fuchsia and Kelly (so Kelly was really Persian, eh?), on thin wool. He uses it for a skinny dress and a straight jacket that has a split mandarin collar. Then, to show that he understands delicacy, too, he produces a demure young coat dress, long-sleeved and scalloped down the closing, of lace in pale apricot. Saks is jammed with bouncy little bistro dresses, and one of my favorites is by Sophie. It is indeed ingenious—a slim, one-shoulder notion with a separate, one-armhole stole that wraps around to cover the other shoulder, when you suddenly want to go demure, and then wraps around the waist to tie on one hip. Short-skirted, it's of black matelassé crêpe; long-skirted, it's of gold lamé. The scene is Beene here as well, what with his daytime middy dress of gray wool with a fringed bow of black silk under the tiny collar. A buttoned shirt panel three inches wide goes down the front. There are full, cuffed sleeves, and the middy top is slit up the sides so that you can comfortably get your hands into the skirt pockets; $190. For sheer shape, by the way, Mr. B. does real tricks with wool jersey. The trick I have in mind is in pale absinthe (which certainly made *my* heart grow fonder), and the waistband, which is low enough to begin with, gets even lower in the Vs it makes down on the hips; $145. More of that bouncy bistro stuff is the handiwork of Sarmi. I defy anyone to better his one-shoulder dress, a mass of seven-inch-wide bias bands of turquoise or black curly ostrich. For this, someone must invent a dance called the Spiral.

In a sector romantically christened Dept. 47 is more Sophie, with such things as a dress of marquisette completely covered with big sprawls of beads that range from charcoal to silver. The waist is normal, the pulse is much higher. The small, beaded bolero has silver fringe as edging. With this goes



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a coat of charcoal velvet, cut like a redingote, with a square of buttons at the nipped-in waist and a full, circular skirt. Samuel Winston, another teller of beads, does a dress of net in dark gray encrusted with beads that make green leaves, opalescent starfish outlined by gold sequins, and such. This also has a natural waist. All this is big money. Less taxing is the price—$190—of Bob Bugnand's princesse dress of puckered white cloqué, with danglers of crystal and topaz beads around the strapless top and a big matching stole whose lining is gold velvet.

MY alphabet of hardy-perennial establishments ends with "S," but before I depart I wish to point out Karshan, Ltd., a brand-new venture, occupying the first two floors of a retired Vanderbilt town house at 24 East 64th Street and named after the ready-to-wear buyer of the late Hattie Carnegie. A number of the Carnegie crew of fitters and saleswomen are among the assets, and so are a number of unpretentious prices. Ninety dollars will get a Kikki Hart dress of black silk-and-wool with a really nipped-in waist and a skirt that flares in the old Carnegie way. The sleeves are long, and black braid makes big circles across the front and on the hips. Red with the same braid is the alternative. Plenty of jersey shifts by the same Hart and by Miss Troy are here, at from $70 to $90. Ascending a trifle in price, we reach Donald Brooks' three-quarter-length topper, narrow and double-breasted, of camel's hair, to be worn over a dress of dark-red jersey with long sleeves, flat side pleats, and a Paisley ascot. Ascending further, we reach people like Blass, Trigère, and John Moore. We reach Bugnand, too, but down at $160, for a formal débutante dress of scrolled white brocade and with a sweetheart neck. It's not a very big package, Karshan isn't, but that's the kind good things come in.—LOIS LONG

●

> The trophy went to Terry Dunne of the Moira Hotel with his cocktail christened the Gaels. It was composed of: ⅓ Courvoisier brandy, ⅓ Lillet, ⅙ ginger wine, ⅙ Irish coffee liqueur. The long drink trophy went to John Mahon of the Dolphin with an exotic creation called "Atlantis." This was of egg, and fill up with baby composed of ⅓ Creme de Noyaux, ⅓ rum, ⅓ Irish coffee liqueur, white Cham.
>
> —*Irish Times, Dublin.*

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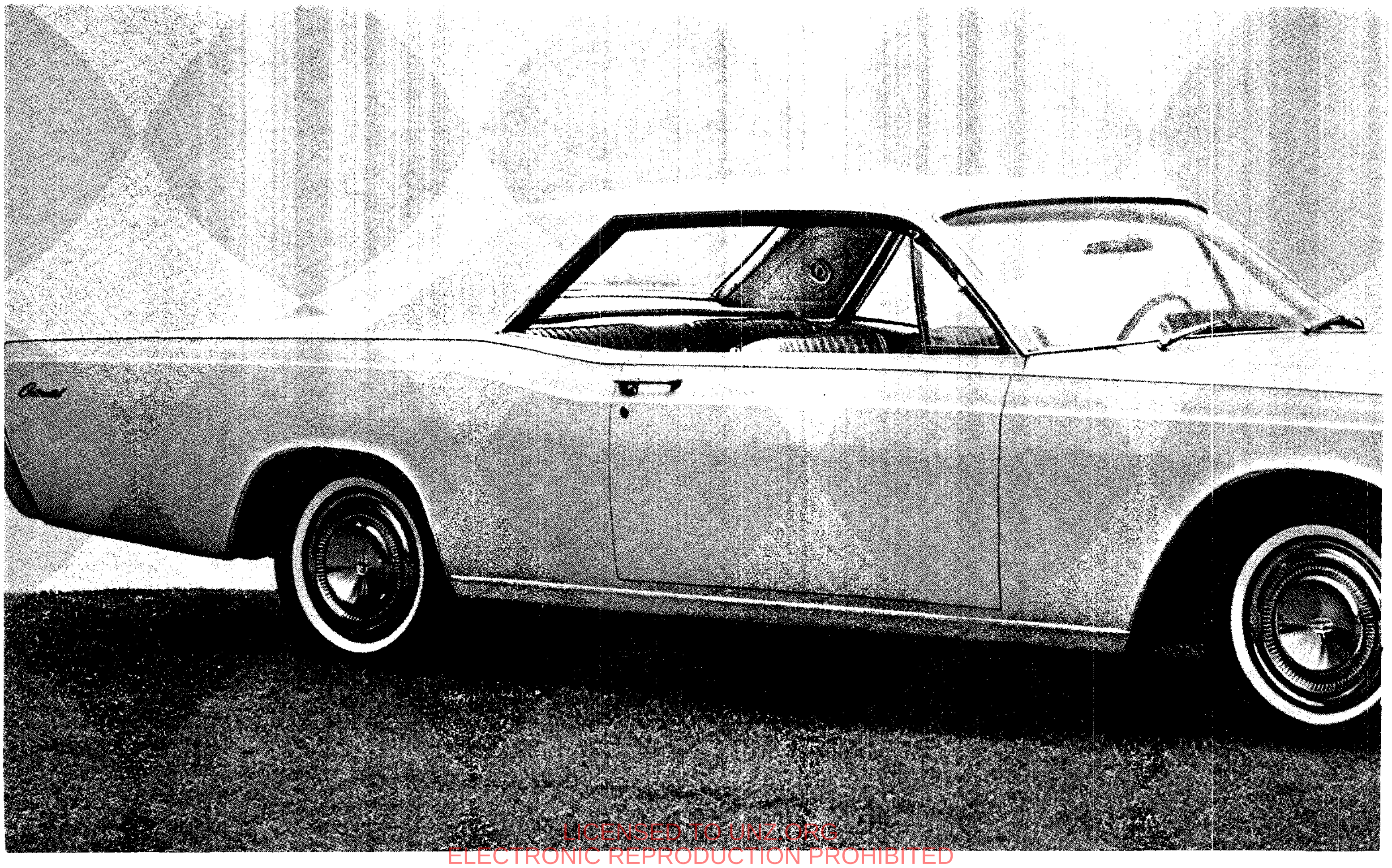
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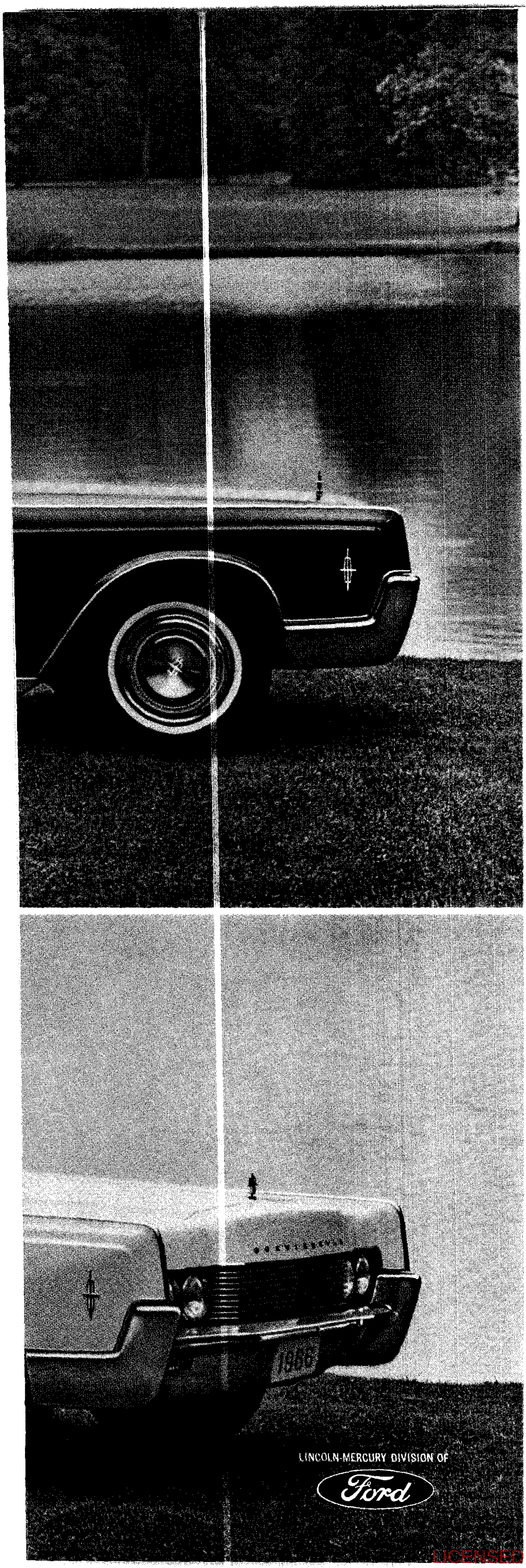

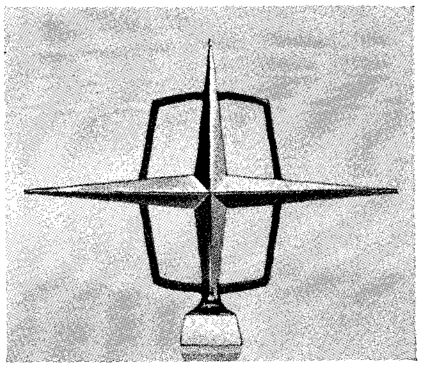

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *International Week*

THE Moscow Philharmonic came to town last week and appeared in Carnegie Hall on Friday night, along with two of Russia's finest soloists, the violinist David Oistrakh and the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. It is a much better orchestra than the Moscow State Symphony, which visited us several years ago. Its strings, though not quite as refined in tone as those of our own best orchestras, are capable of a noble dark sound, its woodwinds are first-rate by any standards, and its brass is notable for its sustained power. There is an air of deeply dedicated earnestness about its playing, and about the conducting of Kiril Kondrashin, who presided the other night, that is typical of Russian orchestras—typical, at least, of the two we have so far heard. If the orchestra has a fault, it is a certain lack of elasticity and an accompanying ponderousness, but it is a small fault and shows itself only occasionally. The program started off with two works by Shostakovich—the Ninth Symphony and the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in A Minor, Opus 99, with Mr. Oistrakh in the solo part. After the intermission came Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," in which Mr. Rostropovich undertook the long solo episodes.

The Shostakovich works were painstakingly and eloquently done, and in the concerto Mr. Oistrakh again proved himself a master of everything pertaining to violin playing. The symphony is an unpretentious affair, scored with the utmost expertness, containing a great deal of that rather barbaric rhythmic insistence that is characteristic of much Russian music, and owing something here and there in the way of modulating techniques to Prokofieff. On the whole, one might say that it consists of music intended to give people pleasure, and that it succeeds in this aim. I wish that the American musical scene were pervaded by such an aim, and by the modesty that goes with it, instead of being almost lost in supposedly portentous experiments and sometimes downright silliness. I do not wish to imply that the Shostakovich Ninth is one of the deathless masterpieces of music history. It is not. As for the violin concerto, I could make out only a few passages that were at all agreeable, and they were all in the last two movements. Altogether, it seemed to me tedious, and if I were a Russian critic I think I should accuse it of "bourgeois formalism," that dreadful crime of the Stalin era, since it fiddles around with polytonality and other gimmicks that were thoroughly exploited in the West thirty or forty years ago. Strauss's "Don Quixote" might be said, except for the completely ravishing playing of Mr. Rostropovich, to have been interpreted with a Russian accent. It was here, principally, that I noticed the orchestra's lack of pliancy, though it had worked out every instrumental effect with efficiency and even brilliance. The performance was, for that matter, one of considerable superficial elegance, but one that left the essence of Strauss—the sentiment, the broad Bavarian humor, the sly parody, the impulsive bravado—virtually untouched. All this excepting Mr. Rostropovich, who is probably the greatest living cellist after Casals.

TO me, Béla Bartók remains an exasperating composer. I treasure some of his compositions as among the finest written in our century. Others leave me completely unmoved and even bored. A good cross-section of his work was offered in a program given by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday night of last week, with Eugene Ormandy providing his usual exemplary services as maestro. Everywhere in this program, Bartók's particular and very sensitive way with orchestral timbre was evident. But when one gets behind this matter of coloring, to the form, the continuity of inspiration—what might be called the "drawing"—there are great differences between one composition and another. I really liked only the final number of the evening, the Concerto for Orchestra, which has, of course, been widely performed. The Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra, in which the piano is used purely as a percussion instrument, was done with great *élan* by the orchestra and Gyorgy Sandor, who played the solo part. I have heard it before—in fact, I have heard it with Mr. Sandor before, and he makes quite a pyrotech-

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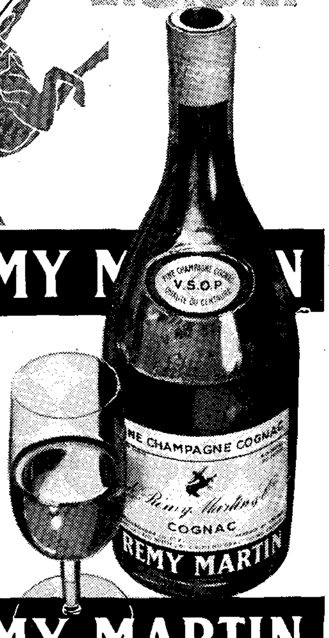

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nical display with it—but, aside from a sort of motor stimulation provided by rambunctious rhythm, I can't see much in it. Then, there were the Five Songs for Mezzo-Soprano and Orchestra, Opus 15, sung with valiant intensity by Carolyn Stanford, which were being given their first New York performance. I found them curiously flat and tame, with no real inspiration and no particular feeling for the voice. The "Two Portraits," Opus 5, which began the program, were pleasing enough—the second, "One Grotesque," being quite amusing.

AT the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday evening, a small, round-faced Italian soprano named Renata Scotto made a début as Madame Butterfly, and aroused great enthusiasm in the audience. Miss Scotto has a formidable reputation on phonograph records, and in listening to her one could understand both this reputation and the applause she received as a live performer. Her voice, which is a lyric (possibly a coloratura) soprano, is not in itself remarkable. But she is a singer of extreme refinement, who knows the value of a well-placed pianissimo and who can express a great variety of psychological shades of meaning by subtly coloring her tone. It may be that she is one of the great divas of the moment, but I prefer to wait until I hear her in something else before deciding for myself. She has, at any rate, a manner of portraying a character in such a way that the portrayal looks totally impulsive and natural, and this is a fairly rare accomplishment. The rest of the performance, which was conducted by George Schick, was scarcely more than routine, though John Alexander did well, with his powerful and sweet-toned tenor voice, as Pinkerton.

YOU have to give the New York City Opera credit for a willingness to take chances, and for an inexhaustible resilience in finding and signing up first-rate new singers, although it is more or less continuously raided by the Metropolitan, which is always apt to skim off its best stars unless their loyalty to the City Center, as sometimes happens, is above commercial considerations. On Thursday evening of last week, the company took another chance—a controversially fantastic production of "The Tales of Hoffmann." I will say one thing for this production. It stimulated one's curiosity to the very end of an opera that tends to lag after the second act. But I cannot say that I

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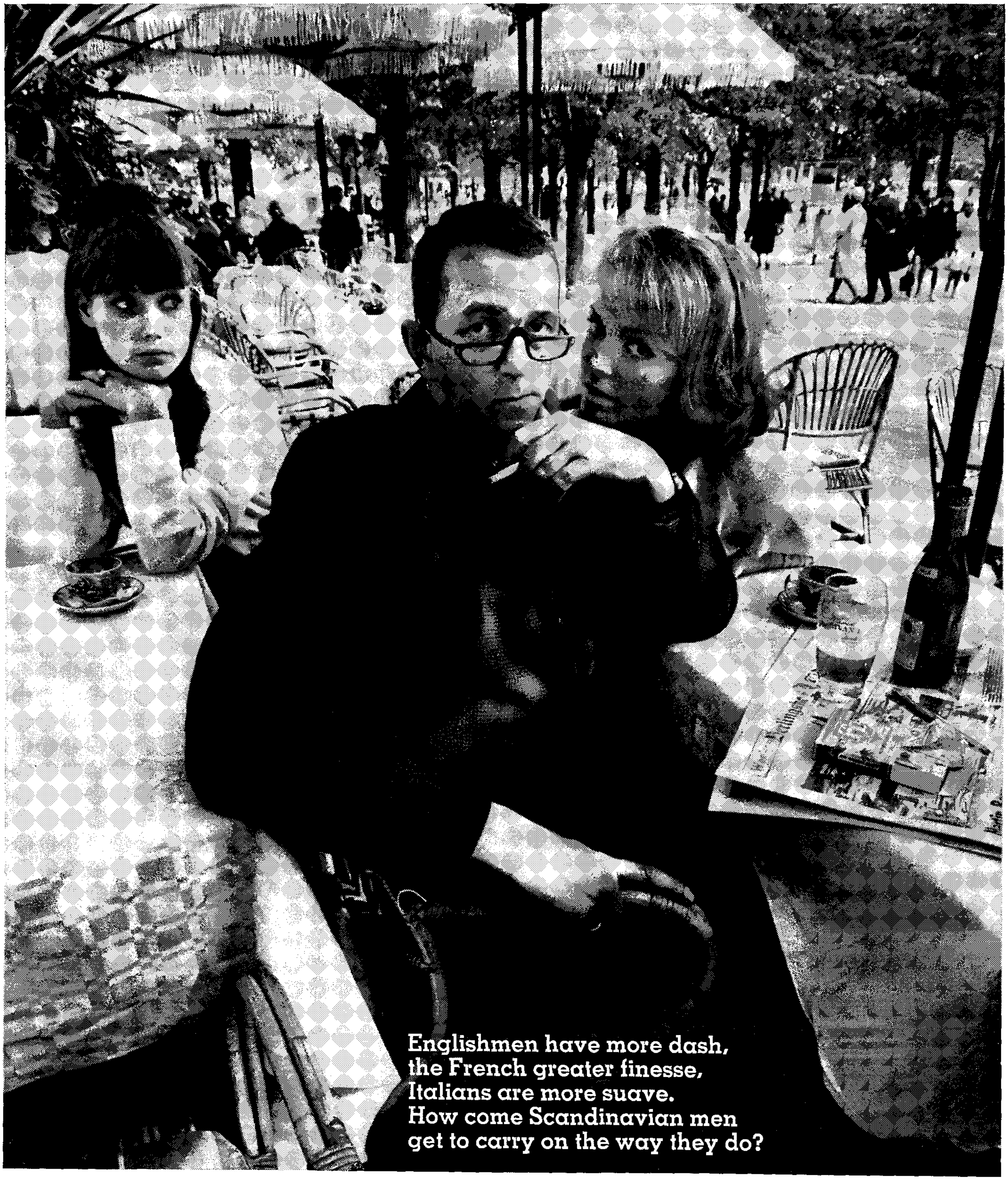
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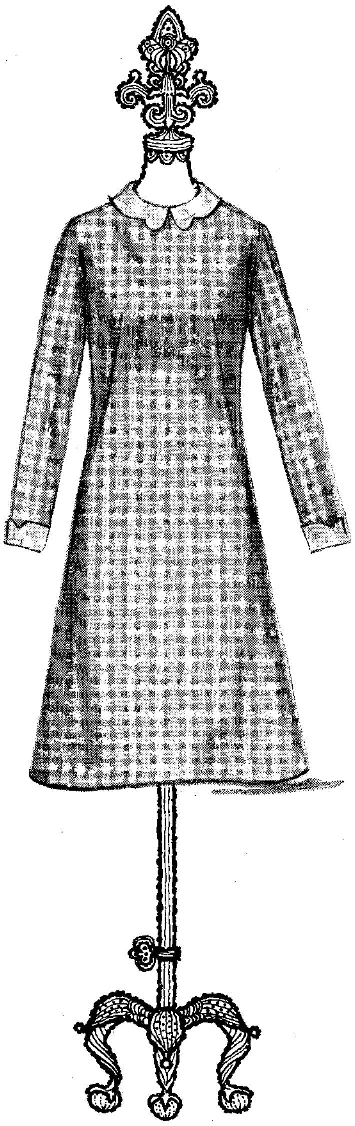

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liked it. The scenery and costumes were borrowed from the Cincinnati Summer Opera, as was the stage director, Tito Capobianco, a man of imaginative and sometimes outrageous ideas. The trouble with his production was that it strove for sensational effects, and heaped the fantastic onto Offenbach's fantasy to a point where method disappeared from the madness. The prologue and first act were relatively free of this sort of thing. But the Venetian scene seemed to be taking place in some submarine grotto (a moving curtain at the back depicting gondolas didn't help a bit), with Dapertutto looking like a rare, feather-crowned aquatic arthropod. The duel with Schlemil was carried out with imaginary swords, and thus one of the most exciting moments in all opera looked like a children's mock fight. As for the romantic atmosphere of Venice, on which so much of the scene's effectiveness hangs, it was simply absent. In the last act, the mother's portrait, instead of becoming animated in a truly spooky way, suddenly lit up to present a sort of screaming Pop Art caricature, and the servant Franz went around with two enormous earphones permanently stuck on his head. (He's supposed to be deaf. Get it?) All this was awfully provincial, in a way, since points that are obvious to an average audience were often underlined as if they were intended for the diversion of a group of backward children.

Setting the production aside, the musical performance, under the baton of Julius Rudel, was absolutely splendid. The orchestral playing and the stage ensembles were as fine as you will hear anywhere. Beverly Sills, whose talents I still don't seem to have completely fathomed, undertook all three female roles—a feat not often attempted—and, though her voice is a little light for Act II, did them in a memorable manner (her coloratura in Act I was particularly impressive, and she has a real trill, not a mere approximation of one). Norman Treigle did all four of the sinister roles. He didn't quite dare to take the high note at the end of the diamond aria (it is a horrendously difficult one for a deep bass, and he sang it a third lower). But otherwise his singing was of the finest quality, and his acting hair-raising, as it should be. Norman Kelley took all the servant roles, including the one with the earphones, and though they hardly provided scope for his outstanding comic talents, he did what he had to do well. Among the lesser participants, Ara Berberian was an effective Crespel. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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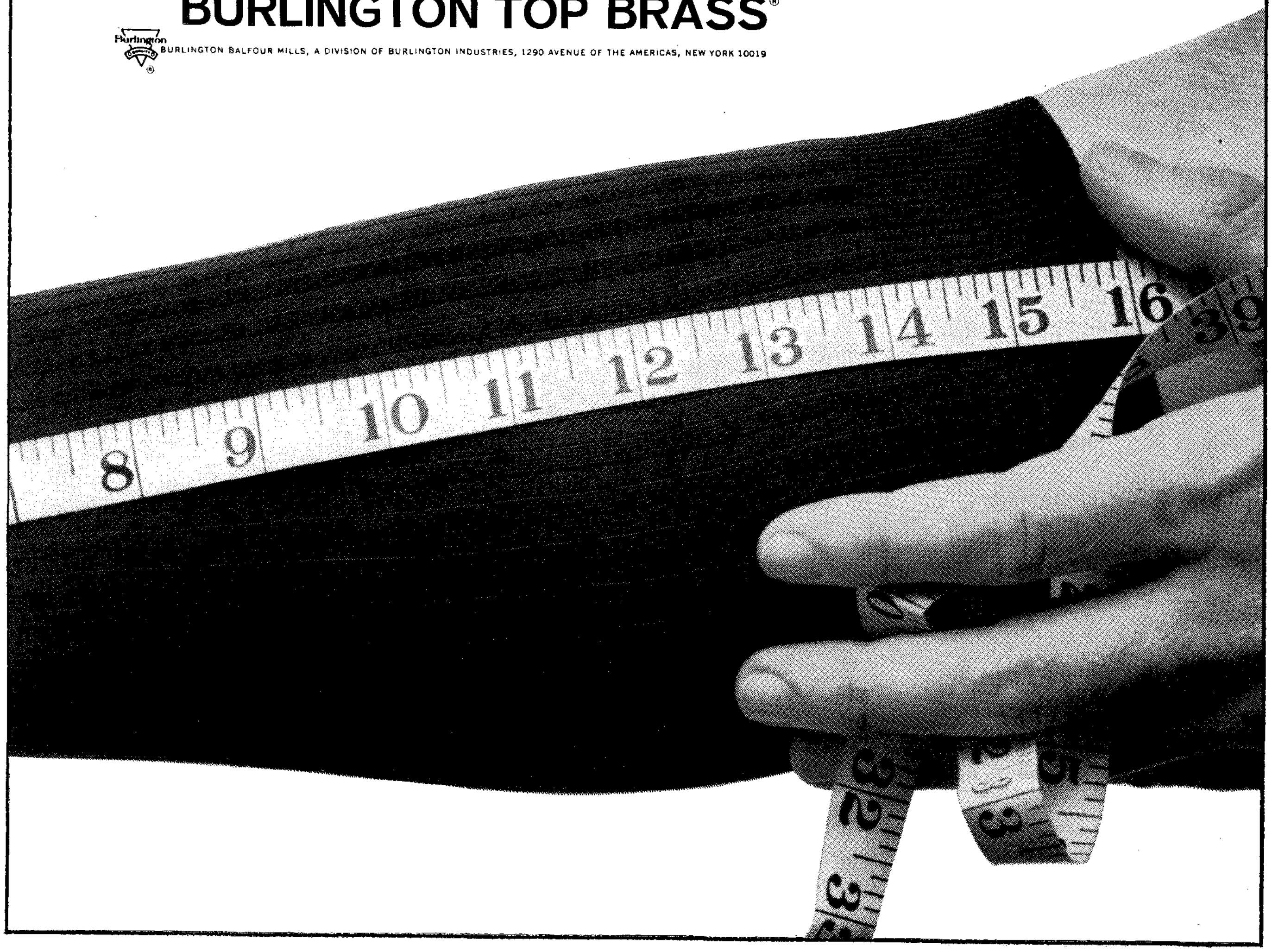

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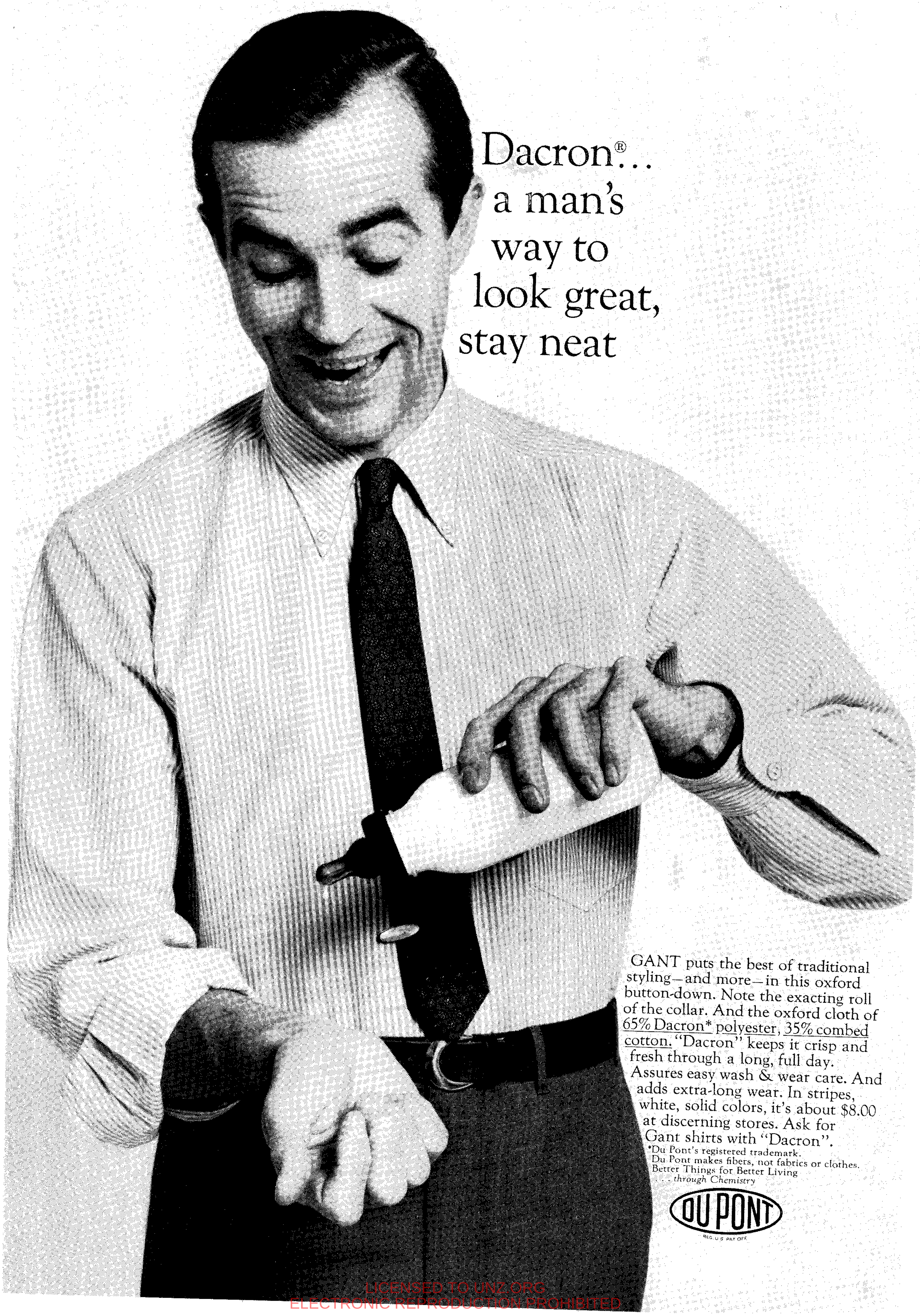
Los Baños, The Philippines

UNLESS population trends change markedly in the next thirty-five years, there will be six billion people on earth at the beginning of the new century. And unless dietary habits change radically, most of these people will eat more rice than any other food, and will live in the rice belt, which cuts a curving swath across the globe from West Pakistan to Japan. Today, more than ninety per cent of the billion and a half inhabitants of Asia, whose numbers are increasing by nearly a million a week, subsist mainly on rice, and around eighty per cent of them spend nearly all their time growing and distributing enough of it to keep them alive. Quite a few of them are barely able to manage that. The minimum theoretical intake on which an Asian can get by is generally accepted as twenty-three hundred calories a day, but the Asian's actual average intake is only two thousand and fifty; by contrast, a North American, whose average daily need is supposedly twenty-six hundred calories, actually averages thirty-one hundred. If today's Asians are ever to get plenty to eat, and if by the year 2000 their teeming descendants are to get *anything*, this may well be attributable to the efforts currently being made here, forty-two miles south of Manila, by an organization called the International Rice Research Institute, which in the last three years has taken remarkable strides toward improving the production of *Oryza sativa*, as rice is known to those relatively few human beings who, exempt from the treadmill task of coaxing it from the ground, have the leisure to study it. The Institute, having been established by acrostic-loving Americans, is known for short as IRRI, which is locally pronounced "eerie." This seems curiously fitting, since most people, who think of rice as being a rather uniform kind of cereal, find it weird to learn that the scientists at Los Baños are experimenting with close to ten thousand varieties and strains of it.

Indeed, *Oryza sativa* is a complicated and sometimes exasperating plant, and, in one or another of the many forms it takes (it even comes in various colors and in black, although the so-called "black" rice is, like black tulips, purple), it has far more claim than bread to be known as the universal staff of life. Yet rice is hardly the ideal food. In all of its guises, it contains ninety per cent starch and a mere eight per cent protein. (Add a pinch of crude fibre, fat, and mineral ash.) Because its protein content is so miserly, the only regions in the world where beriberi still flourishes are those whose residents eat scarcely anything but rice. As most Occidentals know, the food value of rice is a good deal higher when it is eaten with its bran hull intact (in this form it is called brown rice), but the bran contains oil that makes rice spoil if it is stored very long, and, anyway, the great majority of rice eaters prefer their rice white and polished—a partiality that induces some rice merchants to increase the aesthetic attraction of their wares by dusting them with talcum powder. Yet, for all its nutritional inadequacy, rice has certain advantages over other edible crops. In almost all circumstances, its yield per acre is substantially greater than that of wheat. And it will grow just about anywhere. It is an aquatic plant, its topmost leaves drawing oxygen from the air and transmitting the oxygen to its submerged roots, but it will thrive as well in areas with an annual rainfall of twenty inches as in those with two hundred; indeed, it grows least well in areas with a heavy rainfall, because it gets the least sunlight there. Yet most of the people who are utterly dependent on rice live in such tropical or semi-tropical areas. Rice does fine in Texas and California, and its rich green shoots are a common sight in a good part of Africa and South America. The Po Valley of Italy, the southern plains of Spain, the Nile-washed fields of Egypt, and the broad outback of Australia boast rich stands of rice. All these regions lumped together, though, account for only eight per cent of the two hundred and fifty million tons of rice that the world now consumes annually. The rest is grown in Asia, where a family of five eats, or would like to eat, a ton of rice a year; where, simply to maintain per-capita consumption at its present scanty level, an additional ten million tons of rice must somehow be forthcoming every twelve months; and where, however simple the rest of the world may consider rice to be, the infinite subtle nuances of *Oryza sativa* are much pondered and appreciated. Japan grows a lot of rice, but its ancient emperors were traditionally served rice from Taiwan, which was considered especially well suited to the imperial taste. The emperors of China, for their part, were fond of rice from the region that is now the New Territories of Hong Kong. By the time this rice had travelled overland to Peking, it was often somewhat moldy, and as a result most of the inhabitants of that imperial city, following their rulers' lead, took to expressing deep admiration for moldy rice, and anyone who had the temerity to indicate a preference for a less contaminated rice was regarded with suspicion. In Asia today, the kind of rice that people consume is frequently considered an accurate gauge of their economic status. Social workers investigating a Hong Kong family that has applied for welfare aid are apt to start by sizing up the quality of the rice in the household bin. (What many Americans consider the fanciest rice there is, wild rice, happens not to be rice at all, but the grain of an unrelated tall aquatic grass, indigenous to and cultivated in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and formally called *Zizania aquatica*. An American currently living in Hong Kong received a package of this non-wild non-rice from home not long ago, and gave it to his Chinese cook to prepare. The cook served it up in due course, but he made no bones about his contempt for this patently fraudulent masquerade, and he has never quite trusted his master since.)

The origins of *Oryza sativa* are obscure, except that it is unarguably a plant native to Asia. "*Oryza*," which



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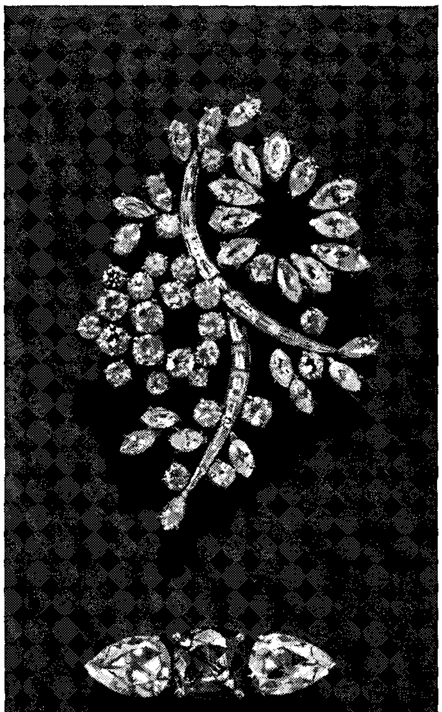

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is the Latin word for "rice," derives from a homonymous Greek word meaning "Oriental" ("*sativa*" is Latin for "sown"), and from it have evolved the cereal's many names—the Italian "*riso*," the French "*riz*," the German "*reis*," the Spanish "*arroz*," and, of course, "rice." The most generally held belief is that rice first sprouted in Indo-China more than five thousand years ago, and was carried to other regions by migrants. The Chinese are known to have had it as far back as 3000 B.C., and in India two thousand years later there were already many recorded varieties, graded according to their nutritional worth. By the beginning of the Christian Era, rice was firmly rooted in lands as widely separated as Japan and Persia. Arab caravans introduced it to Egypt, whence it spread southward into Africa, and the Arabs also took it to Spain, from which it was passed along throughout Europe and to South America. Malayans carried rice to their African outpost of Madagascar, now the Malagasy Republic, and rice reached North America toward the end of the seventeenth century, when a ship from that island put in at Charleston, South Carolina, and the captain gave a bag of it to Landgrave Thomas Smith, the governor of the colony. Some of the glacierlike wanderings of rice are baffling. There is no authoritative explanation, for instance, of the genesis of the celebrated Ifugao rice terraces, in the Mountain Province of northern Luzon, a hundred and sixty-five miles north of Manila, where for three thousand years or more the grain has been grown in serried plots carved by hand from the slopes of five-thousand-foot mountains and complete with elaborate built-in irrigation systems and stone retaining walls that in some instances measure fifty feet from base to summit. The Ifugao terraces still produce rice, but their majesty is more impressive to the tourists who gape at them than to the natives who live off them, for these marvels of ancient agricultural enterprise do not yield enough today to nourish their tenders.

Few Asian rice growers go about their tedious business with what Westerners would regard as efficiency. The methods commonly used today—the snaillike plowing of the soil behind a broad-backed carabao, the hand planting of the precious seed, the patient transplantation, again by hand, of the infant seedlings, the interminable weeding, and, finally, the harvesting and threshing—are precisely the same as those depicted in the sixteenth-cen-

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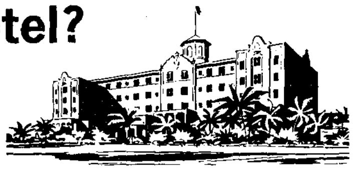

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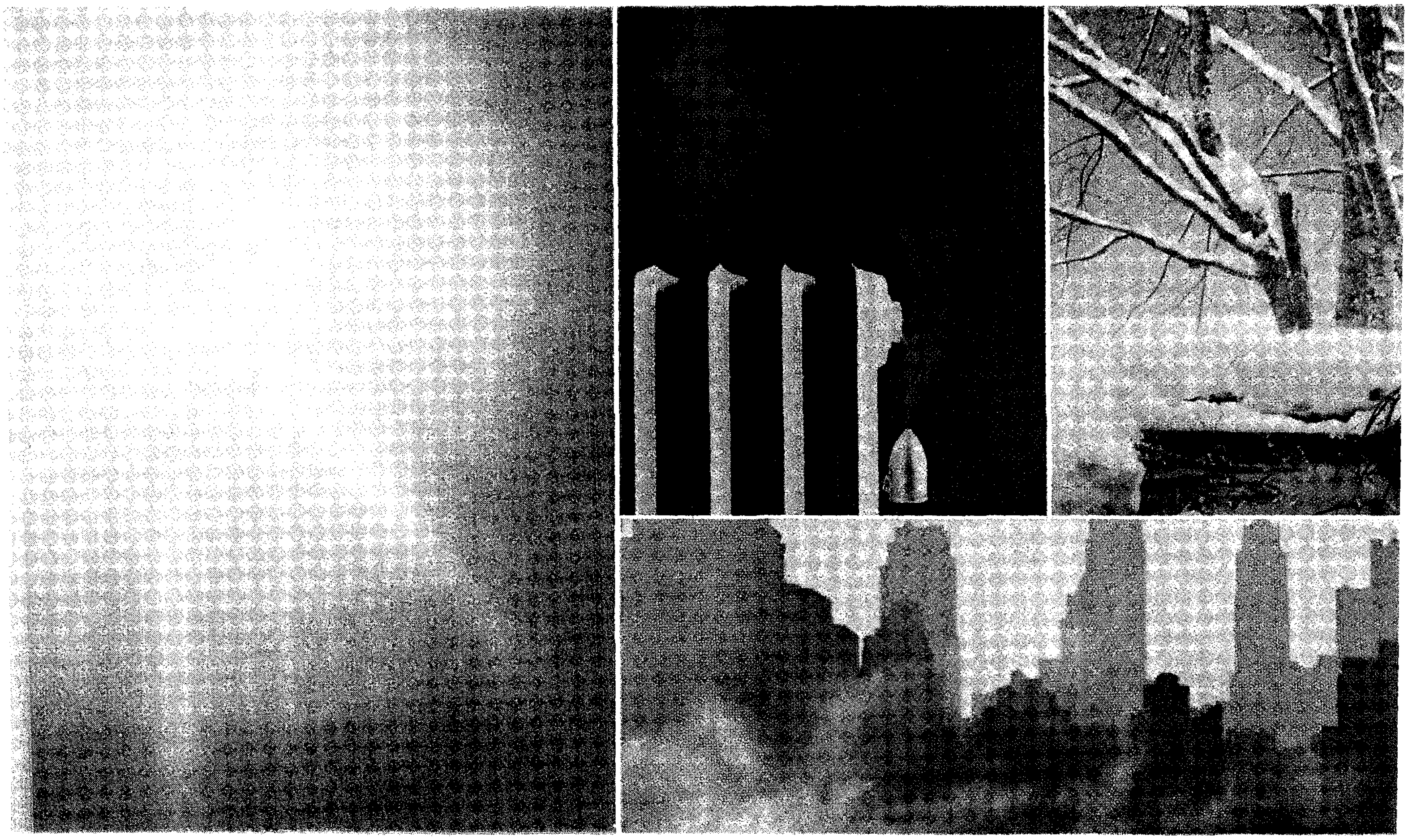

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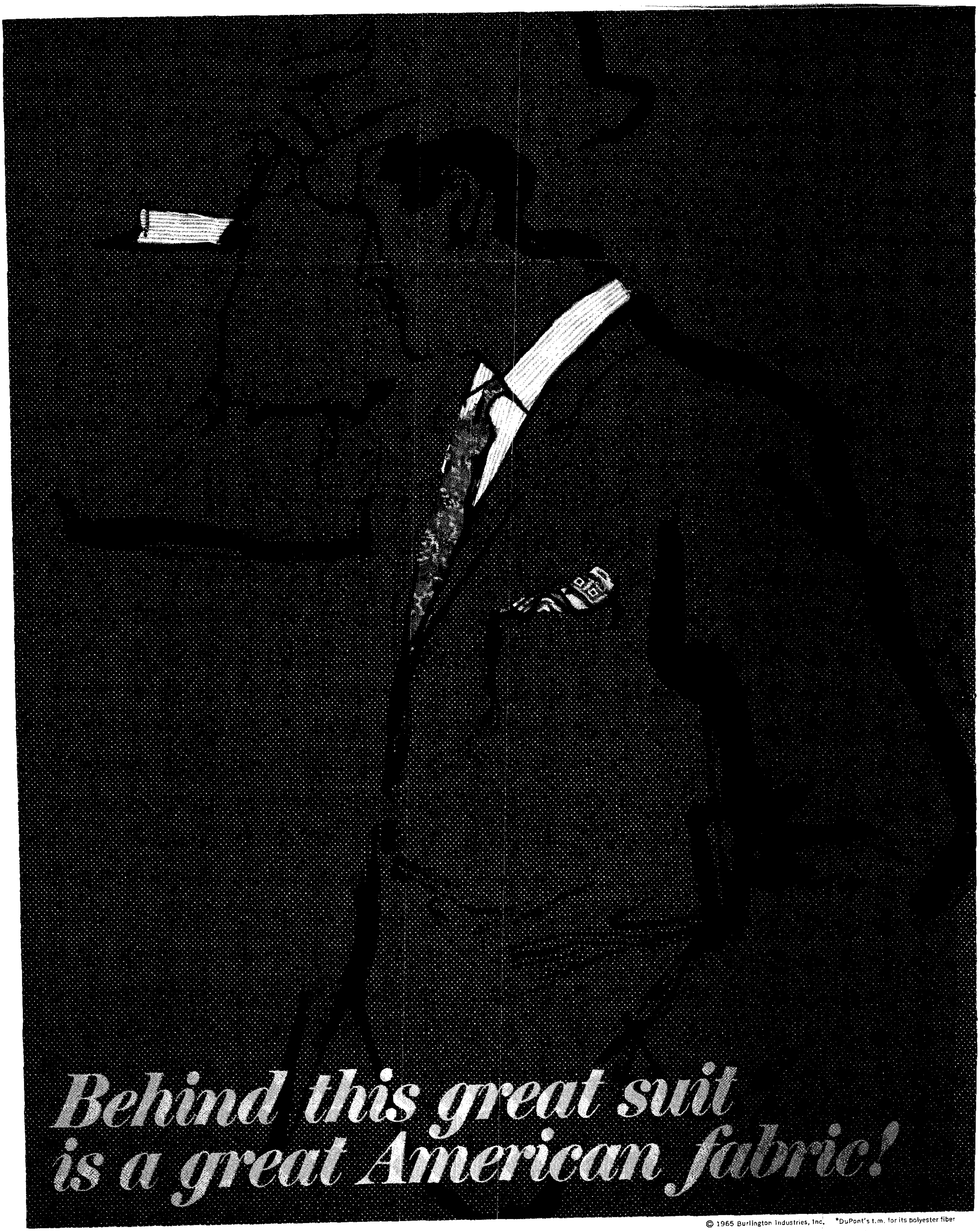
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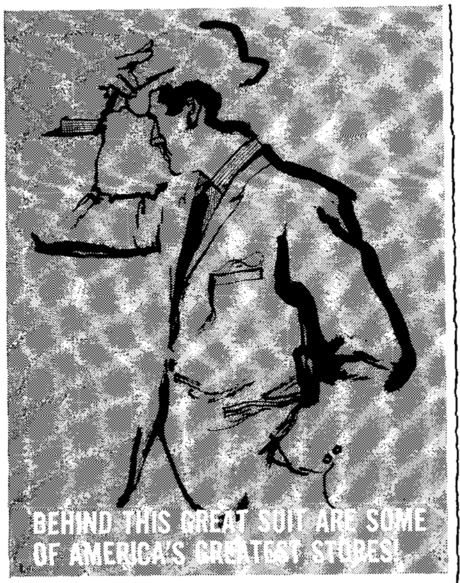
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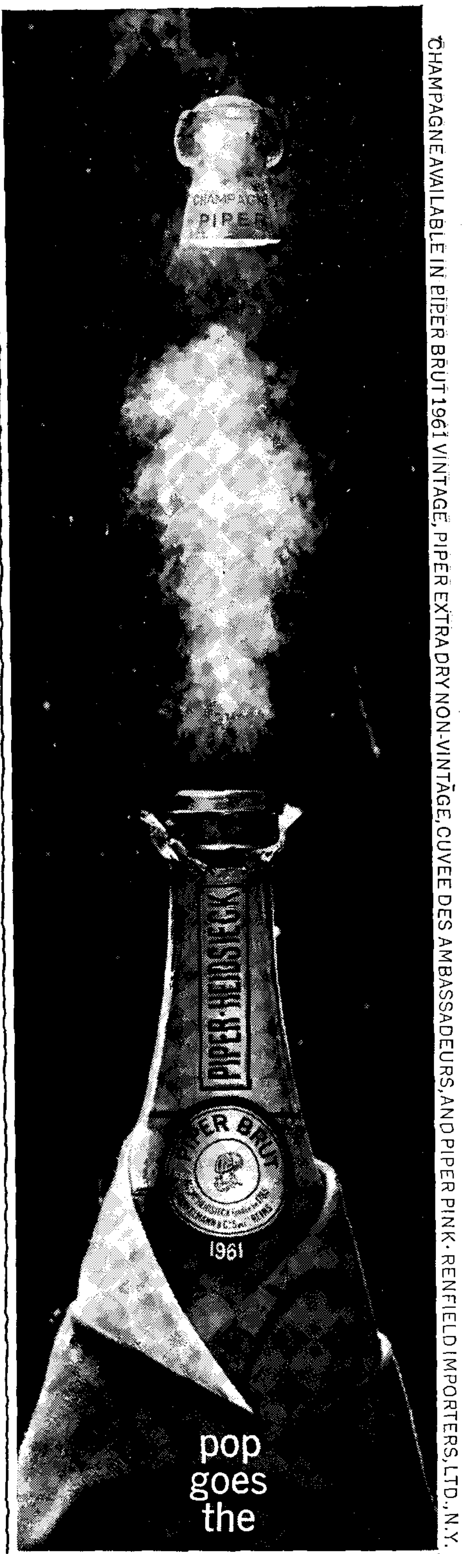
tury silk-screen paintings on display at the Daisen-in Temple in Kyoto and in the Ming Dynasty scroll paintings in the National Historical Museum at Taipei. The countries that need rice most have traditionally cultivated it worst. According to statistics compiled not long ago by the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations, the average yield of rice per acre is lowest in India, Thailand, the Philippines, Cambodia, and Laos, where rice is indispensable, and highest in Australia, Spain, Italy, the United Arab Republic, Japan, and the United States, in all of which except Japan rice is just another crop. Thirty times as much land is allocated to rice in Laos as in Australia, but the Laotian output is only four times the Australian. In Asia, more than two hundred and fifty million acres are devoted to rice, and about a thousand man-hours are devoted to each acre each year. That comes to two hundred and fifty billion man-hours annually—or, if this monumental drudgery were to be shared by all mankind, eighty hours a year for everyone on earth. As one of the staff members of the International Rice Research Institute—a soil chemist from Ceylon named Felix N. Ponnamperuma, who is also something of a rice historian and philosopher—put it recently, "Too many people in Asia labor too hard to produce too little rice."

The perennial scarcity of rice in Asia has made it far more precious than jewels. Some Sumatrans won't take their wages in cash, insisting on rice; the managers of rubber plantations there, accordingly, allot part of their acreage to rice, so they can meet their payrolls. In Japan, where the sacredness of rice is second only to that of the emperor, one may waste money without criticism, but wasting rice is a serious offense against society. The first lessons in table manners that are taught to young Japanese have to do with rice-eating etiquette, and children are told awesome stories in their impressionable years about the terrible things that can happen to people who misuse rice. Conversely, the heroine of one Japanese tale is a kitchen maid who installed a strainer in a sink drain to keep leftover grains from vanishing when she washed the household pot. For many Japanese, the highest goal of life on earth is to eat rice three times a day, and there are Japanese who firmly believe that abstaining from rice for a single twenty-four-hour stretch can have fatal consequences. Japan abounds with shrines consecrated to a



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rice god, Inari, and rice not only figures importantly in the coronation ceremonies of a Japanese emperor but is important in the religious rituals of many of his subjects. In one prefecture, it was long the custom to seek relief from droughts by gorging the chief priest with *sake*—which is, of course, made from rice—and tossing him into a pond. When he came to the surface, he would be fished out, plied with more *sake*, and thrown back in. This would be repeated until he failed to bob up, at which point the gods of rain were presumed to have got the word. Ultimately, the sunken holy man would be retrieved and, with luck, resuscitated. There are also plenty of illustrations of the continuing significance of rice in Japan. Three times within the last year, crewmen on Japanese fishing boats who had wearied of life at sea forced their ships to return to port by the simple expedient of flinging the vessels' rice caldrons overboard. As for China, the gravest insult one Chinese can offer another is to overturn his rice bowl deliberately, and one Chinese way of saying "How do you do?" is "Have you eaten your rice today?" The Chinese make a dentifrice from rice leaves, chew rice stalks as a cure for biliousness, and heal wounds by daubing them with rice-stalk ash. The practice of pelting newlyweds with rice most likely derived from the Chinese, who thought that sprinkling a handful in front of a bride would insure a fecund marriage. The fecundity of present-day Asians is one reason so many of them haven't enough rice.

In Bali, rice itself is thought to be the offspring of a notably fecund marriage—or, at any rate, mating. According to Balinese folklore, the God of the Underworld raped Mother Earth and left her pregnant with Rice. On the island of Amboina, in the Banda Sea, it is considered reprehensible to fire guns or make any other loud noises near blooming rice, for the rice is thought to be like a pregnant woman in that any unexpected uproar may cause it to miscarry, and produce straw instead of grain. Some Indonesians feed their maturing rice plants the same kind of food they give expectant mothers, and then, when the seed-carrying panicles at the top of the plants begin to swell, they smear pap on the blossoms, as if they were feeding babies. These Indonesians also go out of their way to make the harvesting process as painless as possible. They hide their knives until just before they use them, and while the reapers are lopping off the ripe grain, they talk to each other

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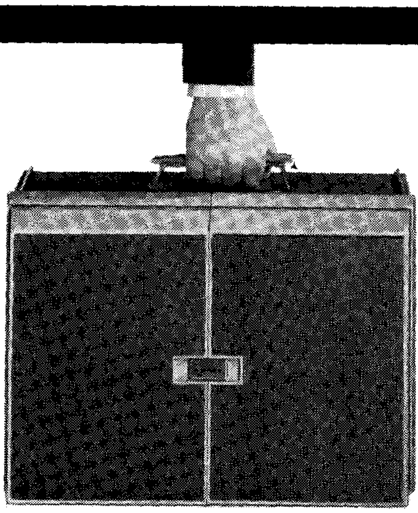

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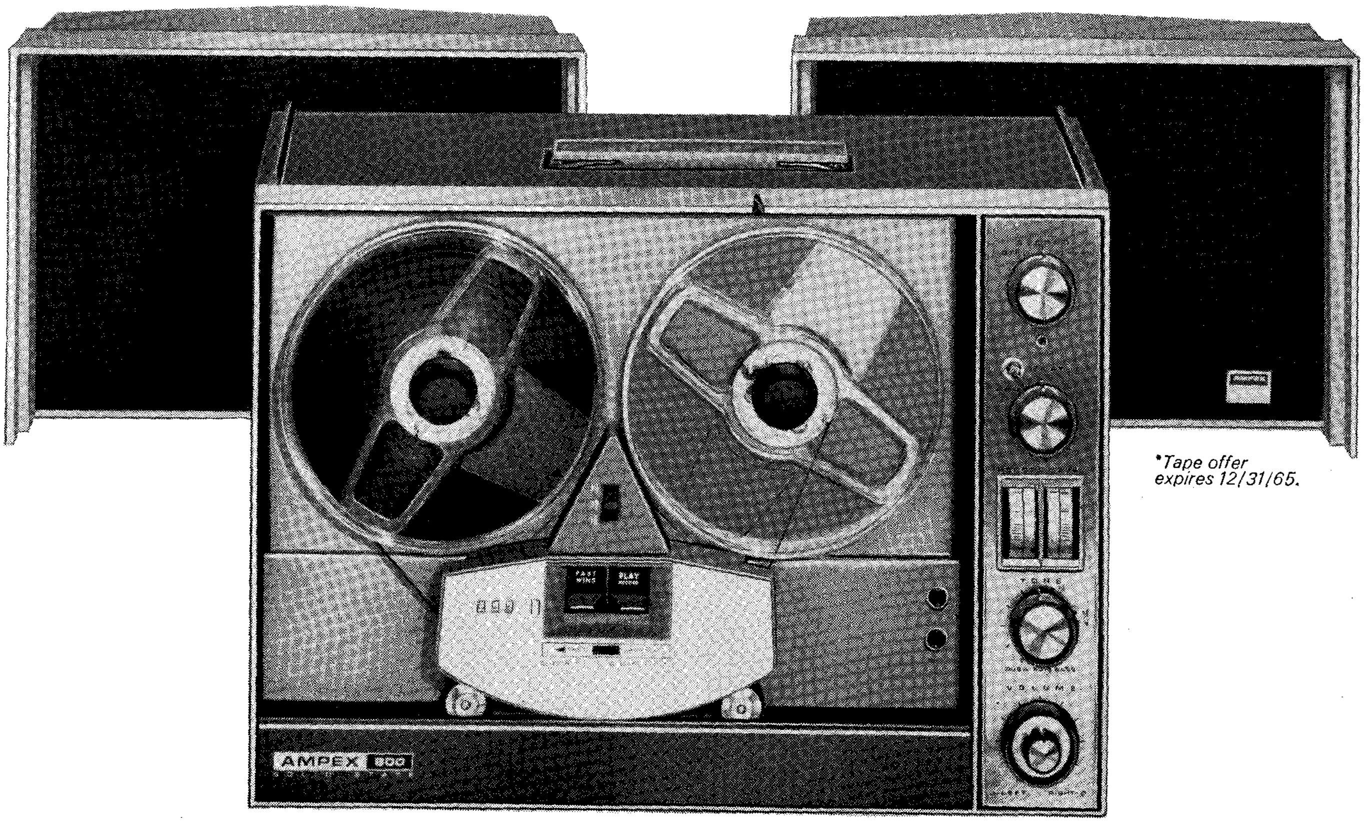

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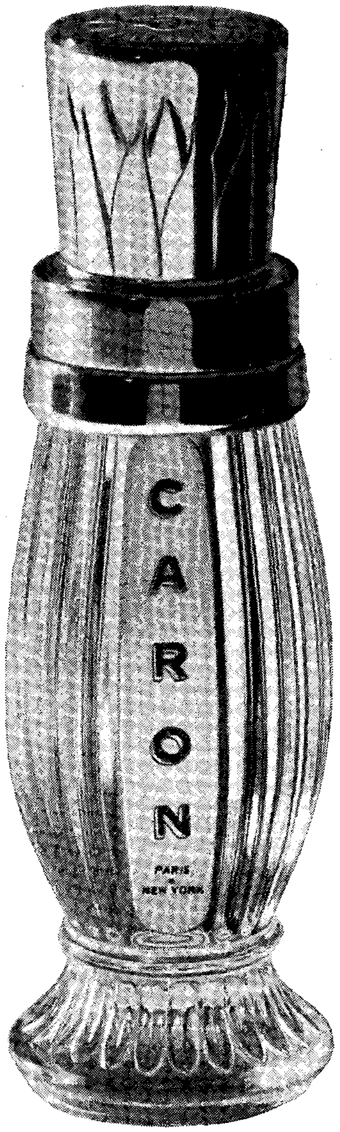

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in an arcane language, so that the rice plants won't know what is going on. In one region or another, every phase of rice culture is surrounded by special customs and regulations. At planting time in southeast Mindanao, the holes for the rice seeds are dug exclusively by men and boys, whose digging sticks, embellished with bamboo clappers and cocks' feathers, must be held at a forty-five-degree angle to the ground, and the seeds are dropped into the holes by women and girls, who may use only their right hands. In primitive sections of Malaysia, when rice is transplanted, the women officiate, and they may handle the seedlings only with their left hands, and must keep their tongues tightly pressed against the roofs of their mouths. And some Ceylonese women wouldn't dare plant rice without consulting astrologers, who tell them what clothes to wear.

THE International Rice Research Institute, which, in its own, unsuperstitious way, respects rice as much as any of the legions of rice venerators elsewhere, owes its existence to the compassion of Henry Wallace, a corn man. In 1941, when Mr. Wallace was Vice-President of the United States, he got to worrying about Mexico, which had a fast-growing population and a lagging production of its basic foods—corn, wheat, and beans. Government-aid programs being much skimpier then than they are now, Mr. Wallace appealed for help to the Rockefeller Foundation, which had theretofore concentrated chiefly on health programs, and the Foundation soon decided to embark—with the concurrence and coöperation of the Mexican government—on a ten-year, five-million-dollar research project below the border. Its object was to improve the varieties of Mexico's three main crops and to improve the methods used in growing them. In 1943, when the program got under way, Mexico was so short of wheat that it was spending more than fifty million dollars annually to import and mill it. Today, though Mexico's population is twice what it was then, there is more than enough home-grown wheat to go around. Corn and beans are abundant, too, and in twenty-two years the average daily intake of all foods in Mexico has risen from a puny seventeen hundred calories per capita to an acceptable twenty-seven hundred. And not only has Mexico conquered hunger—at any rate, in an over-all, statistical sense—but it has trained seven hundred agricultural specialists to spread its new know-how

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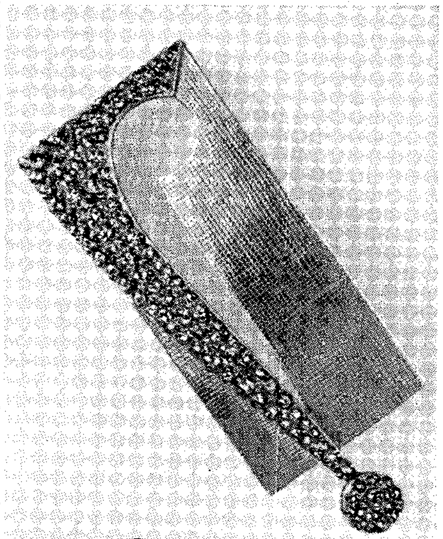

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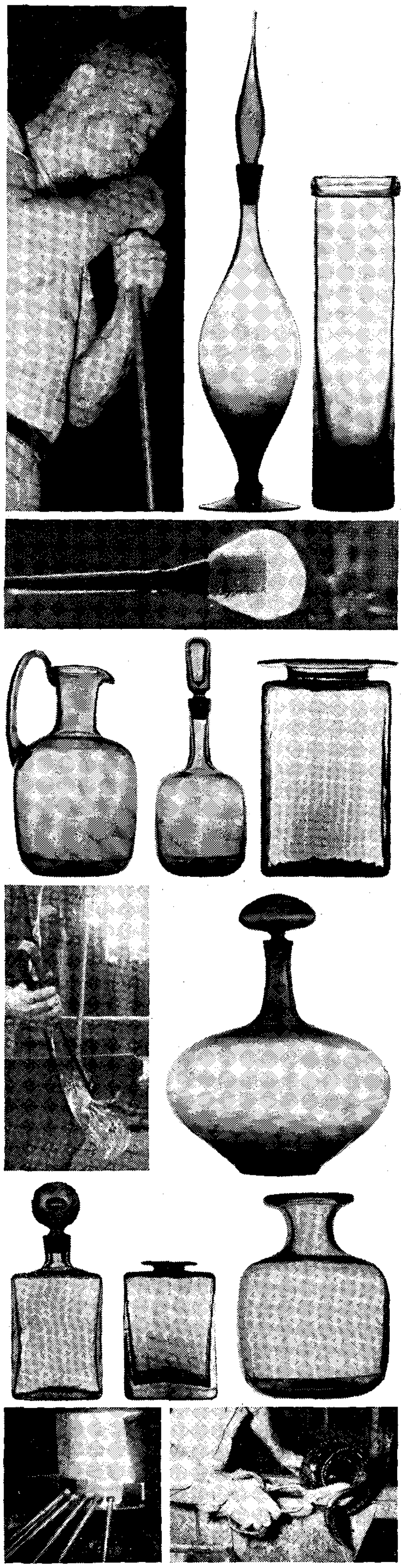

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throughout South America and to places as far off as Pakistan and the Sudan.

One of the men who were in on the Mexican venture from the start was Dr. J. George Harrar, who was then the Rockefeller Foundation's chief agriculturist and is now its president. Impressed by the fruitful results of the Mexican campaign, Dr. Harrar thought that the Foundation should press on with food research, and do something on a worldwide scale. Rice seemed the logical target, but it also seemed an awfully big one. "We had learned enough in Mexico to be able to mount a full-scale attack on a basic human problem," Dr. Harrar said recently. "Even so, I suspected that rice was a little large for us to swallow alone." Ultimately, the Rockefeller Foundation, which was then under the presidency of Dean Rusk, sought, and quickly obtained, the collaboration of the Ford Foundation. In 1959, the two eleemosynary giants resolved to set up a worldwide rice-research center. There were several such institutions in Asia already, but none of them functioned on an international scale. The Ford Foundation was to provide the capital funds, amounting to some seven million nine hundred thousand dollars, and the Rockefeller Foundation was to provide the operating funds—amounting to some seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—recruit the principal administrators, and pay their salaries.

Since rice was most widely consumed and worst cultivated in the tropics, everyone concerned thought that a tropical site would be desirable for the institute, and toward the end of 1959 the two foundations picked Los Baños, and acquired, with the help of the Philippine government, a two-hundred-and-twenty-acre tract adjoining the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines. Having that particular kind of academic neighbor seemed advantageous. Moreover, Los Baños has an unvaryingly sultry climate, its mean temperature of 77.2° Fahrenheit for the coldest month of the year, January, being only five degrees cooler than that for April, the hottest month, and a little rain falling almost every day during eight months of the year, and lots of it some days. (During the Second World War, Los Baños was the site of a Japanese prison camp, where three thousand Americans and other non-Japanese were held for nearly three years, many of them starving for lack of rice or anything else.) Still another reason for the selection of Los

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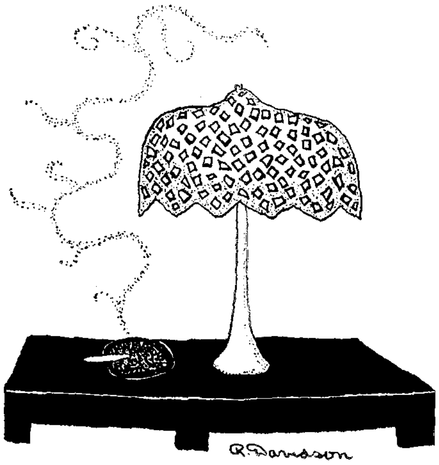
Baños was that any high productivity of rice achieved there would be the more noteworthy because, as in most other tropical rice-growing areas, the conventional yields were a mere third of those achieved in temperate zones. The average annual yield of rice in the Philippines is only twelve hundred and eighty pounds per acre, and, like Mexico in 1943, the Philippines today must import grain. At harvest time, anyone making the hour-and-a-half drive from Manila to Los Baños can readily see how sparse the local rice crops are. Along the highway, one passes innumerable rice-straw mats with small heaps of unthreshed rice strewn upon them to dry. The farmers whose rice it is want it to dry as rapidly as possible, so they can thresh it and eat it. They have no larders to draw on. This rice, when it dries, will be their next meal, and some of them hover near their spread-out mats to guard the modest hoard against predatory chickens, acquisitive neighbors, hungry transients alighting from jeepney buses, and, above all, sudden downpours.

The International Rice Research Institute actually began work in February of 1962, and in its three years of existence it has become the mecca of the rice world. It has held the first international conference ever to be devoted exclusively to rice genetics, cytogenetics, and taxonomy, and the first one to be devoted exclusively to blast, a dread fungus disease that afflicts no economic plant but rice. In the course of this conference, scientists from fifteen nations heard papers with titles like "Effects of Environmental Factors on Development of the Causal Fungus, Infection, Disease Development, and Epidemiology in the Rice Blast Disease" and "Techniques and Equipment for Studying Relationships of Climate to Blast Development." The delegates to such gatherings convene in a handsome glass-and-aluminum complex of air-conditioned offices, laboratories,



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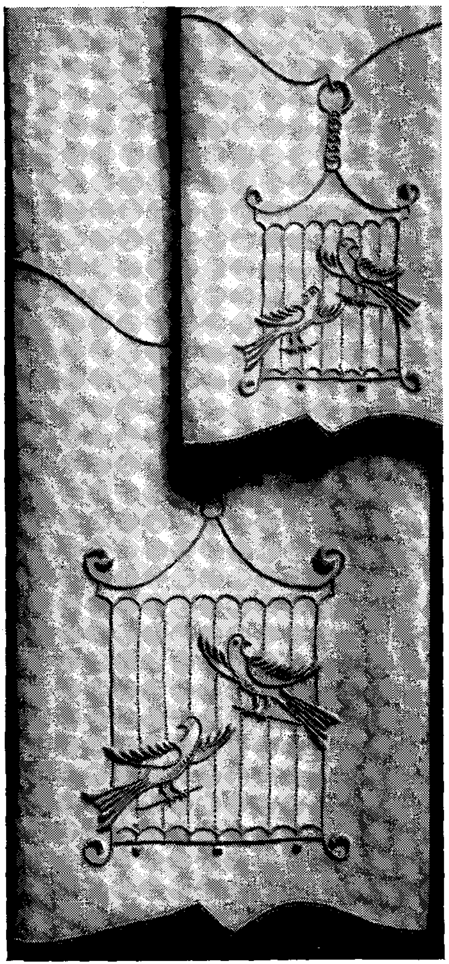

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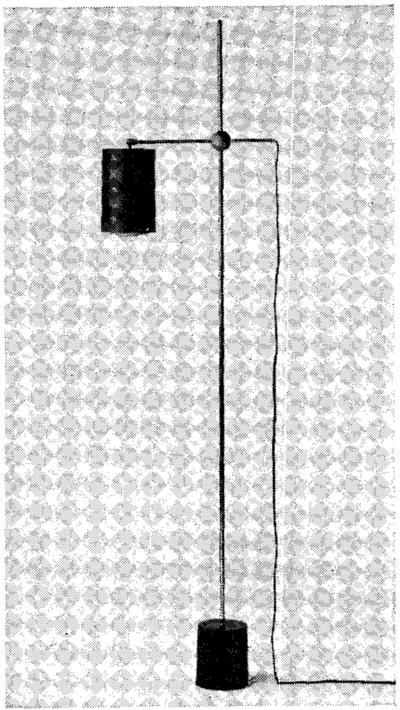
greenhouses, and so on that are grouped around a fountain-splashed courtyard pool. A couple of miles away, in a separate twenty-acre enclave, is a residential area for the IRRI staff, with air-conditioned houses, a swimming pool, a tennis court, and other amenities characteristic of affluent Americans abroad. The entire installation is so different from the ramshackle construction characteristic of much Filipino life at home that while the Institute was coming into being, the place attracted a good many sightseers. And once IRRI became a going concern, so many more tourists began turning up—Manila sightseeing buses brought out a thousand a week—that visiting-hour rules had to be imposed and strictly enforced in order that rice researchers might carry on their work in reasonable tranquillity. Since then, the King and Queen of Thailand have stopped by, and so have the Prime Minister of Japan, the Crown Princess of the Netherlands, and the President of Mexico. During Señor López Mateo's visit, the College of Agriculture wanted to give him a twenty-one-gun salute as he crossed its campus en route to the Institute, but the poultry department expressed apprehension about the effect that this unaccustomed din might have on the laying schedule of its hens, so the notion was abandoned. IRRI graciously improvised an alternative, rendering a quiet but striking salute with jets of water from its courtyard fountains.

Even before the Institute's buildings began to rise, its administrators got in a considerable amount of work. For one thing, they combed the world for rice-seed samples, ultimately acquiring some seven thousand varieties and strains (three thousand more have been added since), from seventy-three rice-growing countries. IRRI keeps its seeds in a locked, refrigerated vault, where it is hoped they will remain viable for twenty years, and, as a further safeguard against the destruction of this rare seed bank by some natural or man-made catastrophe, a duplicate bank is being established at Fort Collins, Colorado, where the United States Department of Agriculture has long maintained a depository for all sorts of cereals. For another thing, the Institute's planners laid out their experimental fields—roughly two hundred of them, covering an acre apiece—in such a way that each one, thanks to an elaborate underground irrigation system, can be flooded or parched or supplied with any intermediate amount of water that a research project might require. The subsurface is honey-



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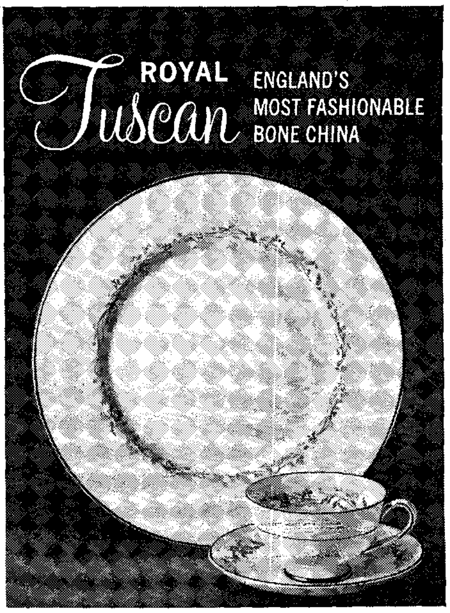

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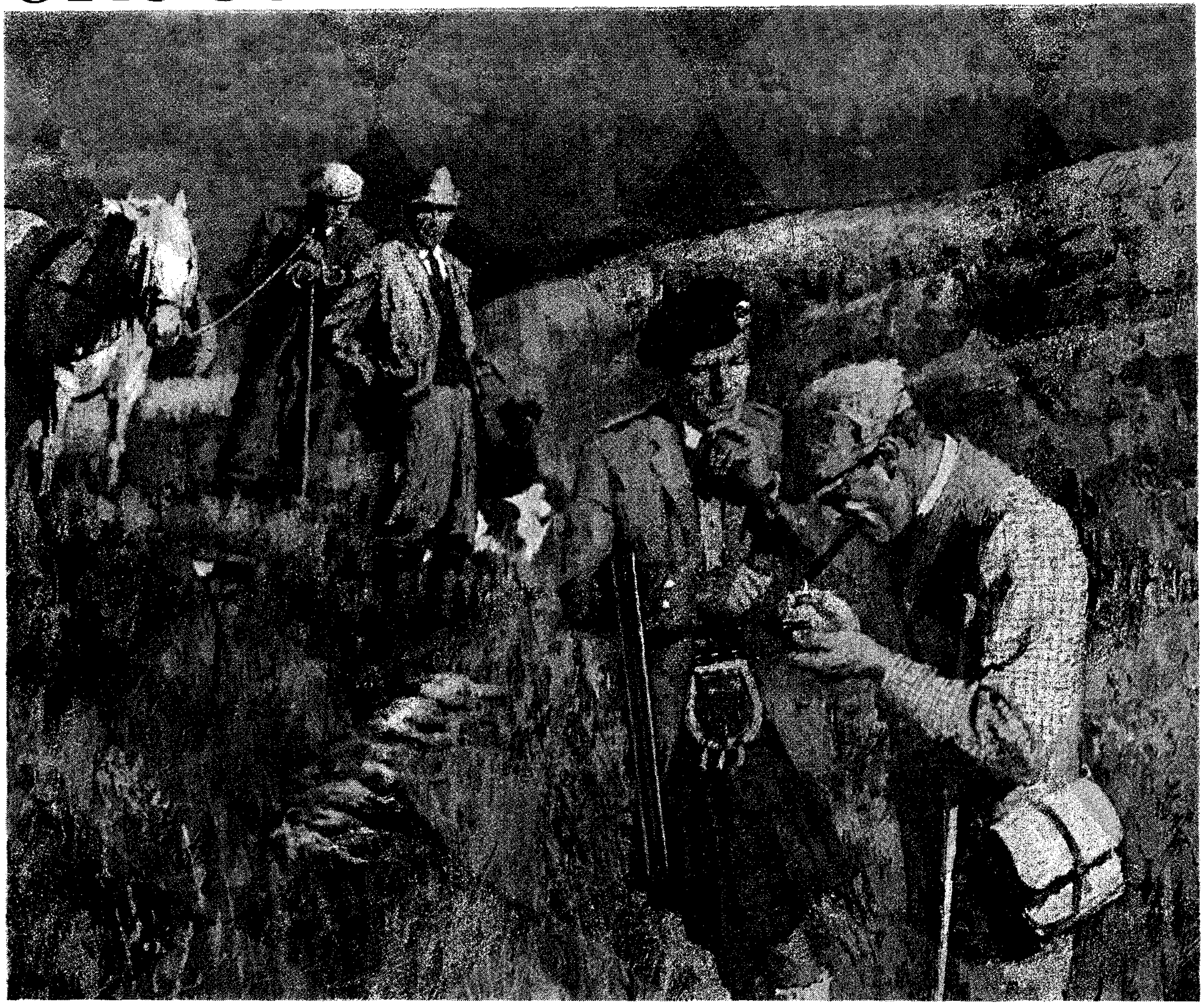

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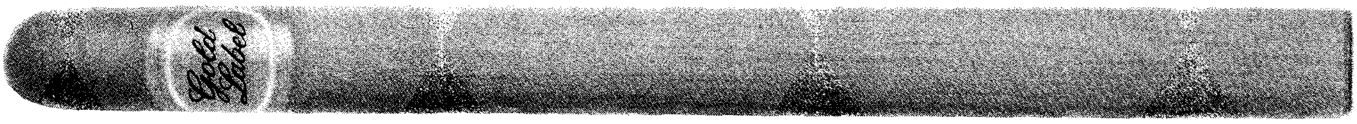

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combed with concrete pipes, which are fed by three wells, one of them with a round-the-clock capacity of six hundred gallons a minute. Unfortunately, there are hot springs around Los Baños, so the water from this big well comes out at a temperature of 118° Fahrenheit. It has to be cooled before being circulated, for early experiments at IRRI demonstrated that most kinds of rice do best when they are irrigated with water at temperatures between 86° and 95°, and that for all kinds 104° is the hottest irrigation tolerable.

Still another preparatory venture was the cataloguing and assembling of the world's contemporary rice literature. Almost as soon as the decision was made to establish an institute, the Rockefeller Foundation had assigned to one of its staff members, Dr. Dorothy Parker, the job of compiling a rice bibliography. With the help of the National Agricultural Library in Washington, D.C., and others, she dug up nearly nine thousand works that had been published on rice merely between 1951 and 1960, and from all this research evolved the "International Bibliography of Rice Research," an eight-hundred-and-eighty-one-page volume, published in 1961, of which over two hundred pages are index. The IRRI library now harbors all the works cited in the bibliography, along with quite a few that are even more recent, and the Institute has assumed the task of publishing annual supplements to the master bibliography, and someday may even tackle the mountain of rice literature that antedates Dr. Parker's massive compilation. The library at Los Baños also contains a number of books about Southeast Asia—from which most of the resident rice scholars have been recruited—that mention rice only casually, if at all. "It is rice that brings us all together here, but we also want to understand each other better," I was told by the librarian, a young Filipino woman named Lina Manalo, whose home is in Manila and who took her library training at Rutgers, on a Fulbright. At the entrance to Miss Manalo's domain stands a wooden rice god from the Ifugao mountain terraces. The statue is bedecked with rice-straw earrings and has a dent in the top of its head. At harvest time at Ifugao, fresh pig's blood is poured into the concave pates of such images. At IRRI, grains of rice are substituted.

The Institute—which, it goes without saying, is a non-profit entity—is overseen by a suitably international board of trustees, with members from Japan, India, Taiwan, and Thailand as

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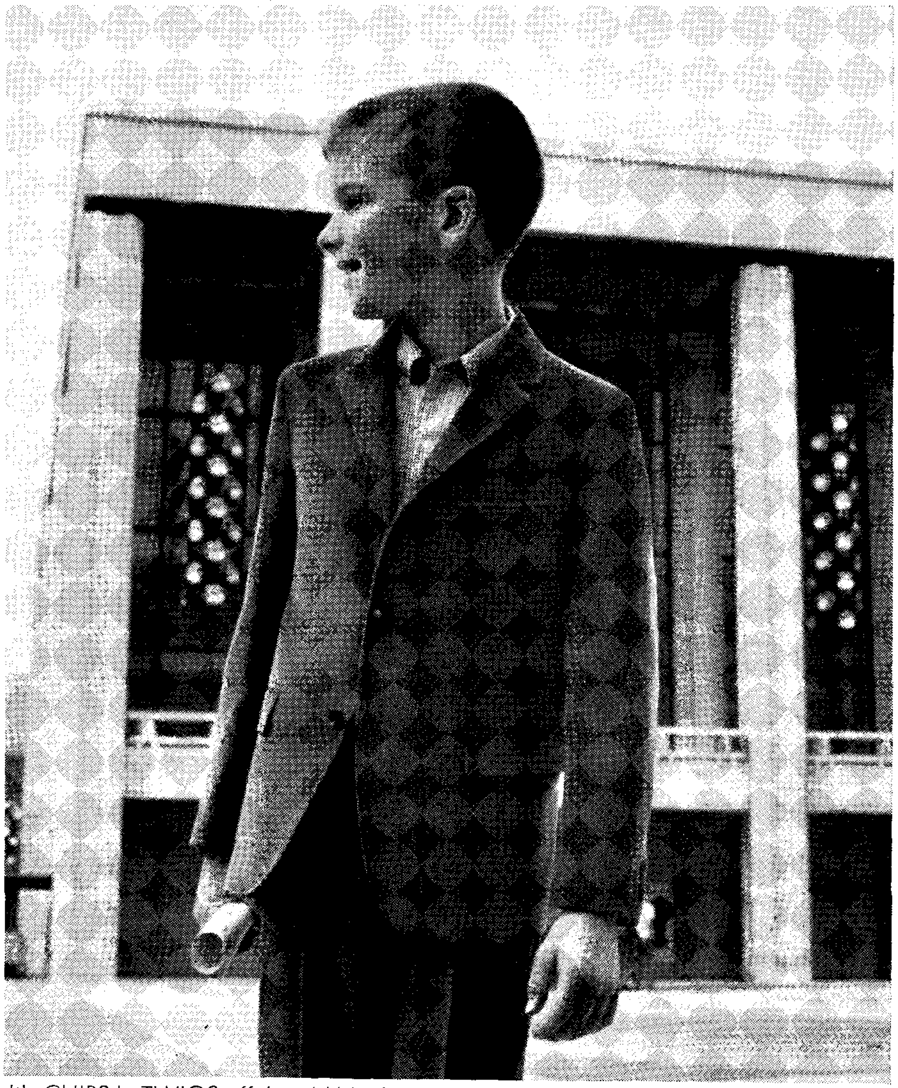

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well as from the Philippines and the United States, but the board meets only once a year. IRRI's full-time staff consists of four hundred and eighteen men and women, only three per cent of whom are Americans, and who include cytogeneticists, biochemists, agronomists, and soil chemists (one of these recently brought to light a startling and theretofore unsuspected correlation between the physicochemical properties and cooking qualities of rice), and is directed by Robert F. Chandler, Jr., a sandy-haired Ph.D. of fifty-eight who was raised on Maine potatoes and has been a Rockefeller Foundation man since 1954. Before that he was, successively, Dean of Agriculture and president of the University of New Hampshire, and before *that* he was a soil scientist at Cornell. He specialized in forest soils and had never laid eyes on a living rice plant until, at forty-one, he spotted one in a non-forested part of Texas. Dr. Chandler is not especially happy about the soil from which his Institute has sprung. "The soil here at Los Baños is very young—maybe only ten thousand years old—so it's highly productive," he told me. "I sometimes wish it weren't quite so good. In our experiments, we have to be careful about oversimplifying the soil factor." As a precautionary move, IRRI periodically imports crates of earth from other rice-growing areas. "We have a little part of almost every country here," one IRRI man remarked to me, gazing reflectively at a few square yards of the much fought-over soil of South Vietnam, which was packed in a box labelled "Acid Sulfate Soil for Experimental Purposes, No Commercial Value."

IRRI's scientists are as various as its substances. The chief entomologist is from India, the chief biochemist from Japan, and the chief plant pathologist from Taiwan. There are facilities for sixty trainees or scholars in residence, and at present only one of them, a plant physiologist, is from the United States. The rest are from Japan, India, the Philippines, Taiwan, Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam, South Korea, Pakistan, and Indonesia. They live on campus, in a three-story dormitory, whose ground-floor lounge has green carpeting dyed to match the color of the grass outside. (The Manila *Chronicle* has acclaimed the lounge as classier than that of any first-rate hotel in the Philippines.) The students, most of whom, it is hoped, will ultimately become missionaries bent on converting farmers in their own countries to practice what IRRI preaches, spend their

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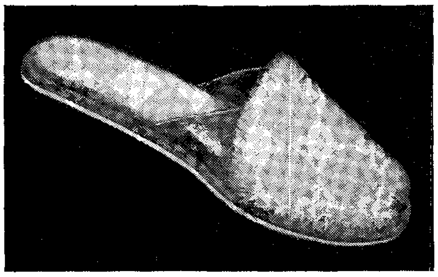

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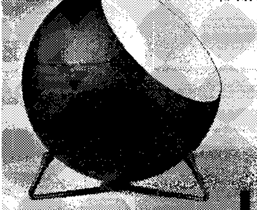

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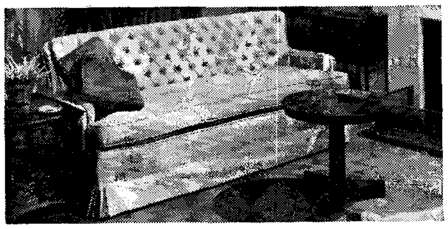

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days, and many of their nights, zealously concentrating on rice. Except for the lone American, rice is the staple diet in the homes of all of them, and it is served three times daily in the Institute's cafeteria. Some of the campus residents, however, are beginning to develop feelings about rice that are comparable to those of sugar-cane raisers who can't abide sweetened coffee. The rice purveyed at Los Baños is of top quality (some of the produce of the best Japanese strains grown here is earmarked for the Japanese Embassy in Manila), yet one Asian scholar at the Institute told me ruefully, "I have started to dislike eating it, because from morning to night all I hear around this place is 'rice, rice, rice.' "

Institutionally, IRRI would never dream of criticizing a superfluity of rice, its very raison d'être being to increase production, both quantitatively and qualitatively, of the verdant cereal. Rice growers, like other agriculturists, have long been aware that, with sufficient pains, almost any patch of ground can be made more fertile, and it has been the custom in much of Asia to egg farmers on in making the most of their land's potential by conducting annual rice-growing contests. These are big events—the winners of the Philippine contest are personally congratulated by their President—but, as the Institute is well aware, the yields attained on small lots and in special circumstances are not realistic, heartening though they may be as examples of prodigious endeavor. The highest yield so far in any contest conducted under non-Communist auspices was a whopping thirteen thousand two hundred pounds extracted in 1959 by a Japanese in a single crop from a single acre. Word has lately leaked out of Red China that someone there hit an astronomical fifteen thousand pounds an acre, but, the national average for the Chinese mainland being around twenty-six hundred, IRRI is skeptical. The Institute tries to stay clear of partisan politics—and hopes someday soon to know more about all the rice in China. It has had fairly good relations with Indonesian scientists ("We just talk rice to them and let them run their country, and everything seems to work out all right," Dr. Chandler told me), but so far it has had only one contact with China—a fleeting chat between one of its men and some Peking rice men at a 1964 symposium in Bucharest. The Chinese confided that they had trouble with "bronzing" in some of their rice (too much ferrous oxide in their soil, the IRRI man surmised), and asked

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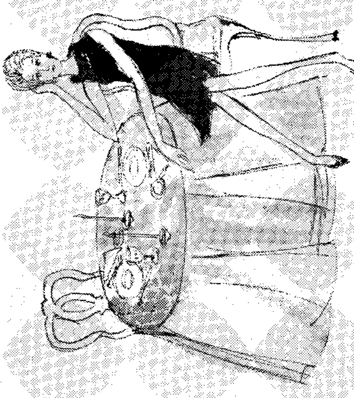

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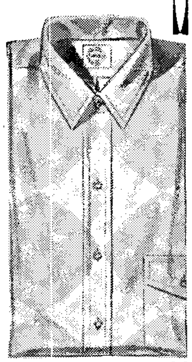

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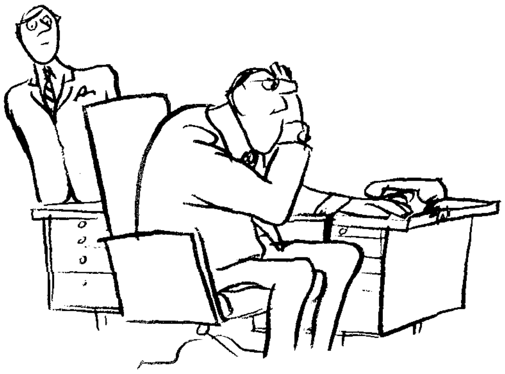
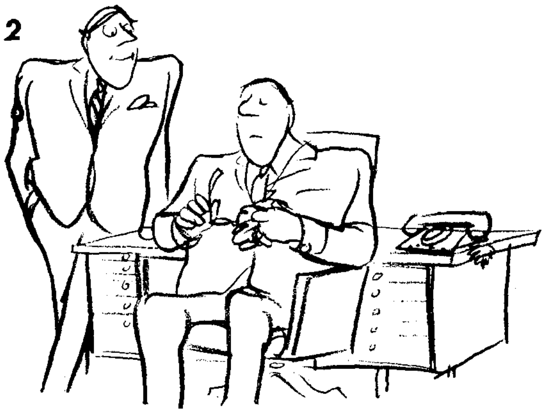


*Something in your eye?*

*Just testing—I'm having a checkup with the ophthalmologist tonight.*

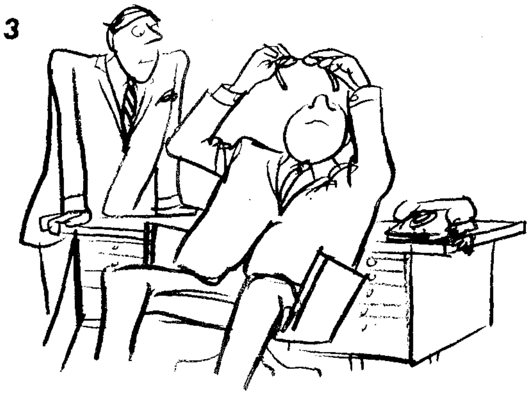
**2**



*Good idea.*

*Tomorrow I see the podiatrist and the day after, the dermatologist.*

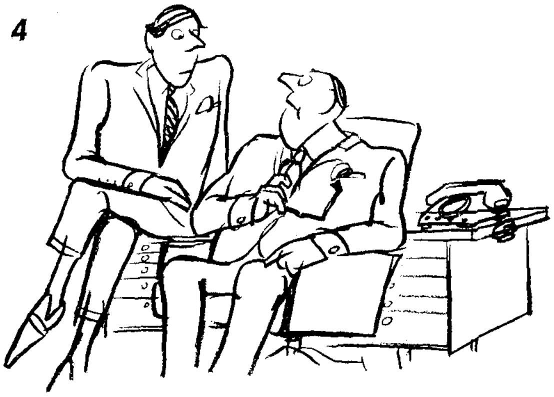
**3**



*What's this all about?*

*It's part of my keep-yourself-in-one-piece-after-40 program.*

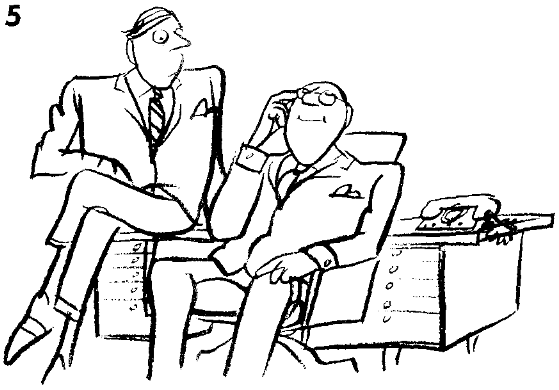
**4**



*Aren't you overdoing it a bit?*

*Then there's the orthopedist, the physical therapist and the lepidopterist.*

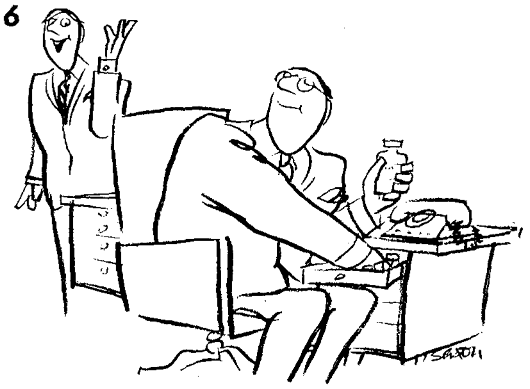
**5**



*Lepidopterist? Have you looked at a dictionary lately?*

*Remember, I have a wife and three kids to think of.*

**6**



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their Los Baños acquaintance to come and look the situation over at some unspecified time.

There are two basic ways of making rice simultaneously more abundant and more nutritious. One is to expedite the use of the highest-yielding varieties. Habitual rice eaters have their regional idiosyncrasies, though—in parts of India, for instance, five-year-old rice that has been stored in sealed containers to preserve its aroma is considered a delicacy, and quantity be hanged, while in most of the Philippines the indigenes prefer rice that remains soft when it's cold, since they cook it only once a day—so the Institute is under no illusions about perfecting a single kind of rice that will enjoy universal appeal. But one IRRI ambition from the start has been to sift from all the assorted rice strains in its storehouse those few that will consistently produce the best yields under the most varied circumstances, and eventually to propagate a general-purpose, high-yield, relatively protein-rich rice that will be adaptable to the majority of soils and climates. Concurrently, IRRI has been trying to eliminate or mitigate the factors that inhibit the productivity of all kinds of rice—poor irrigation, inadequate fertilizing, bad spacing of plants, and improper weeding, not to mention blast and all the other afflictions, whether they are the work of blights or insects or animals or birds, that ravage rice. To further both these aims, the Institute subjects at least three thousand of its strains of rice to test plantings at least twice a year. The variables that can affect rice are fathomless. A recent experiment on a single one-acre plot involved three kinds of rice, a sample of each being planted on ten different dates, with four spacings for each of these thirty plantings, and with four varying dosages of nitrogen applied as fertilizer to each of these hundred and twenty combinations—four hundred and eighty variables in all. To protect the experimental plots against the intrusion of uncontrollable variables, IRRI shields some with netting, to ward off birds, and surrounds others with two-foot-high sheets of tin, to deter rats. Birds love young, milky, unripened rice, and some of the birds that hang around the Institute have learned to fold their wings and dive through the interstices of a net. The IRRI people haven't come up with a totally effective bird repellent yet. As for rats, they love rice at any stage of its development, and they disdain scientific research. IRRI has ten men on its staff who work full time on rat control (in some Philip-

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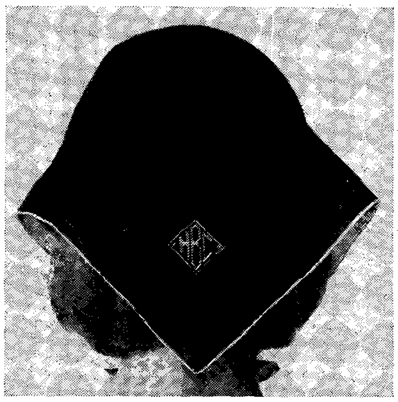

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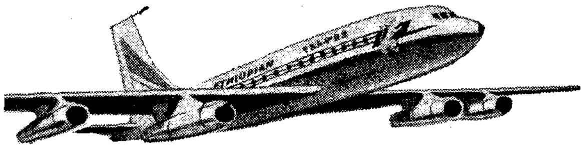
pine schools a special prize for extra-curricular activity is awarded to the child who brings in the most rat tails), but, even so, one scholarly associate who had planned to spend only a single academic year at Los Baños had to stay an extra term; rats got into an experiment of his and reduced it to such a shambles that he couldn't draw any even tentative conclusions.

Fish can be a problem, too, although they don't eat rice. Some Asian farmers keep fish in their paddy-field water, and IRRI has been seeking an insecticide that not only will be effective against the hundred major entomological pests that dote on rice but won't harm anything ichthyological—or, for that matter, any thirsty carabao or rice farmer who drinks paddy-field water. The worst insect enemy of rice is the stem borer, which by doing what its name describes can reduce the yield of a stand of rice by a couple of thousand pounds an acre. Twice a year, the Institute plants a thousand varieties and, to assay their resistance to this scourge, deliberately infests them with stem borers, which it raises on the premises. The outlook is promising; IRRI has already found one insecticide that can be introduced in pellet form into irrigation water and, after being liquefied and absorbed into the stems of most varieties of rice, will wait in ambush for invading stem borers and neatly dispatch them.

Some of the experiments in progress at Los Baños are fairly special, like one called "Long-Term Use of Green Manuring Inorganic Fertilizer and Weed Fallow in Lowland Rice." (A conceivable related research project might be to look into short-term use of these or their long-term use for highland rice; science never rests.) At the moment, a number of experiments are

Judith Shahn



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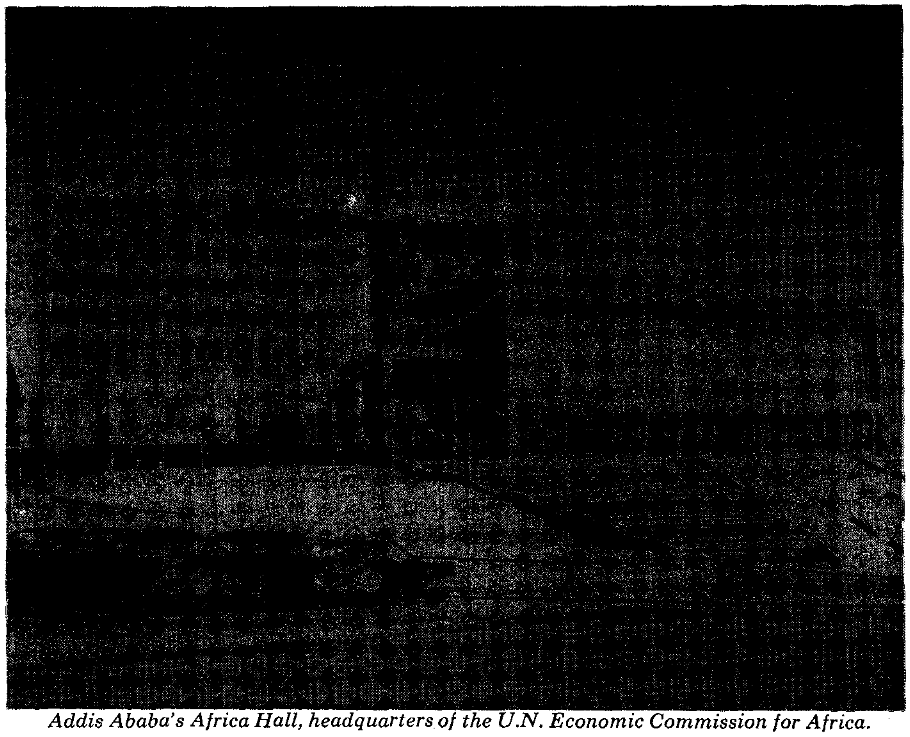

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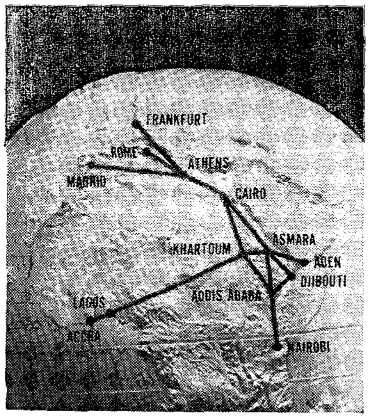

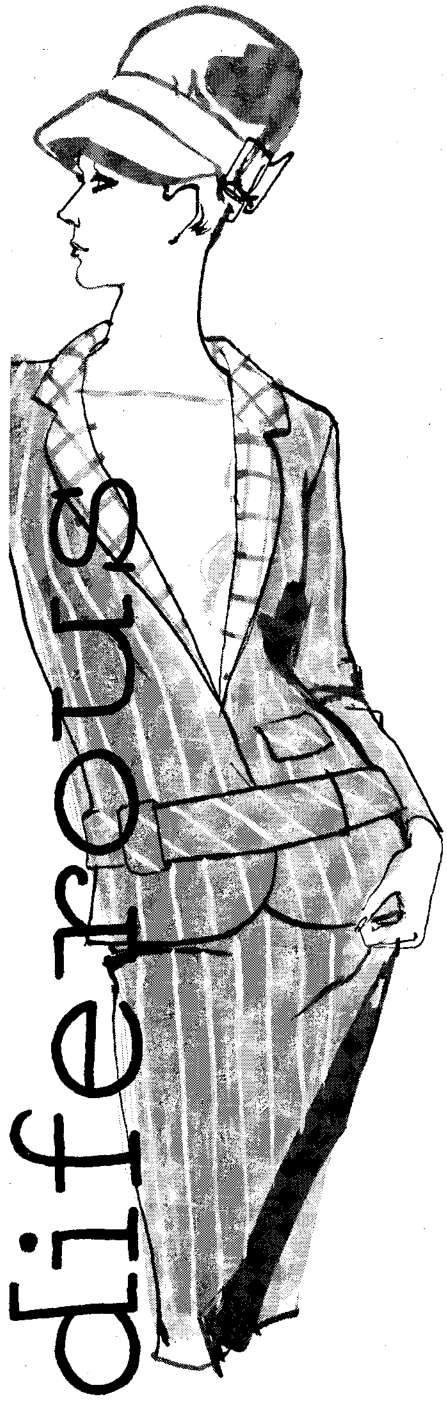

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being conducted on the photosensitivity of rice. It seems that some kinds of tropical rice cannot endure a great deal of sunlight, and will mature only when they can get plenty of darkness. Round-the-clock sunlight can be simulated in one of the Institute's hothouses (or greenhouses, for in the Philippines hothouses get too hot and have to be cooled), and an IRRI physiologist kept a highly photosensitive rice plant under a pitiless beam of light there for two years, non-stop. The plant, which would normally have ripened in about six months, was so addled that it never ripened at all. "You can manipulate some of these varieties and make them behave almost any way you like," one IRRI man told me.

Fortunately, the intentions of the Institute's staff are honorable and humanitarian, and one result of the manipulation by all hands here was what is probably a big breakthrough in rice—the development, last fall, of a new and still unnamed variety that may be the answer to everybody's prayers to Inari and all the other rice gods extant. The new variety, which was originally spawned in Texas but in that phase of its evolution was annoyingly photosensitive, represents a crossing of two superior varieties, one from Japan, the other from Taiwan, and is a rice of many virtues. It scoffs at blast and stem borers, and though it has no built-in defenses against birds or rats, it isn't fussy about sunlight and it stands up straight and firm, as opposed to many otherwise worthy rice plants, which "lodge," or buckle over, when the grain-carrying panicles of their heads start to swell at harvest time. Moreover, when the new rice is cooked it isn't overly sticky while it's hot, and it stays nicely soft after it cools. And its yield is phenomenal. At Los Baños, it has produced fifty-eight hundred pounds per acre and, what's more, has done so in a record-shattering eighty-five days—less than half the time it takes some varieties to ripen. Thus, a farmer can squeeze in an extra crop each year. Scientists are by nature given to understatement, but around IRRI one hears this new rice characterized by words like "revolutionary." In Dr. Chandler's own measured words, "The rice farmer can look toward a new future." In November, when the Institute disclosed the existence of its new rice, there were only eighteen pounds of it on hand. It customarily takes between sixty and a hundred pounds to sow a single acre, but rice multiplies so fast that in a single three-crop year that eighteen pounds

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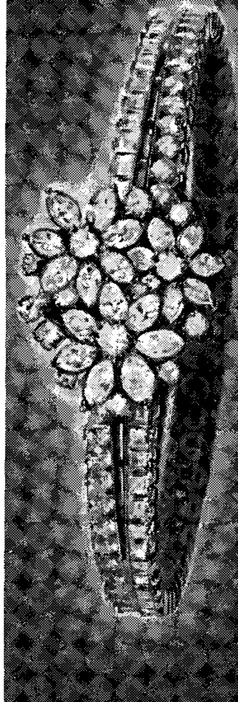

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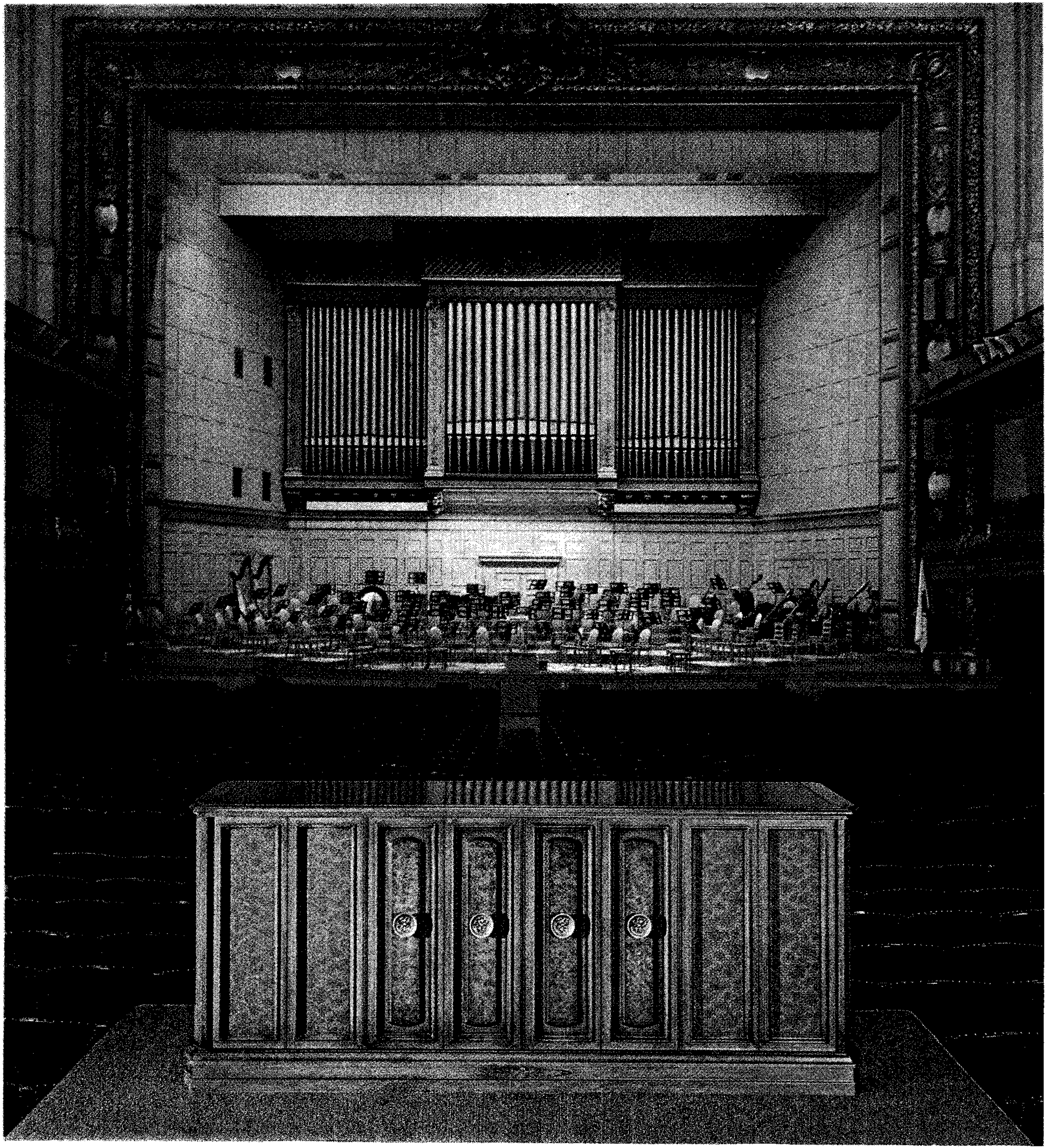

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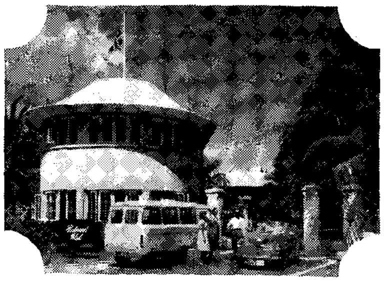
THE theoretical and the practical do not often converge happily, and generations can pass before the fruits of research reach the hungers they could ease. Dr. Harrar, of the Rockefeller Foundation, recently observed, "There is *no longer any* excuse for human starvation." On the other hand, he does not feel there is any reason to believe that the rice world will overnight shake off the apathy and ignorance and poverty and inaccessibility that have so long encumbered it, and will rush to embrace the Institute's heartening discoveries. It has been common knowledge in the Philippines for years that almost any kind of fertilizer will increase rice productivity by twenty per cent; nonetheless, only about ten per cent of the country's rice land has been fertilized. Rice growers can be cranky, stubborn, eccentric, cantankerous, and xenophobic, and a great *many* of them are illiterate. They are apt to be unimpressed by scientists who come around and try to make them change their ways. Not long ago, some IRRI men making an inspection of one rice-growing area in the Philippines were appalled by what they saw: ninety per cent of the crop had been destroyed, and the grainless panicles, their heads turned a sickly brown, indicated at once what the cause was—stem borers. Out of curiosity, the visitors asked a farmer what he thought the trouble was. There had been a lot of electrical storms, and lightning had struck the rice, he said with great certainty. A neighbor, no less positive that he had the right answer, declared that the damage had resulted from tobacco's having been grown on the site the year before; the tobacco had been diseased, and had contaminated the soil. An old woman standing nearby said *she* thought the trouble might be a worm, and she broke open a rice-plant stem to reveal a telltale borer, but nobody paid any attention to her.

Even those rice growers who are willing to listen to outside advice are not necessarily ready to *take* it. For example, the Institute has struck up an acquaintance, through an anthropologist, with a primitive Filipino tribe called the Ibaloi, and has tried to explain to them the merits of insecticides to protect their rice crops, but the Ibaloi will have no part of any such scheme, because they say it would kill off their leafhoppers. Ibaloi children like to pluck live leafhoppers off rice plants and eat

This is the Nassau you'll talk about



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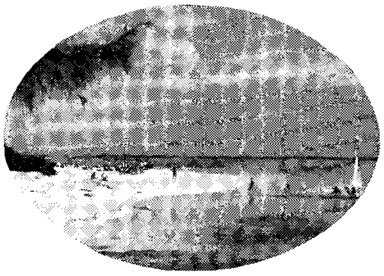

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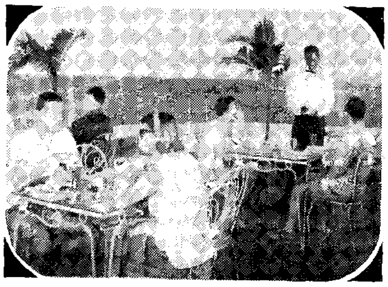

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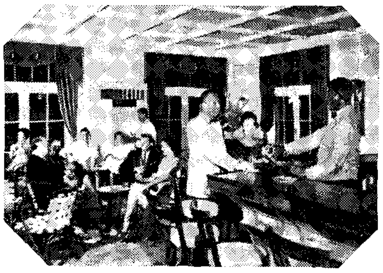

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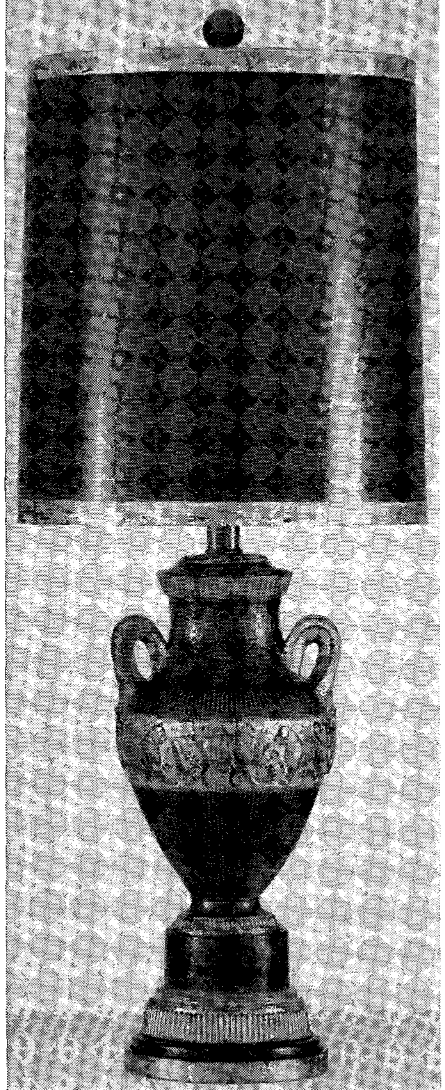
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them, and the Ibaloi, who have no cash and so can't buy candy, argue that it would be unfair to deprive their young of this simple pleasure. What's more, the Ibaloi are partial to a kind of rice that has a dismayingly low yield, for it is the only variety they deem suitable for making a rice wine that they use in their religious rites. Some old Ibaloi women prefer that poor-yield rice because they can eat it easily without teeth. Other members of the tribe, though, are all for growing a variety of rice that, they cheerfully admit, tastes terrible. The worse the rice tastes, they reason, the less demand for it there will be, and that will be all to the good, since they don't have enough rice to go around anyhow. One reason they don't is that rats regularly destroy half their crop. When the Ibaloi are out of rice, they eat tadpoles, bats, snakes, and snails, but they do not eat rats—or star meat, to use the anagram by which the stuff is euphemistically known in this part of the world. Nor will they set out rat poison; if they did that, they maintain, the rats would get angry and consume even more of their rice. They merely hold ceremonies during which they deliver themselves of fervent incantations, begging their rats to go somewhere else and leave them alone with their leafhoppers and their happy children and their perpetual hunger.

Most Asian farmers are from Missouri. They have to be shown, on their own home grounds, that one technique or one variety of seed is really better than another, and in order to win them over a demonstration must be truly dramatic. At IRRI, a hundred-per-cent increase in yield is considered about the least that will make the ordinary Asian peasant sit up and take notice, and even that doesn't always have the desired effect. A while back, a Japanese agriculturist went to Cambodia to try and stir up some enthusiasm for improving rice production. He was given a plot of land, and he presently produced from it a crop that was clearly double that of any nearby plot. Some of the natives conceded that he had something, and agreed to try his newfangled methods, and the government put up some warehouses in anticipation of a bumper crop at the next harvest. But when the time came, the natives turned up with the same amount of rice they'd had before the expert materialized. It developed that, having learned how to double production, they had simply halved their planting.

No one at Los Baños claims, then, that disseminating the information

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IRRI wants to share with people who desperately need it will be an easy job. Still, there have been encouraging signs. More and more Asian farmers, though they may be illiterate, are being exposed to radios, and the word about rice has a chance of spreading relatively fast. Also, more and more farmers are showing themselves willing to be helped by strangers. Even the Ibaloi are currently growing some of the Institute's new rice, and seem surprised and pleased by its plentifulness, although, being used to tall, lodging rice, they cannot resist making jokes about its dwarfishness. In an attempt to accelerate the long and difficult process of broadcasting what it knows, IRRI recently added a communications man to its staff. (In an attempt merely to communicate some of its findings to neighbors in the Philippines, the Institute had previously added a man fluent in four of the eight principal Tagalog dialects.) About a year from now, IRRI hopes to have enough seed of its new variety on hand to start distributing it to interested governments, along with appropriate communications, and, by coincidence, 1966 has already been designated International Rice Year by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. It could be quite a year as far as rice is concerned. As Dr. Chandler puts it, "To those of us who are living our days close to the rice plant, it seems that the near future is rather bright." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

He looked at the hard eyes under the little beaky nose and decided that Husker was at least a man, and probably not a fool.—*From "Two Men in Twenty," by Maurice Procter.*

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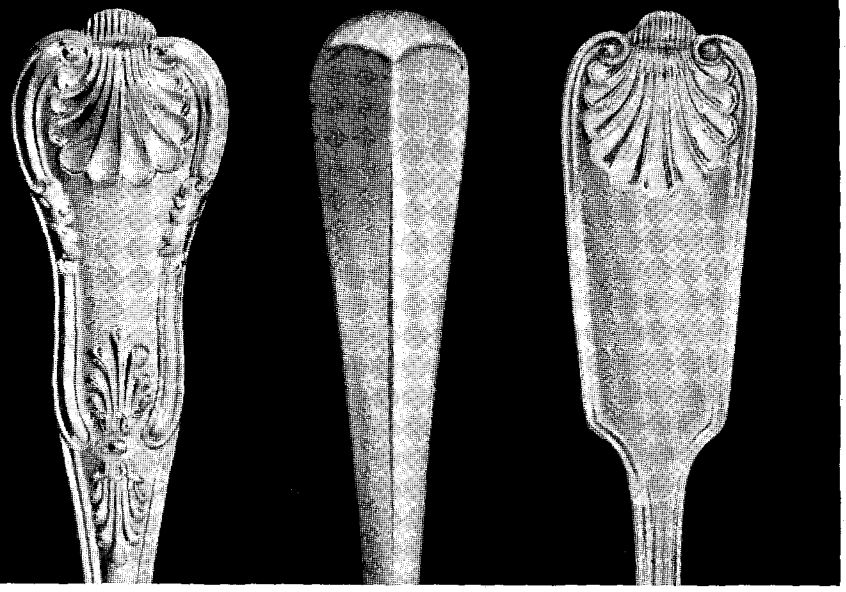

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# TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY

"TO think that you're going to be a Harvey Girl!" wrote my father, in 1927. He had things a bit wrong, but I was so relieved by his good nature that I didn't argue the point. I had expected stern disapproval. Without first consulting my parents, I had thrown up a good steady job in St. Louis to go to New Mexico and be a Fred Harvey courier, which was merely a fancy term for tourist guide. I wasn't even to be a regular guide, I had confessed—just one of the extra staff for the busy season in Santa Fe and environs—and for all this I could give no better reason than that I loved New Mexico. My mother had written; her letter had been perplexed, dismayed, and, finally, bitter. What was the sense, she asked, of having had a good education if I was going to throw it away? She pointed out that there was no future in guiding, and I could not bring myself to tell her, truthfully, that the last thing in the world I wanted was a future. You didn't say things like that around our house. Of all the lyrics I sang as a child, picking out tunes on the piano with one finger as I read a big green book called "Heart Songs," I remember best the following chorus:

> "Waste not, want not" is the
> maxim I would teach;
> Let your watchword be dispatch,
> and practice what you preach.
> Do not let your chances like sunbeams pass you by,
> For you never miss the water till
> the well runs dry.

There was another song, even more disturbing, presumably uttered by birds, which we sang at school:

> Oh, field and wood were passing
> fair.
> Today, alas, the world is bare.
> The summer's gone from hill and
> plain,
> And after gladness follows pain.

I can't recall the rest, but the idea is clear. Well, that was my family's philosophy. If I'd said to my mother that I didn't want a future, she would, of course, have asked what I did want, and that would have been awkward, because I didn't know. I merely wanted to live, without aiming for anything—though I was aware that this was a shameful attitude. After all, I was no fretful adolescent but a mature woman of twenty-two. Still, there it was—the very idea of taking care of the future sent me into a bad temper. At least, Daddy's letter showed that he could be reasonable, and still laugh about Harvey Girls.

The Harvey Girl as an institution had always been one of our family jokes. Years before, when my father had travelled every year in the West, Harvey Girls stood for much the same thing businessmen's secretaries often do today—they were hazards to stay-at-home wives. They were the waitresses for the Fred Harvey restaurants, set up at wayside stations for the benefit of railway passengers on long trips. Fred Harvey, who founded the company in those days of no dining cars, made a fortune out of his monopoly, and his Harvey Girls were famous for looks as well as dexterity. Mother had half believed that my father was carrying on a flirtation with one of the young ladies, though even if he was it couldn't have amounted to much—a gallant remark or two thrown at her, as she rushed past, across the heavy railway china.

"You've heard Fred Harvey's famous last words, haven't you?" my father's letter continued. " 'Slice the ham thinner, boys.' "

He knew perfectly well I wasn't really going to be a waitress; it was just that the old name stirred memories in him. No, I was going to learn all about the mountains and pueblos of the Santa Fe country so that I might convey to tourists the same sensation of delight and adventure that it had given me when I visited it. I had thought the Indian Detour (a bargain excursion through the Pueblo territory, dreamed up by the Fred Harvey company) was, by 1927, a long time dead, and his restaurants, now that dining cars were everywhere, had been forgotten. But his name had been taken over by new people, and the desire to aid travellers lived on in these successors. They didn't need to worry any longer about feeding tourists, but even in '27, in spite of electric fans, observation platforms, and the tremendous speed that trains were achieving, a trip across country from coast to coast was a severe ordeal. Travellers would appreciate a break, the company felt. Besides, coast-to-coast tourists never got a chance to see Santa Fe itself, because the main railway line didn't go that high into the mountains. Instead, it ran to Las Vegas—the New Mexico Las Vegas, not Nevada's—on a lower level.

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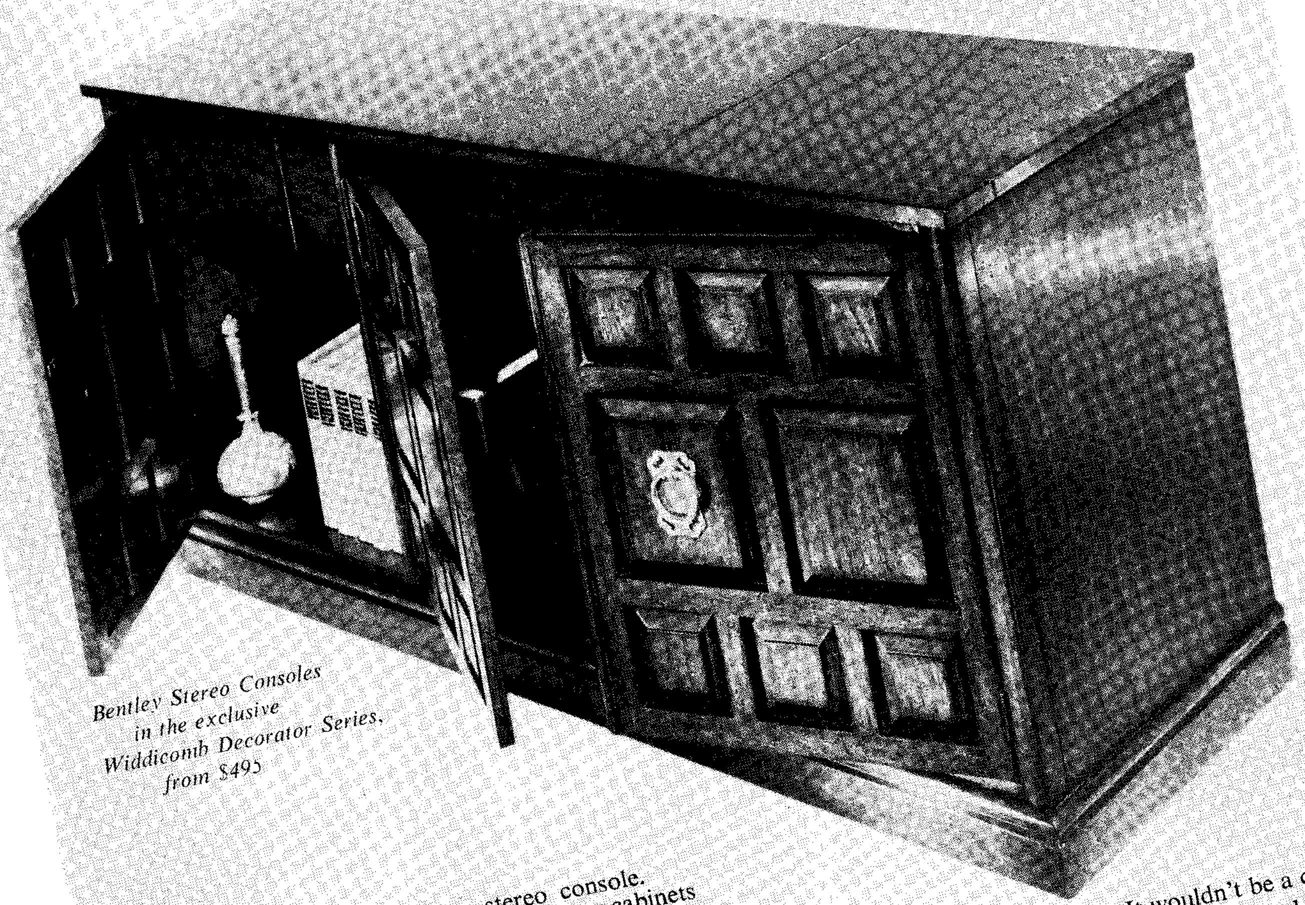

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were taking the Detour, at Albuquerque if they came from the west, at Las Vegas if they came from the east. They were whisked into the hills, to Santa Fe, by way of points of interest peculiar to the Southwest. Ever since Teddy Roosevelt had gone ranching, the American public had realized that the West was romantic, and in local color of that sort New Mexico outdid the other states. Tourists were taken to Indian villages, ranches, museums, and all the rest, and slept in La Fonda, the spanking new Harvey company hotel in Santa Fe, before going on their way refreshed. The Indian Detour didn't cost a lot, and, with its Thunderbird emblem, it was rapidly becoming popular. Now the company was planning new, elaborate private tours farther afield, and that meant more couriers.

WHEN I arrived in Las Vegas, my friend Jane met me, picking me up courier-fashion. Jane, who had roomed with me at college, had been with the Detour a year. It was on her recommendation that I'd been accepted for the job—though I didn't exactly have it as yet; I was to start out as a summer extra hand.

I hardly knew Jane when I saw her on the platform. She was wearing a strange rig that didn't suit her at all. Indeed, I can't imagine anyone it would have suited. I was taken aback when I found that it was the courier uniform, which I, too, would have to wear. It comprised a khaki skirt, a bright velveteen overblouse of clumsy cut, a heavy silver girdle, or poncho belt, and, most dreadful of all, a stiff Stetson hat. I still speculate with awe on the brain that designed that outfit. But I didn't really care what I looked like. Apart from the uniform, I found the life of a courier enchanting once I had started it. I had a bed in the house Jane shared with a never accurately determined number of other girls—nothing more than a barracks, but in Santa Fe even a barracks had charm. Our ranks shifted and changed, because girls were always going out on the Detour or being summoned suddenly to chaperon a longer trip. The house could take in any number of camp cots. Like most other Santa Fe buildings, it was of adobe, with whitewashed walls. The girls had a rough-and-ready system of paying expenses out of a pool, and though I was paid on a piecework basis, earning six dollars a day only when I worked, I made out all right. I never gave money much thought, even when somebody in the house stole the sixty dollars I had

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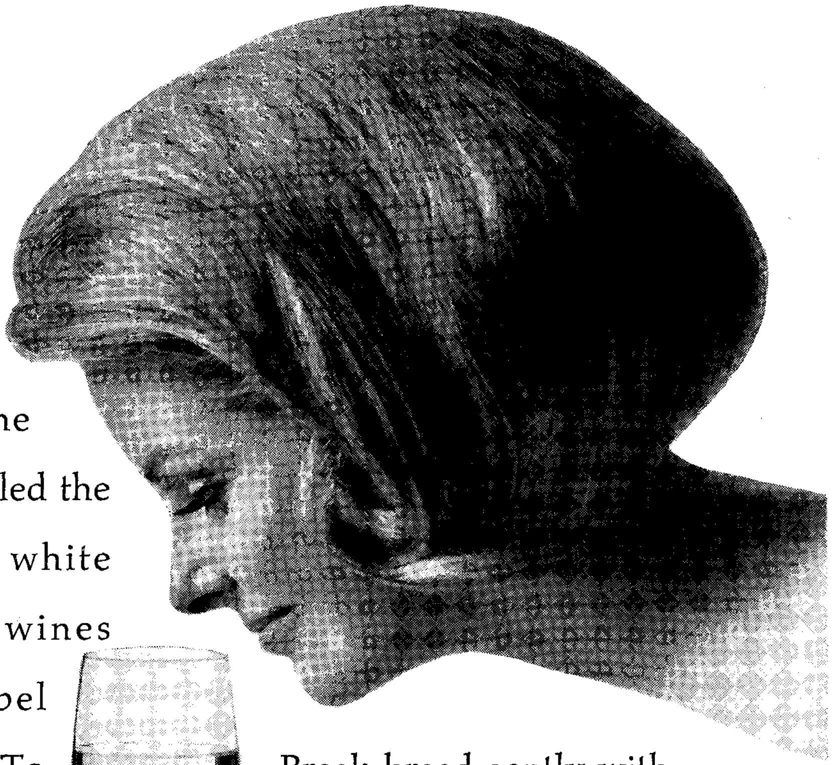

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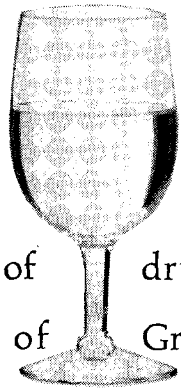

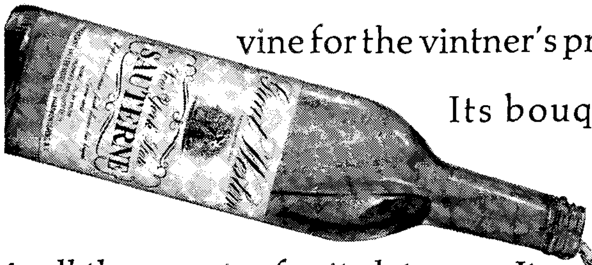

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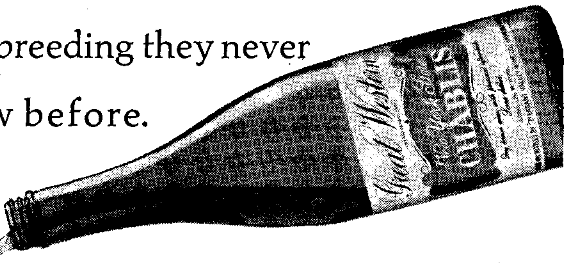

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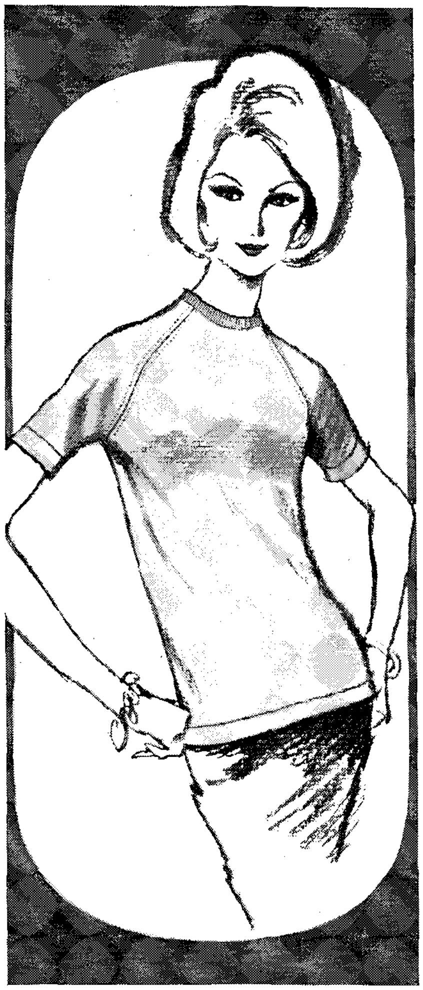

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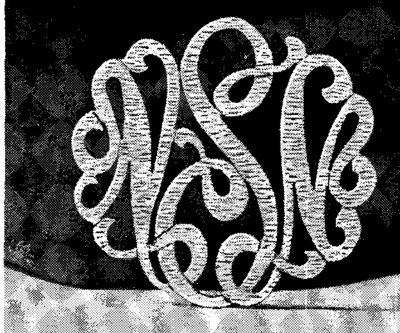
brought out to Santa Fe with me. More than once, Mother wrote to ask what on earth I would do if I should suddenly need an appendix operation or something like that, but she didn't scare me. Why should I have a faulty appendix, for goodness' sake? Only other people had operations.

We novices attended lectures and acquired a quick smattering of Amerindian ethnology, Southwestern history, and a few rudiments of archeology and ceramics. Then, after a training trip each had to make with an old hand, we were ready for work. I remember waiting for my first group of dudes, as we quickly learned to call tourists, on the platform of Las Vegas station. Las Vegas had none of Santa Fe's charm, and very little of its own, but at sunrise even the unlovely conglomerate of frame houses and the dusty road running between sand-colored scrub took on a golden, rosy glory. The mountains in the distance were suddenly crisply outlined by the glow. I felt a rush of gladness that I was there, wasting my life instead of pegging away in a St. Louis office and saving up for an appendectomy.

When the day was over for the tourists and they had been taken to La Fonda and given their proper room numbers—when they had seen Indians and bought pottery at Indian villages, and looked at the desk in the Governors' Palace where Lew Wallace completed "Ben-Hur," and visited the cave city at Puyé—the courier's work was done. I caught on quickly. There was a rhythm to the job—three days with one party from Las Vegas to Albuquerque and another three days doing it backward. I didn't always get six days in a week, but when I did I enjoyed it. I enjoyed everything. There are people on whom altitude works like a stimulant, and I am one of them. I would come into the house from a day's guiding thick with dust and my voice reduced to a croak. Off with the uniform, into the rusty bathtub, into clean clothes, and out again with keen appetite to a party or a moonlight horseback ride and picnic. I simply never got tired, even when the party went on all night, as Santa Fe high jinks were apt to do. It was all right with me whether or not I got a good night's sleep. When I did, I slept like a dormouse, and when I didn't I greeted the morning as alert as ever, ready for anything. It is all the more remarkable that I felt so well, in view of the stuff we drank at those parties. The Middle West, where I came from, had been a bath-



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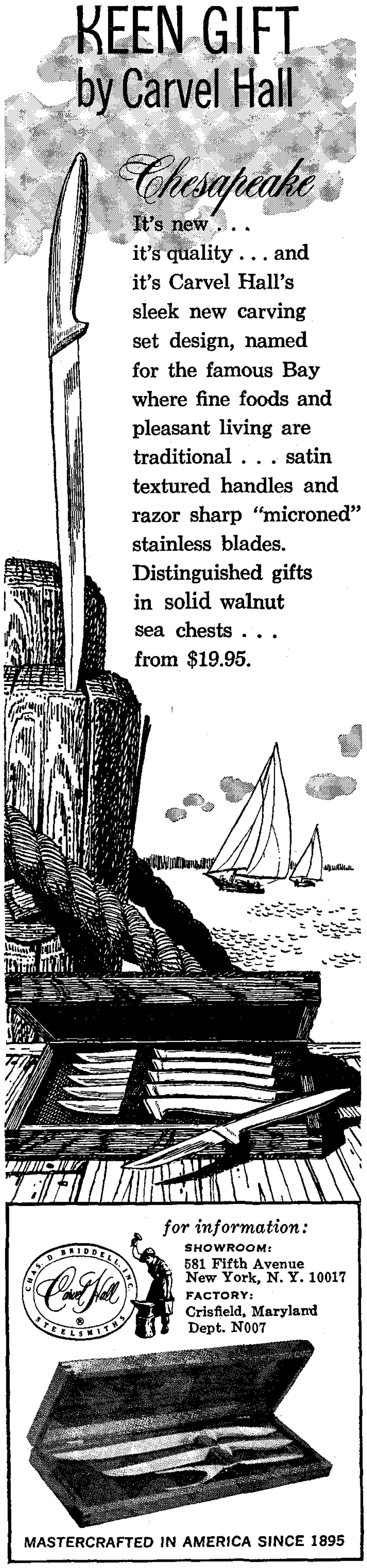

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tub-gin district, and I was used to that. In Santa Fe, we had two staples—tequila and corn liquor. Corn had to be smothered in Coca-Cola or chased down with beer, whereas tequila was drunk then, as it is now, with a dab of salt in advance and a bite into a lemon afterward. The point of all this is that I drank them both, often during the same evening, and though I can hardly claim not to have shown any effects, I would wake up in the morning well and happy. Actually, it was a waste of either drink to give it to me. I would have been just as exhilarated without it.

SANTA FE was not merely my state of mind. It was really an interesting place—possibly the only town of its kind anywhere. You couldn't dismiss it as a resort for pleasure seekers, because it was also the state capital, as well as a refuge favored by doctors for tuberculosis cases. Santa Fe was a mecca for American Indian experts, being a living museum of Mexican and Indian culture. Most of all, it was an artists' colony. These differences didn't leap at once to the eye—I doubt if my Detour dudes saw them—but Santa Fe was a rich, rare city to live in. Strolling around the plaza at lunchtime on an idle day, I would pause every few steps to chatter with friends—an English girl training to be a vet, a hopeful t.b. case, a sculptor, a curio dealer, an archeologist, a millionaire in search of something to do. They all dressed the same, too, in Levis, boots, and bandannas. It was the holiday uniform—the Santa Fe uniform. Nobody could have told the difference in people's social strata. They didn't fit neatly into categories there; Santa Fe had a way of mixing them up. A local banker turned to painting and became a professional; one of the Mexican workmen had an operation for tuberculosis that attracted a lot of attention and cured him; summer visitors fell in love with the town, bought land, built houses, and became permanent residents. Everyone fitted in, I reflected comfortably—and then discovered, to my dismay, that *I* didn't fit in at all. None of the couriers did, for lots of the people who lived in Santa Fe didn't like or want the Detour.

I should have realized this from the beginning, but I was so dazzled I couldn't see. The discovery came at a studio party where I was the only courier present. Incidentally, it was often like that—my being the only Detour employee at a party—because most of the girls preferred playing bridge or

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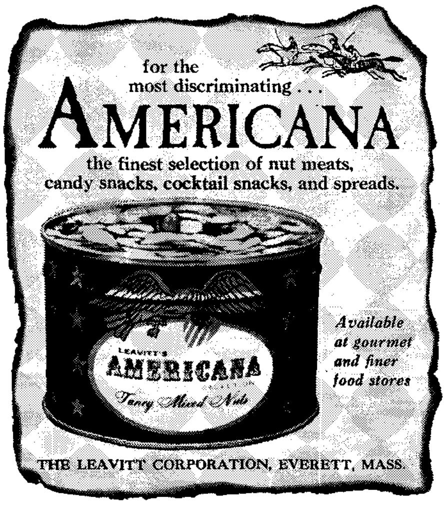

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dating. At this party was a painter named Sylvia Howard, and suddenly I heard her voice above all the others, talking indignantly about a proposed improvement of the road leading from Lamy down the hill. She said it was an outrage to improve that road. Puzzled, I was about to ask why, when a man got in ahead of me. "But Syl, I nearly broke my rear axle in one of those arroyos last week," he said. "What's the matter with you? The way it is, that road's no good for anything but carts."

"All the better," said Sylvia, a brusque, striding sort of woman. She puffed violently on her cigarette. "The harder it is to get to Santa Fe, the longer we keep it as it is, don't you see? I know what you'll say—that we're bound to lose out anyway in the end. But I say why shouldn't we do our damnedest to hold up the wheels of progress? As long as we can, anyway. If only somebody would blow up the whole Detour garage and get rid of those horrible buses and all the pesky little couriers— Oh, I'm sorry." She nodded abruptly toward me. "I forgot about your job."

Everybody went on talking about the road and the Detour and Santa Fe, not troubled about my feelings, since Sylvia had apologized. Listening, I got a new slant on things. I saw the Detour differently—I saw Santa Fe itself in a new light. I'd always, until then, accepted whatever I came upon as something that had from the beginning been just as I found it. Children do this. The house a child grows up in, his school, his parents have never been newer or younger in his mind, and will never grow older. But now I learned that Santa Fe had been an even lovelier city half a generation earlier—smaller, wilder, more innocent. I learned that some of the newly built houses were all wrong for the background, that the Indians were getting their values warped, that everything was becoming commercialized and spoiled. I was appalled, especially as they told me that I—*I*—was at least partly to blame for all this, with my Thunderbird buses and my courier sisters and dude groups.

I went home early, weighed down with guilt. Next morning, I was happily surprised to find Jane there, asleep in her bed, for she'd been doing a series of long trips to the Grand Canyon and I hadn't seen her for quite a time. I couldn't have talked to any of the other couriers, and I was longing to get it all off my chest. I made a pot of coffee for her before she woke up, and

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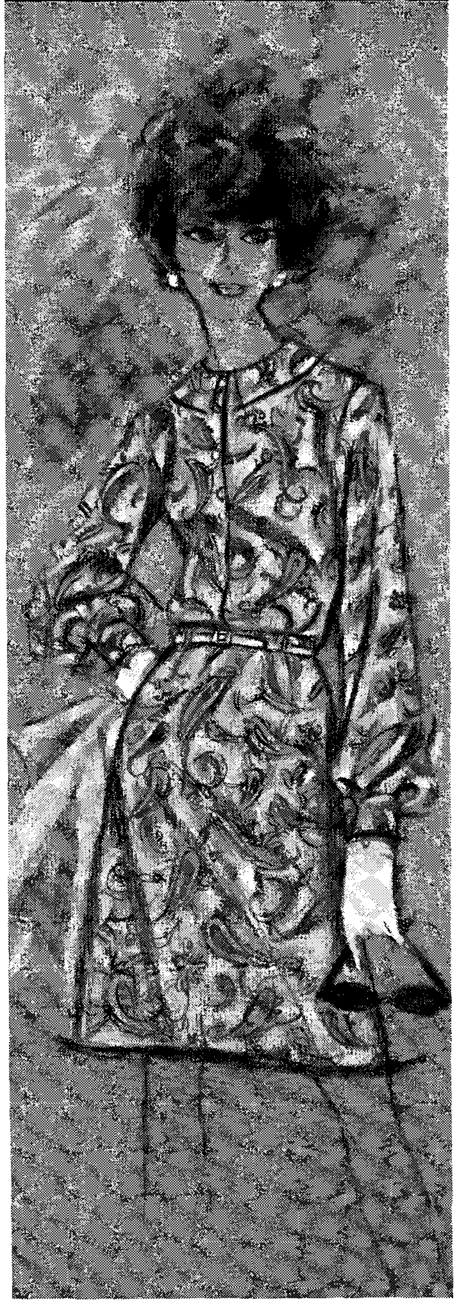

as soon as her eyelids fluttered, there I was, telling her everything about what I had heard. I failed to communicate my sense of urgency. Jane's face grew more and more impatient as I talked, until she burst out. "Oh, pooh!" she said. "I know that sort of thing—I've heard it all dozens of times. All of us get it, and it's always from one lot—that arty crowd. They give me a pain in the neck. I don't know what you see in them, honestly. I thought you'd have more sense than to take it seriously."

"But Jane, they're right," I said. "Tourists do ruin Santa Fe. Think of the herds we bring in and take around, think of the junk they buy."

"Dudes have a right to come to Santa Fe, like anybody else. Why shouldn't they buy curios? It would be hard on the storekeepers if they didn't," said Jane.

"But it's such awful stuff. Those terrible little kachina dolls. You can't find genuine ones anymore. And look at the Navajo silverwork. It's going to hell, because the Indians just don't bother when they can sell any old thing. And our uniforms are hideous." I knew I was making a mess of my argument, bringing out a mishmash of complaints I had heard the night before. Yet it was entirely clear in my mind. "The Zuñi snake dance is so commercialized nobody takes it seriously anymore," I went on earnestly. "It's only a show now—no religious significance, nothing. It's all wrong, Jane."

Jane said, "When you get excited, there's no reasoning with you. Why not look at it from the native point of view? It's their country. Indians and Mexicans were here long before your precious artists came, and they used to have a tough time, and now, when they finally make enough out of our dudes to live on, what's wrong with that? You go out and ask the first Mexican you see if he'd like to have the Detour swept away and no more dudes. What do you bet he'll say?"

I could think of no reply.

"And another thing," said Jane. "How do you imagine Santa Fe would be without us? It would be a resort for rich people and artists, and nobody else. You wouldn't be here, because there wouldn't be anything you could do. You wouldn't be here, I wouldn't be here—it would be a different place."

"But I *would* be here," I said, stubbornly. "I'd find a way."

"No, you wouldn't," said Jane, and set off to do her day's ruinous work.

Shaken but still worried, I got a horse

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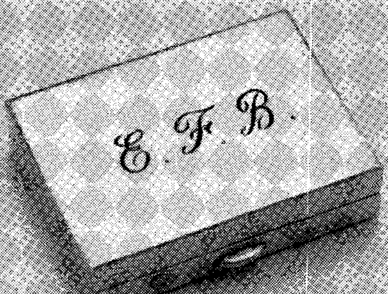

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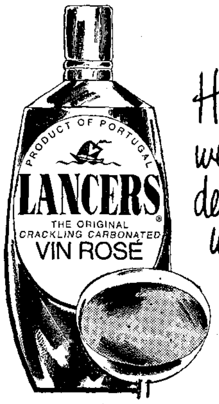

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out of the dude-ranch corral near the house and went out to ride in the hills and think. It was a very difficult subject. Did I have any right to live in Santa Fe? If the dudes were wrong, so was I. As a matter of fact, I thought, my gloom increasing, I had no right to live anywhere. I wasn't doing anything constructive. I couldn't claim to be doing anything except batten on the dude industry. I wasn't a painter or a writer. I wasn't even making money—at least not enough to put aside for appendix operations; I was earning only enough to keep myself alive. All I did was be happy.

"Oh, hell, who cares?" I asked the horse's ears.

Defiance was all very well, but I knew in spite of everything that somebody did care, and it worried me to think about that. My mother's letters never failed to express the hope that I knew what I was doing. I always assured her in reply that I did—but was I telling the truth? I took the horse back to the ranch without having answered the question.

THE season drew to a close and the rush of summer tourists slackened. Jane and I had planned that at this point I should come forward and talk seriously with her employers, pleading with them to keep me on as a regular courier. I refused to do it. I wouldn't put up even a token struggle. Jane, distressed, said, "But then what *are* you going to do? You haven't saved up anything. Can you go back to that office?"

"I wouldn't ever. Never!"

"I suppose it's your own business, but I can't understand you at all," she said.

I couldn't explain, because I didn't understand myself. All I knew was that I was still determined to avoid having a future. I said, "It'll be all right. By the way, I'm going up to Taos to stay awhile with Maria."

Jane shrugged. Most of the couriers did not think highly of Taos, though they were aware that it was interesting from a tour standpoint, with its elaborate Indian pueblo and the artists who made up much of its foreign population. North of Santa Fe, and much more mountainous, Taos hadn't the capital's claim to importance, being only a little town in the shadow of a great hill. The country was beautiful, with clear streams and plenty of vegetation, but the girls said they felt depressed because of that mountain rearing up behind the town and that the canyon drive from Santa Fe was dull and dark.

I loved Taos. My friendship with a

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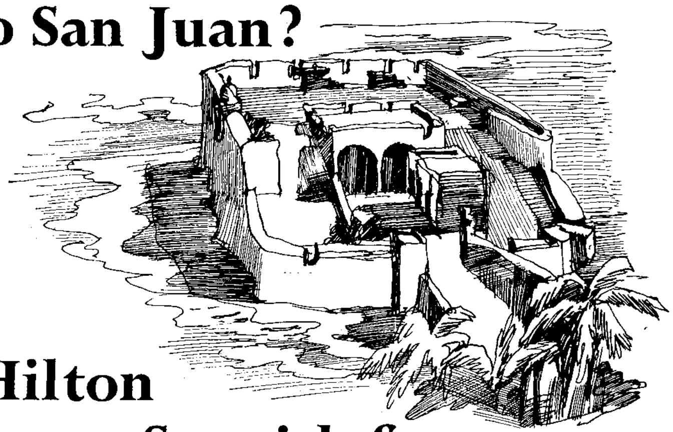

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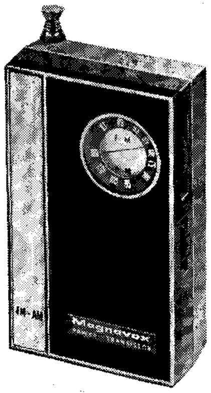

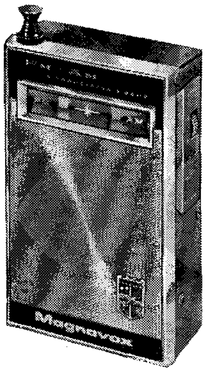

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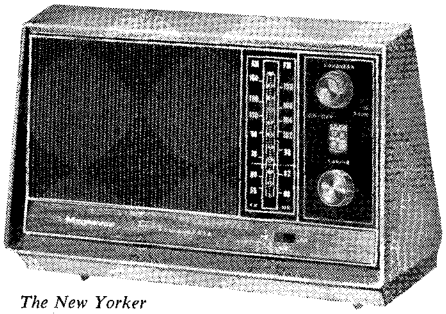

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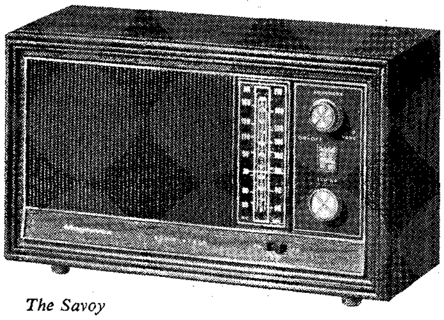

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girl named Maria had come about during a weekend there, when I'd driven up with friends for a party and was allotted a bed in her house. Her father was an important businessman in the Mexican community, but her mother came from the East, and Maria hadn't been brought up as a Mexican girl but rather as an Anglo, like us. She tore around unchaperoned, and wore Levis. The night of that party, she and I had talked until morning, or almost, about her unhappiness and discontent with Taos. I was surprised by this; I had thought that life there, with one's own horse and an unlimited time to spend in the mountains, offered all a heart could desire, but Maria suffered from the malaise common to those who live the year round in pleasure resorts. Every year when the fun and games were over and the summer people left, Maria had to remain. She had nothing to do then but think about the places her lost friends had told her about—their own places. She longed to see the East, and for some reason was particularly fascinated by Boston.

"Oh, those lovely red brick houses," she said, sighing. "The purple windowpanes, and the Common, and baked beans for Sunday breakfast!"

I protested. "You'd hate Boston. It's damp and dark, and your mother cooks beans much better than they do there."

"But you've never been to Boston yourself," Maria pointed out.

"No, and I don't particularly want to go. My own home town is depressing enough."

"I'd love to see that, too," said Maria.

She was incorrigible, but she did find me a job of just the sort I wanted—without a future. In Ranchos de Taos, about four miles from Taos itself, was a greeting-card factory run by a couple named Kirwan, in a converted ranch house. The employees lived in smaller houses that dotted the estate, and cut paper, printed, and stencilled colors. I was a stenciller. The job may sound monotonous, but in reality it was very enjoyable. The Kirwans designed their cards, and printed them on thick, vellumlike paper, and they had a small, esoteric lot of purchasers—mostly from gift shops—who bought all they could get.

Once again I was earning just about enough to get along on. I had a house to myself, with a bed, a stove, and a fireplace. Every morning, I took a pail up to the big house for my allowance of milk. At intervals, a Mexican with a cart brought me a load of firewood,

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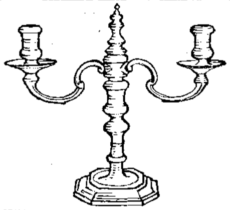

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and I was given kerosene for my lamps. I was also given a horse named Tom, who lived and grazed in the yard around the house. Included in his outfit was a pair of saddlebags for weekly shopping expeditions, when I would jog into Taos, hitch him to the post in the plaza, and lay in a supply of canned food. Sometimes I stabled Tom at Maria's, in Taos, for the night, so that we could go to a dance. After the party, warm under enormous eiderdowns, we would talk about Boston until her mother yelled at us to shut up. In the morning, I would jog back, clippety-clop, to Ranchos through the snow. I got awfully cold as winter came on, but the fireplace was efficient, and in the stencilling room was a red-hot stove. The other stencillers and I used to talk as we worked—about Life and Art and Right and Wrong. Sometimes we were called on to supply a verse or a motto, always in a hurry, when Mr. Kirwan dashed in from the printshop demanding two or four lines. I was proud of the verse I produced one morning:

This little card I'm sending
Is very small, it's true,
But no card could be large enough
To hold my love for you.

It was *jolly* at the card factory, and I hated to think of giving it up to go back home for Christmas. Most of our cards had Christmas subjects, and there was something about coloring one red stagecoach after another that took the spontaneous joy out of Yuletide. I spoke about my feelings one day. "I do wish I didn't have to go home," I said. "It costs such a lot to get there, and once I've arrived it will be awfully hard to get away again."

Mrs. Kirwan happened to be in the room. "Then why go?" she asked calmly.

The question surprised me, and I had to think it over. "Doesn't everybody go home for Christmas?" I asked after a pause. "Anyway, until they're married?"

"Not that I know of. I stopped going when I was seventeen," said Mrs. Kirwan.

One of the stencillers added, "I never go. It's fun here at Christmas."

SO I didn't go home. I wrote a reasonable letter instead, to explain that I had outgrown childish things. Christmas was indeed fun there—everybody gave parties. I gave one myself, serving mulled wine from which, in ignorance, I had boiled most of the alcohol. I put home out of my mind

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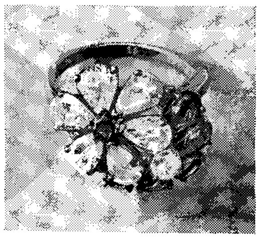

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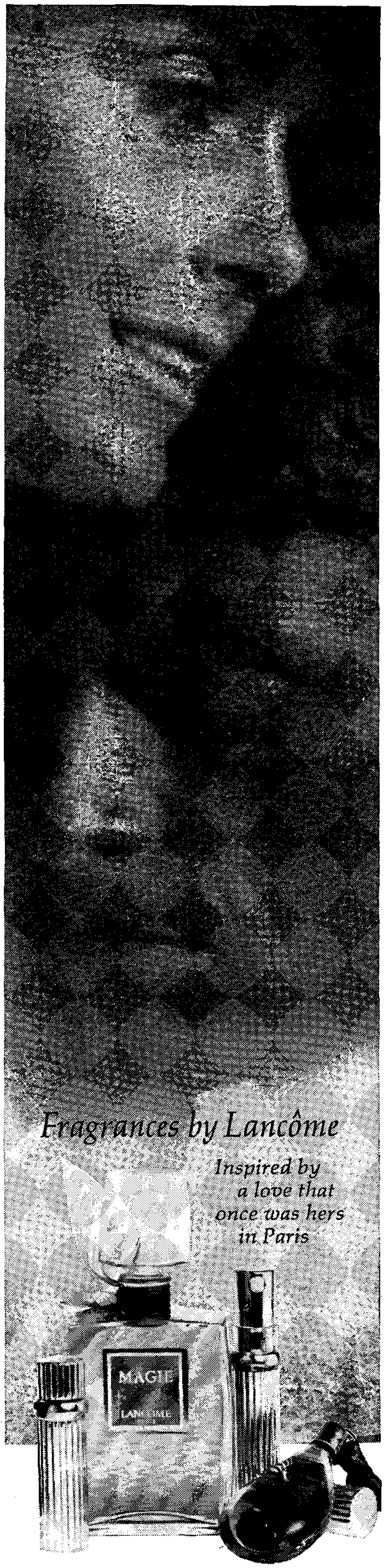

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completely, so that, a few weeks after the festival season, I was taken unawares when Mother arrived on a sudden visit. She said she'd merely come to see how I was getting on, and it seemed easier to believe her than not.

Once I got over the surprise, I was pleased to see her. There was no doubt that she was awfully good at taking things as she found them. She stayed with me, and didn't at all object to living in a damp, cold adobe house. When she found that I was living on cold boiled eggs and canned beans, she protested only mildly. There was a little flurry when she insisted on washing all my dirty handkerchiefs, but this was only to be expected. You couldn't say that she didn't behave well all through the days. And yet . . .

Yet I knew that sooner or later we would have to settle things. I knew she was waiting to pounce, and I tried to brace myself. I am not sure I succeeded, even for a minute; I think Mother had me licked before she started. Without trying, without malice, she did something to Taos. I don't know how. I only know that every day my house grew smaller. The work we did on the cards dwindled, too, into an amusing little stunt. All the country changed and lost its brightness. Even the mountain shrank, no longer striking me with awe in the early morning, when it threw a deep shadow as far as I could see. I felt as if I'd already gone home and was living in the playroom, and it is odd that when we came to grips at last, the night before she left, she put it almost like that.

"I can understand your fondness for this place, dear," she said. "It's a very pretty little town, lovely for playing in. I've always been fond of the West myself. But when all's said and done, a resort is no place to live permanently. Look at your little friend Maria. You told me yourself that she's miserable here."

"Yes, but—I'm not like Maria."

Mother ignored that. "In real life, people do something that matters—especially people who've had a training as good as yours," she said. I didn't reply, and she continued, "We've been so worried about you, darling."

Again I said nothing. I waited.

"I'm sure you're ready now to go back to work. Aren't you?" asked Mother.

I said, "I do work. You ask the Kirwans."

"This isn't real work, and you know it."

"Look, Mother, Taos is a hard-

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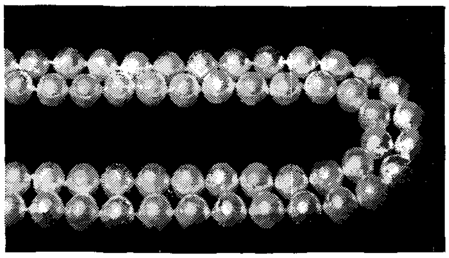

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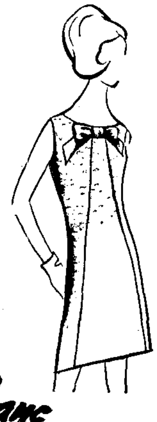

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working community. Just because people paint or model, you can't say—"

"I know that perfectly well," said my mother. "I have every respect for artists. But you're not a real artist, now, are you? Christmas cards!"

"No, but if you hadn't made me go to college, I might have been."

"I didn't think it wise. You didn't have enough talent." Mother became brisk. "Now, what are your plans? What do you intend to do with yourself? You've had your fun for a long time, but now . . . Your father and I have talked about it, and we know it's hard to get started all over again. We're willing to help. Wouldn't you like to go back to school, perhaps, and get a Master's?"

Like a charmed cobra, I watched her. I repeated her words. "Back to school?"

"You did enjoy your science. Well, why not go on with that? We're willing to help you out with the money."

Nothing could have impressed me more than this offer. It was a fundamental law in our family that the children were sent to college and afterward were on their own. We were so imbued with the idea that we even tried to get off our parents' hands while we were still at college, taking jobs on the side when we could. My younger sister succeeded so well that on one occasion she was able to send back her entire allowance for the term. The enormity of Mother's suggested break with tradition took away most of my resistance.

I said, "You can't possibly afford it, Mother. It costs money to go on with what I like—mineralogy."

"We can manage for a while. Remember, most of you are married and gone away now," said Mother.

"No, no, you mustn't think of it. I wouldn't need money. If I went to Columbia, for instance—they're good at mineralogy there—I'm sure I could get a job to help out. Oh, no, Mother, I wouldn't want money."

As she smiled, I realized what I had done, and added frantically, "It's just an idea, you understand. I'm not— I don't want to . . ."

She stood up, saying, "Think it over, dear. I'm sleepy. I'm going to bed." She kissed me, and left me sitting by the fire.

I tried to think it over, but it seemed to me that I couldn't even speculate about the future, or think of anything but the past. Everything I had been doing was clearly exposed in a new, glaring light. I had been wrong to work on the Detour, wrong to stencil all those greeting cards, wrong to have been happy.

"And after gladness follows pain."

The flaming end of a twig fell out of the fire onto the hearth. I leaned over and severely shoved it back where it belonged. Then I sat up and looked around the room in farewell.

—Emily Hahn

• •

## LATE DANDELIONS

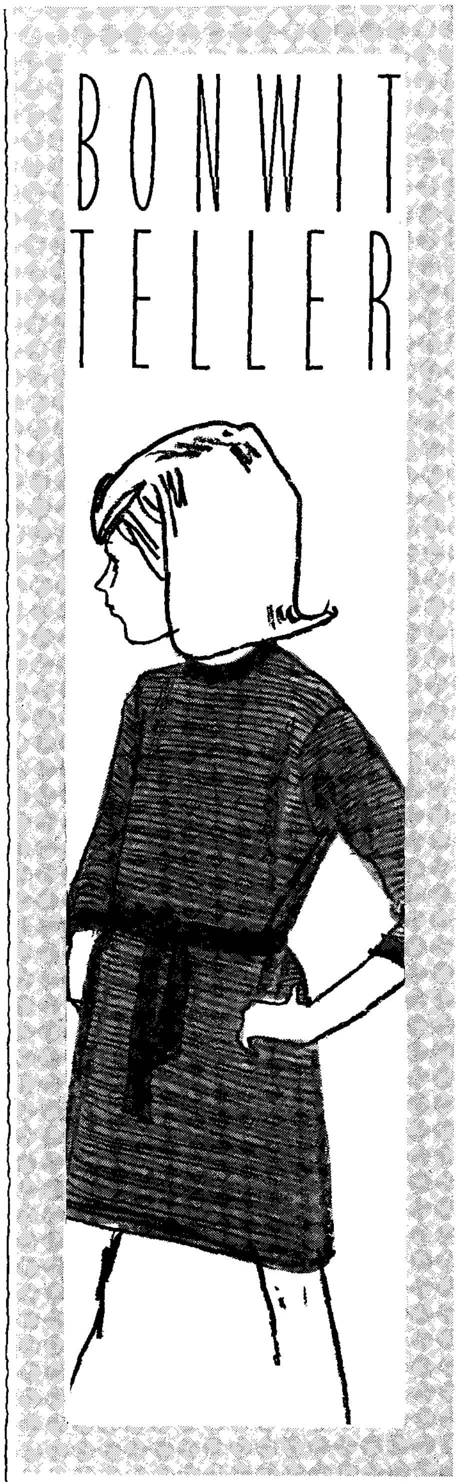
The dandelions, wrecked on their stems
in a carnage of tentacles, conduits, and hoses,
clock-faces timed for a morning's explosion
that triggers the wire in the crabweed with its dynamite charges,
and detonates roses,

are a judgment. Crowding the clover and fern,
something demoniac, a gross Babylonian brass
hammered in sunburst and pentacle, Medusan or Coptic by turns,
a puffball of plumage on its way to a savage transfiguement,
is struck down in the grass

and time is made human again. Oh, angel
of process, who arranges the sequences
and interprets the seasons, how you wrestled
that night with the dandelion's changes, the wormwood
and work of mutation no watcher has followed,

the fiend in the bag of the mushroom, the corolla's
untimely unreason that forces its ores into feathers,
ravaged the tuft in the bubble, blew a planet away,
leaving only a space where seed after seed gathered,
and a scarab aloft on the stem revelation had hollowed!

—Ben Belitt



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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *What, No Sink?*

THERE'S an old children's game—a sort of counting-out game in reverse—that begins with somebody saying, "I packed my grandmother's trunk, and in it I put a pair of brown slippers" (or any other object, no matter how unlikely, that may have leaped to mind), and that continues with the next player saying, "I packed my grandmother's trunk, and in it I put a pair of brown slippers and a bent toothbrush" (or any other etc., etc.), the game proceeding, addition by addition, until victory is achieved by the last contestant who proves able to recite, without omission or misplacement, the entire list of items that have been gathered into Grandmother's preposterously capacious receptacle. The game is an excellent means of palliating the *longueurs* of childhood, especially on trips, but it's a poor model indeed for the production of works of art. Novels piled up in this higgledy-piggledy fashion are sometimes referred to as picaresque, to give them a certain synthetic dignity; as far as I've been able to discover, there's no trade term for movies piled up in a similar fashion, but "The Loved One," directed by Tony Richardson, is a nearly perfect specimen of the genre, and its successors might well come to be called after the famous director, except for the fact that both his names are already in common use in this country—the first to designate prizes awarded annually in the theatre and the second to designate a style of architecture. Under the circumstances, lucky Mr. R.

The screenplay of "The Loved One," by Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern, is based on a study by Evelyn Lévi-Strauss Waugh of the barbaric burial rites he found being practiced in Hollywood a few years ago. Dr. Waugh's work, which owed a considerable debt to the earlier labors of Nathanael West and Aldous Huxley, was a shapely affair of scarcely forty thousand words, but the movie version gives the disconcerting impression of having been carved, in great, clumsy chunks, out of a novel on the scale of "The Brothers Karamazov." It not only contains far too much for its own good; what it contains has been banged together into such a continuously discontinuous muddle of false starts and failed endings that we keep sensing, from one incoherent scene to the next, that still other incoherent scenes have been snipped away at the last moment in order to bring the picture down to a commercially feasible length. To judge by the internal evidence, much of what has been invented to turn Mr. Waugh's witty toy into a behemoth springs from the morbid fancy of Terry Southern, whose main defect as a writer is never knowing when to stop. Be that as it may, most of the blame for the picture's incompetence, technical as well as dramaturgic, rests with Mr. Richardson. Very early on, he must have perceived that he had on hand enough ghastly gags about the care and disposition of dead bodies to make at least three pictures; in spite of that knowledge, he rushed ahead among less and less funny horrors, exuberantly squandering film.

Mr. Richardson must also be blamed for a couple of disastrous errors of casting. As a young English poet who comes to Hollywood and takes a job in an undertaking establishment for animals, the invincibly American Robert Morse is altogether at sea; his fake (and fugitive) English accent is rendered all the more implausible by being subject to constant comparison with the unctuous Oxonian McCoy of John Gielgud and Robert Morley. Also miscast is Miss Anjanette Comer, playing the part of Aimée Thanatogenos, an assistant in the undertaking establishment for human beings known as Whispering Glades. Miss Comer has regular features and a stately carriage, but I saw no evidence that she could act. The truth of the matter is that the best things in the picture are there as if by chance—out of scores of scenes, a few lucky ones hit the target. Among these is a scene with Margaret Leighton and Milton Berle, as the owners of a freshly deceased dog; a scene in which Liberace plays an effeminate casket salesman; one or two of Rod Steiger's scenes as Mr. Joyboy, the head embalmer; and a scene in which Roddy McDowall plays a craven young studio executive. Mr. McDowall would have been a superb choice to play Mr. Morse's role, but no—it would be a flight of fancy worthy of Mr. Southern to start recasting "The Loved One" in the midst of its own funeral.

"LA TERRA TREMA" ("The Earth Will Tremble") is a film made by Luchino Visconti back in 1947, in

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the then popular neo-realistic vein. The New Yorker Theatre brought it to town for a few days, to give it a belated world première in its original form, and the reason that it has always been shown in a cut version becomes obvious in the course of the nearly three hours that it takes to show the uncut one. Mr. Visconti has a very simple story to tell—how the unbearable poverty of a village of Sicilian fishermen finally drives one gallant young man to rebellion, and how his rebellion fails—but he has insisted on telling it so slowly, in such not very interesting detail, and with so many arbitrary soap-operatic embellishments that no amount of beautifully photographed land- and seascape can serve to keep us in a receptive frame of mind. "La Terra Trema" has been hailed in some quarters as one of the ten greatest pictures of all time, but I'm afraid it is only one of the ten longest.

—BRENDAN GILL

●

### SPANISH HOLIDAY

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

An English holidaymaker who said he found that his chalet in Majorca was within the bounds of the local police firing range was yesterday awarded £70 damages at Marylebone County Court, London.

Mr Michael Rogers, of Gustard Wood Common, Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, sued Spain Only Ltd., of Regent Street, London, for £100, alleging breach of contract.

He claimed that Spain Only had promised him a villa only 20 yards from the beach. He had found that 200 yards of rock and scrubland separated the chalet from a cliff edge with a sheer drop of 100 ft. The nearest beach was two miles away, and, as he had only one leg, he had to hire a car to get there.

STRAY BULLETS

In addition, said Mr Rogers, the chalet was on the rifle range. He was told to keep his family indoors as they might be injured by stray bullets.

Mr Hubert Gregg, a director of Spain Only Ltd., said the company had warned Mr Rogers that it could not guarantee him all the things he had asked for.

Giving judgment, Judge Andrew said he had borne very much in mind the fact that Mr Rogers had stipulated that the chalet should be near the beach.

●

Mrs. Richard J. Wessel presided at the business meeting. Mrs. Don Weaver presented a humorous skit concerning the name change and final plans were made for the appearance here on Nov. 3 of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkie, who will discuss The Wonders of Sex, a project which the club is sponsoring.—*Hamilton (Ohio) Journal-News.*

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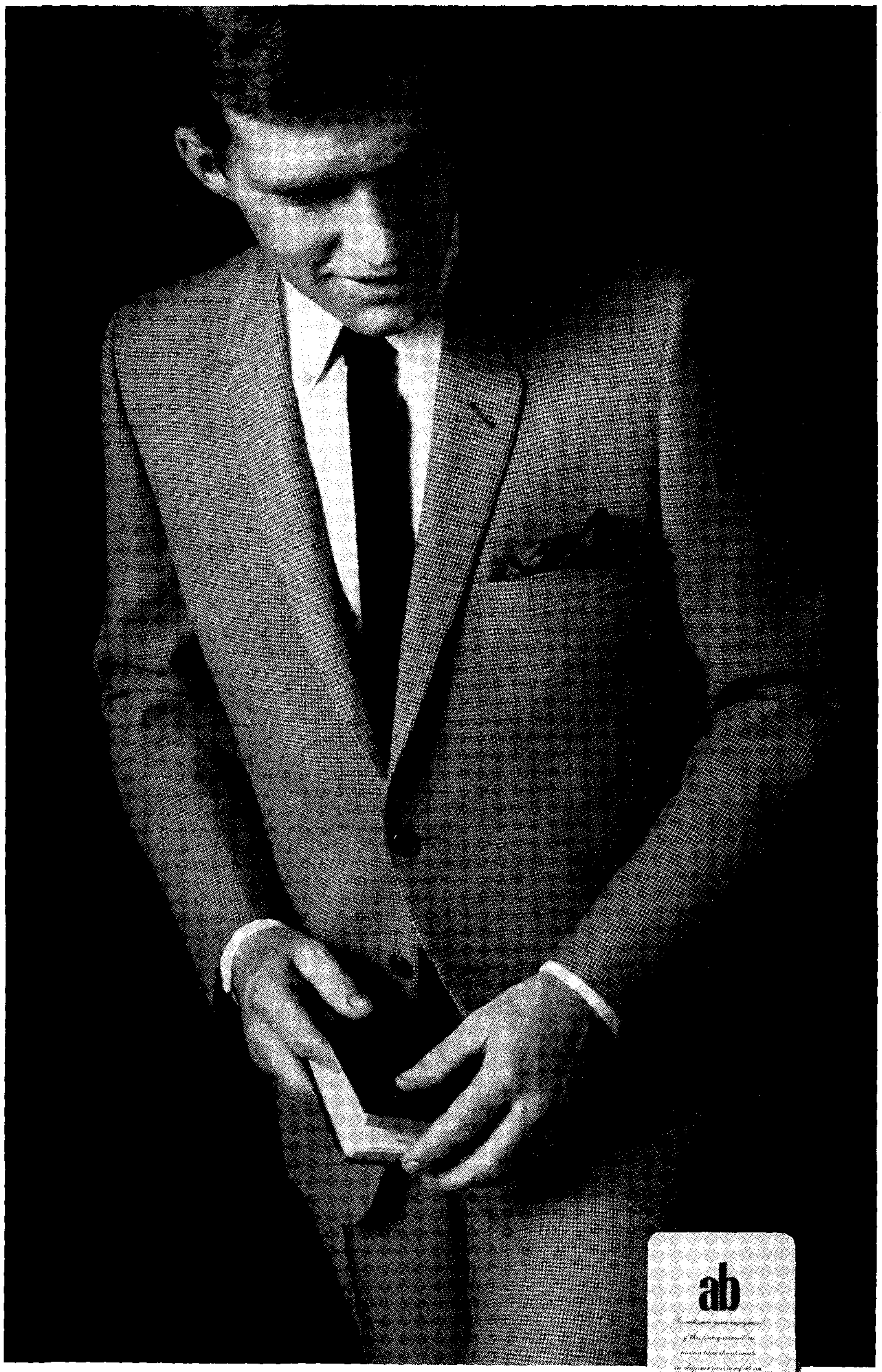

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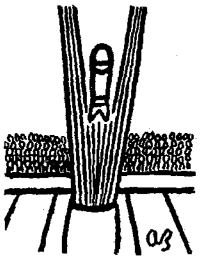
# FOOTBALL

## *The Breaks of the Game*



THREE records—along with, it is sad to report, some valuable arms and fingers—were broken last weekend, and one of them occasioned no surprise at all. Charlie Gogolak, Princeton's eminent footman, who had not broken a record for a whole week, broke another on Saturday by kicking his twenty-second field goal, which erases the high-water mark for a single season established by Billy Lothridge, a Georgia Tech man, two years ago. And the nine points, all told, that Gogolak kicked while immensely assisting his teammates defeat Colgate, 27–0, broke by four points the career record of a hundred and twenty-eight points set up by Hughie Morrow, of Alabama, eighteen years ago. Another record was finally broken—in, at any rate, the eyes of this beholder—in the middle of the night at Shea Stadium, when an official gave it as his opinion that Flores, the quarterback of the Oakland Raiders, had intentionally grounded a forward pass. (Oakland, which is—on the strength of its exhibition that evening—a more or less professional football team, was allowing the Jets to at least smooth over their record of not winning a game this fall by letting them run up, at the next-to-last minute, a 24–24 tie. Counting in the television announcements and a half-time contest to determine who could unpack a shopping cart into a refrigerator faster than anyone else, the great big show, which was loaded with comedy acts—presumably unintentional—by a number of the players, ran to nearly three hours. The great big show at the Latin Quarter runs to only an hour and a half, with*out* shopping carts and commercials, and you don't have to try to get home from Shea Stadium after it is all over.) As for that intentionally grounded pass, what would happen to college football if those Shea Stadium officials, who seemed to me to be doing a tremendously good job, were turned loose in it? And as for the Jets, what is to become of them? Their Matt Snell, a truly stylish stout, is a treat as he barrels (in every sense of the word) through the enemy line, and Joe Namath, now that he has suddenly let everybody know that he can run with the ball as well as throw it, is coming along

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fast, and Curley Johnson is a stunning punter. But where are the blockers who can block, and where are the pass catchers who can catch?

The most important leg to be broken last week belongs to Nickerson, Army's reliable kicker of field goals. He was run into during kicking practice (there's a fifteen-yard penalty for this in a match) and removed thereby for the season. Dull, his very young successor, kicked a goal from an extremely obtuse angle in the course of Army's conquest, 23–6, of Rutgers last Saturday, but Nickerson will be missed. So will Army's Clarke, a linebacker, and Casillo, a defensive guard, and Rivers, a defensive end, and Lakamp, a defensive tackle, and Meyer, another linebacker and the son of the celebrated Monk Meyer, who was an Army back in the days when Army was both might and right. All of them have been put to pasture because of injuries. Last May, Bateman, Rutgers' senior statesman, took his whole crew of assistant coaches to West Point when Army ran off an informal intramural game, and two weeks ago he took them to Shea Stadium to watch Army play Notre Dame in a match that the Rutgers team, snug in its dormitories, watched on television, but in spite of the Army invalids and the advance cramming, Rutgers had little enough to offer Army. It did, however, have a lineman named Brown, a two-hundred-and-fifteen-pound retired Marine who has attained the ripe old age of twenty-six. Brown, the father of one child, doesn't rank, though, with McGraw, who punts for Pittsburgh, which on Saturday was neatly downed, 12–0, by what looks like a steadily improving Navy. McGraw, who is twenty-seven, is the father of four children.

THE honor of our city was nobly upheld, at long last, by Columbia over the weekend—Columbia 21, Yale 7. Columbia is operating without Jensen, who is to be marked absent for the season, I guess, but Dennis and Ballantine, two of its healthy backs, were much too much for Yale. Yale, too, has a roster of in-patients, a new coach (Carmen Cozza), and very little else; one thing it certainly does not have is a Yale man who can throw the ball to another Yale man. It does, though, have that vigilante committee of unofficial alumni coaches, and Lord knows that a thing like that can spoil the broth. Pennsylvania, which has been on short rations for some years, managed to beat Bucknell, 16–13—and Bucknell had

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not been beaten this fall—but it also managed to lose Molloy, its pet performer, with a banged-up knee. Cornell, whose Sponaugle has a banged-up ankle, fell into one more tie last weekend, this time (3–3) with Harvard, which is in excellent health. Dartmouth took over Brown with consummate ease, 35–9, and its quarterbacks, Beard and Ryzewicz, were unholy terrors with their runs and passes, but Dartmouth's MacLeod and O'Brien and LaMontagne and Urbanic were not in evidence last weekend, and their continued absence can lead to trouble. Princeton, which had operated without Johnson and Martin against Cornell, used the two men copiously against Colgate, and splendid were the results. Three times Princeton offered its guest opulent opportunities, and three times it plowed the Colgate men with the ball into the landscape. What has made Princeton, which graduated so many great artists this spring, keep rolling unbeaten this year, too? Well, aside from Gogolak and the forty-six points he has kicked this season, and aside from the fierceness of the defensive players, there are three former third-stringers—Landeck, Martin, and Bedell—who have been converted into houses afire, and there is Berkley, who has become a punter able to put the opposition into the most awkward positions. The Ivy League student body specializes in the classics, and the matches between Harvard and Princeton and Dartmouth and Princeton should be two of them. —J. W. L.

•

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

Service of an Admiralty writ by handing it to the master of a Dutch vessel, the Prins Bernhard, 388 tons, instead of nailing it to the vessel's mast, was declared invalid in the Admiralty Court yesterday. The writ itself was declared valid and capable of being re-served.

Mr. Justice Hewson said that fixing a writ to a ship's mast might not be a perfect way of informing all interested parties that there was a claim against the ship, but no other method had been suggested or devised.

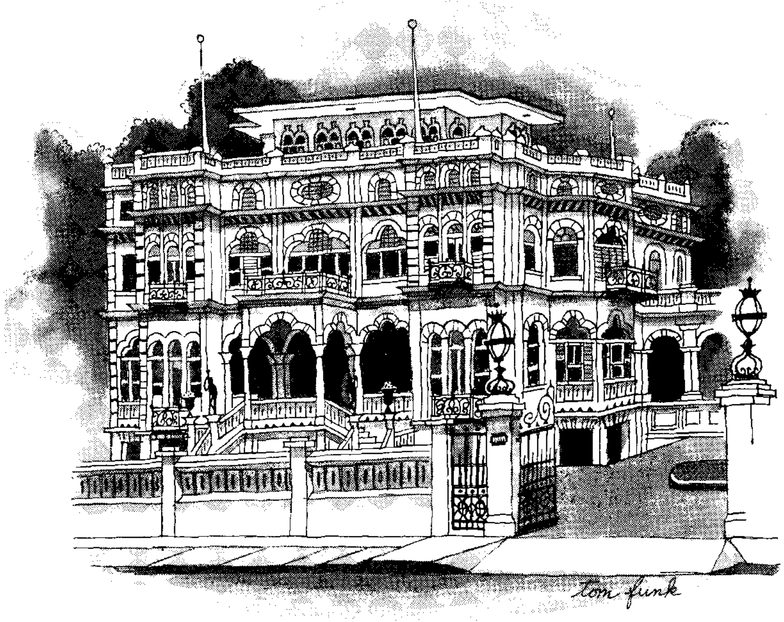
•

Beginning Jan. 1, 1966, an employee is required to submit written reports covering the actual amount of his tip income to his employer, no later than the 10th day after each month in which he received cash tips of $20 or more.

Mr. Mello stressed the importance of faking these reports on time.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

No excuse for tardiness in these matters.

# LETTER FROM PORT OF SPAIN



THE horse races have been in session on the Savannah, a large public greensward, rimmed by exuberantly ornate wooden mansions, in the center of Trinidad's capital. My hotel window, on a steep, lush hillside that rises just north of the Savannah, commands a splendid view of the proceedings, together with a handsome broader vista that includes, beyond the low rooftops of the city, glimpses of the harbor, where a few freighters lie at anchor, and, to the west, some twelve miles away across the peacock-hued Gulf of Paria, the hazy coastal mountains of Venezuela. In the mornings, when I open the blinds, I am generally rewarded by the sight of some of the nags cantering about on the grassy expanse as they are given their morning exercise. In the afternoons, I have all the excitement and color and frivolity of the races themselves to lure my attention from whatever sober work I had planned to do at my desk. Truth to tell, I've been spending a fair amount of my time here in idleness and diversion, but I'm not disposed to feel guilty about it. Such puritanism would not be appropriate to this tropical, pleasure-loving island, whose principal contributions to the world have been calypso and the steel band, and which is widely celebrated for its extravagant and uninhibited annual carnival. This is a land where people tend to pace themselves at their work, taking care not to get into a sweat over it, so that they can pour their best energies, style, and ingenuity into their play. Distraction is here the main business.

The racecourse, which consists of little more than an oval white rail and a grandstand, is toward the southern side of the Savannah. One has to pay admission to the grandstand, but most of the spectators, I've observed, simply slip under the rail to the infield, where they mill about under the gaudy sun between races, placing bets, munching hot *rôti* or licking drippy bright-colored ices, playing penny pitch, and otherwise having a good time. A great many activities go on at once all over the place: cricket, which is pursued here with much individual panache and ardor and almost no team spirit; soccer; girls' hockey; kite-flying; picnics; impromptu calypso sessions; florid speechmakings. I like to wander about among all this. As Marianne Moore once wrote, in a poem about a storm, “It is a privilege to see so much confusion.” Here, as elsewhere in Trinidad, a wide variety of racial stocks may be seen. The two major racial ingredients came from Africa and India, the Indians having been brought to Trinidad in great numbers as indentured plantation workers after slavery was abolished in 1833, but there have also been contributions by Chinese shopkeepers, Levantine merchants, French planters, British civil servants, Spanish adventurers, Yankee sailors, and who knows what else. Trinidad is easygoing and tolerant about race, as about most other things. I heard one young man reply, when asked what race he was, “Oh, the usual Trinidad mixture, man—a little of everything.”

BY far the greatest event on the island during my stay has been the annual Steel Band Music Festival, the finals of competitions that had been going on for months. The Queen's Hall, a large new edifice shaped like a Quonset hut and painted pistachio inside, had been sold out for weeks, but I scrounged about until I managed to pick up a ticket. I must confess to something of a weakness for the sound of well-tempered oil drums. Like calypso, the steel band is of lowly origin. Calypso stems, we are told, from the songs of ribald insult that one gang of slaves would direct at another while they were working in the fields. At night, in private, these derisive songs were probably turned against the slaves' masters and overseers. In the nineteen-thirties, calypso emerged in its present form, as an aspect of carnival; each calypsonian had a tent, where, for the edification and delight of the festive public, he would improvise scurrilous ditties about his rivals. Soon the songs broadened to include any topic that caught the calypsonian's fancy, with particular emphasis on the foibles of the high and mighty. Not surprisingly, the respectable elements of society for many years sought, though in vain, to suppress or discourage calypso. They were equally disapproving of the steel band at first. This musical expression dates from the spring of 1945—from V-E Day, to be precise. When the end of the war in Europe was announced, crowds poured out into the streets to celebrate. They had a lot of celebrating pent up in them, because no carnivals had been permitted by the authorities since the start of the war. The joyous parade was led by so-called tamboo-bamboo bandsmen, who traditionally made the accompanying music for the shuffling road marches of the maskers at carnival by knocking or beating on the ground various lengths of cured bamboo, each with its own pitch. But the bamboos they hauled out on V-E Day, old and long disused, soon split, one after another. As this happened, the revellers began beating out the rhythms on garbage-can lids, pots and pans, and whatever else came to hand. It made a splendid cacophony that spoke to the Trinidadian soul. Then began a period of fertile experimentation. Within a week, one experimenter, a fellow called Fisheye, who hung out in a notorious area of downtown Port of Spain known as the Hell Yard, discovered that he could produce several predictable notes when he beat on a steel reinforcement rod that was bent in a certain way. Fisheye's first tune was “Mary Had a Little Lamb.” From there, the bandsmen moved on to biscuit containers, which they would hang about their necks and whomp with their

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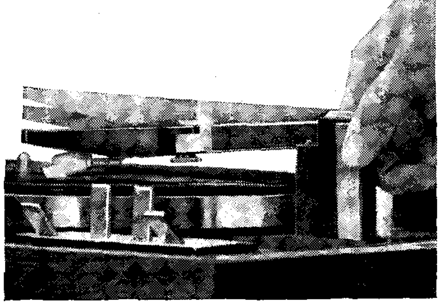

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fists as they marched. Next came the discovery that different sounds could be produced by striking the various bumps and hollows on a paint can that had been hammered from the inside. From paint cans it was but a step to oil drums. The musicians cut them off to various lengths at the bung end and worked out a way of tuning them. First, they pounded the drum top out until it was stretched like a dome. Then they seamed this surface with a hammer and cold chisel, leaving a number of mounds, each of which could be made to resonate as a different note. Next, the steel was sloshed with oil and burned, to temper it. And, finally, there was fine tuning, done with a tinker's hammer. In this way, a whole band, with a range of several octaves, was developed. The bass instruments—boom pans, as they are called—are nearly full-size forty-four-gallon drums, and are capable of three or four notes. The cello pans, cut off somewhat shorter, are seamed for five or six notes. Next up in scale are the guitar pans, with fourteen notes. And, lastly, there are the tenor, or ping-pong, pans, which are hung about the neck when played, being only about six inches in depth. The ping-pong pans are the band's solo instruments; they have a range of from twenty-six to thirty-two notes. Steel-band pans are struck with rubber-tipped sticks, producing a mellifluous sound, a bit reminiscent of Javanese gamelangs but with a wider variety of tonal possibilities.

The man credited with having done most of the pioneering in the development of the techniques required to play musical instruments made out of such unlikely materials is Ellie Manette, who in 1946 organized Trinidad's first major steel band, the Invaders. Within the next few years, the back alleys were jumping with delightful new sounds and complex rhythms, and it was estimated that in Port of Spain, which has a population of a hundred and twenty thousand, there were no fewer than five thousand steel-band men. Each band attracted its own following, and there were frequent bloody brawls—"the steel-band wars," they were called—between the adherents of rival bands. This was one of the reasons for the steel band's low repute among Trinidad's bastions of propriety. But it was also scorned—just as calypso had been, and carnival as well—simply because it was indigenous. By the prevailing canons of taste, a legacy of colonialism, the only arts or artists worth considering came from abroad. Recently, however, a drastic change in attitude

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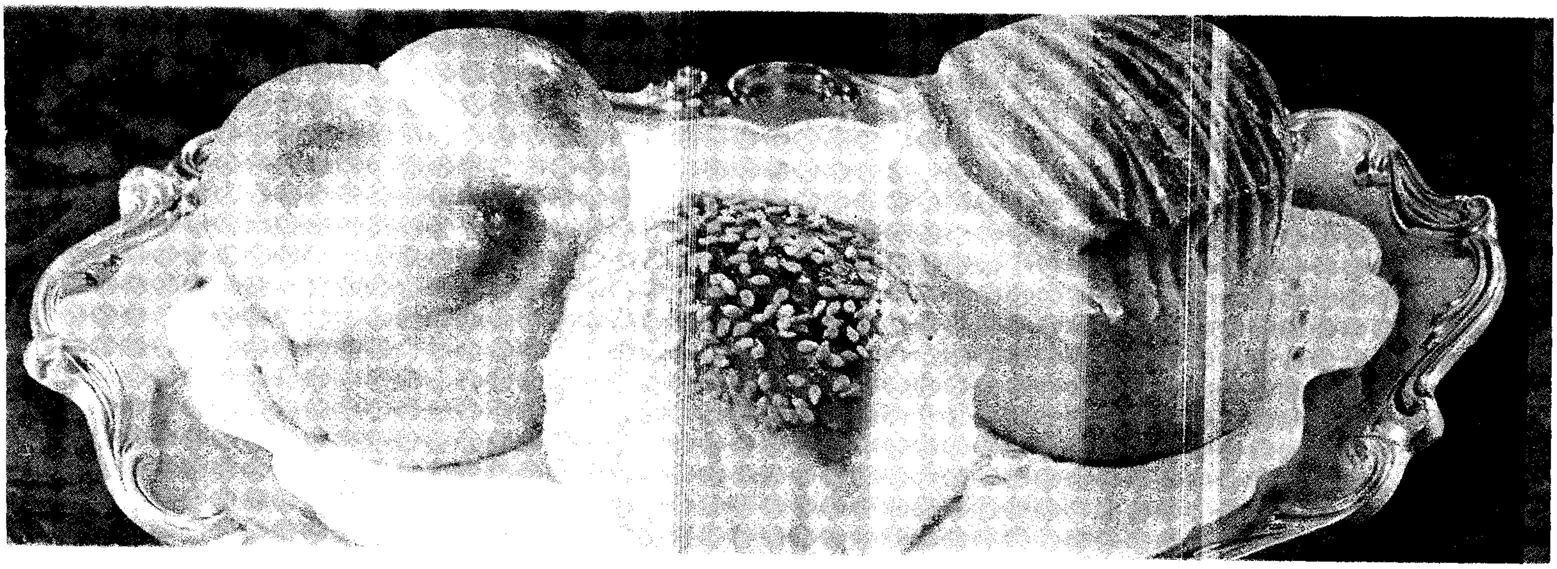

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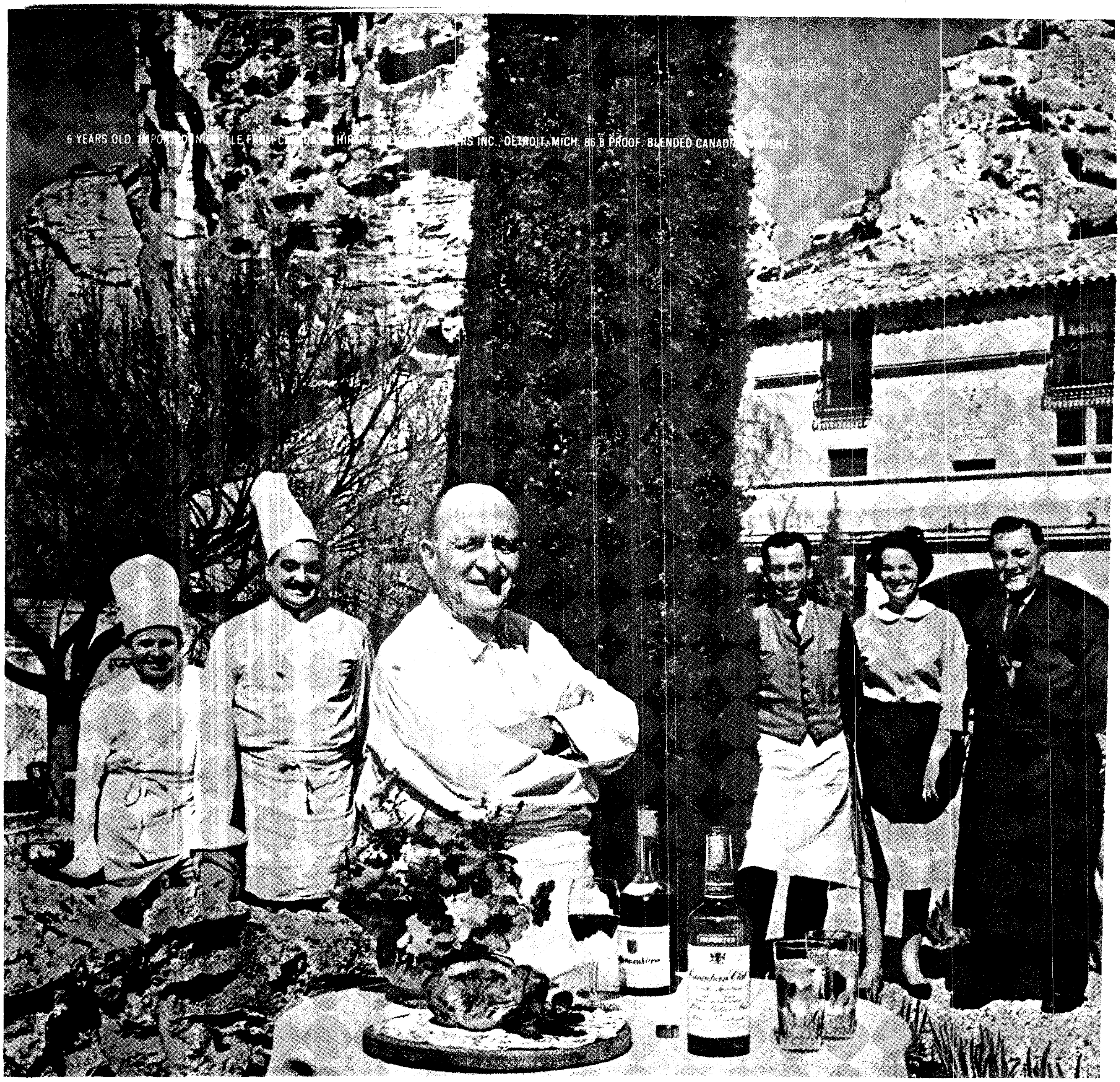
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has occurred—in part because the world outside Trinidad has taken to calypso and steel-band music, thus inducing those who originally disapproved to perceive, all of a sudden, hidden merits in these forms of expression, and partly because the nationalistic politicians now in power are eager to demonstrate that Trinidad has a culture of its own. The consequence is that both calypso and the steel band are now being menaced by middle-class approval and official patronage, as well as by commercial exploitation. They are in grave danger of becoming Culture. At the front entrance of the Queen's Hall as I approached the place on the evening of the festival, I noticed two imposing black limousines flying flags of state, signifying the presence of both the Prime Minister and the Acting Governor-General. The affair had as sponsor Senator Donald Pierre, Minister of Education and Culture, who spoke of the steel-band movement as representing "a momentous and most striking achievement," which was not only "a dynamic contribution to the world of music" but "of tremendous social significance to this country." The printed program carried a foreword by the Prime Minister stating that the successful visits of the Desperadoes Steel Band to Canada and of the Pan Am North Stars to Puerto Rico had helped improve Trinidad's position in international affairs.

The evening's program was divided into two parts. The first was the competition for the best soloist, the second to choose the best band. Each of the ping-pong-pan men was required to play the same test tune, one composed specially for the occasion, followed by a selection of his own choosing, and the band competition observed the same procedure. For their specialty numbers, nearly all the performers favored classical or semi-classical numbers. They gave us, among others, Chopin's Waltz No. 2 in C Sharp, Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings, the "Warsaw Concerto," Handel's "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion," the "Hallelujah Chorus," and a number listed in the program as "Eine Kline, Netchmuzek, Mozart First Movement." Since the steel-band men don't read music, they had memorized these pieces by listening to them over and over on records. I'm not sure that I can convey what this music sounded like. In order to imagine it, one must realize that steel-band tuning, whether intentionally or unintentionally, is not quite that of the customary scale, so there are suggestions of Oriental quarter tones; into

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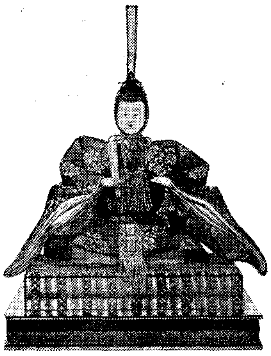

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all the bouncily complicated rhythms intrudes the hint of a loose-boned, jiggling shuffle, even when it is a waltz that is being essayed; and the palette of tonal color is always gaudy, tropical. The player's techniques were extraordinary, and the pieces were certainly recognizable, but as the evening progressed and band after band took its turn, I felt as if I were being led down endless corridors, lined with distorting mirrors, in a fun house.

I am told that it was the surprise performance of a classical number at the first steel-band festival, held on the Savannah in 1950, that finally enabled the steel band to win status in the community. The band responsible was the Casablanca Steel Orchestra, which included among its instruments a hubcap, played by Arthur de Coteau, a hubcap virtuoso. An account of that occasion is to be found in a study of the steel band written by W. Austin Simmonds for the Department of Extra-Mural Studies of the University of the West Indies:

> Revelling in the glory of the minute, Russell Manning, the bandleader, lifted his arms. The crowd grew still. A slight movement of the fingers—the response of the band—and jaws fell open in amazement. . . . For here in Trinidad, by musicians who knew not a single note of written music, was a most professional arrangement of Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat. The audience followed the nimble-fingered boys in rapt silence and attention. The steelbandsman was accepted as a musician.

Comments by Trinidadians with whom I talked during intermissions at the Queen's Hall affair were similar in tone. For the middle classes, it was the rendition of the classical works, rather than the locally improvised pieces, that justified the steel-band men and made it possible to approve of them. I also heard much enthusiastic comment about new techniques for enabling the bands to sound like one or another conventional instrument. "It's absolutely extraordinary!" said one of my neighbors in the auditorium, a slim colored man wearing a dinner jacket and smoking through a silver cigarette holder. "They've got a band now that can sound exactly like a harp." In the Trinidad *Guardian* I read that the West Side Symphony Steel Orchestra had, after endless hours of practice, succeeded in working out a combination of pans that gave the tone of a saxophone. It seemed to me a waste of good oil drums.

The evening dragged on. Between numbers, it took almost half an hour to move one band's pans off and get

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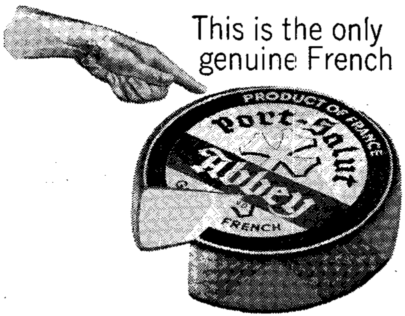

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the next band set up. The intermissions were filled by speeches, uninspired songs by a calypsonian called Lord Cristo, and various other entertainments, including a turn by a black-skinned strongman with bulging muscles who, to much applause, husked a coconut with his teeth. It was well after midnight by the time the last piece was played. Then began the judges' consultations—another lengthy process. Eventually, the chief adjudicator, a man named Melville Robin, came forward. He had a sheaf of notes in his hand. In a schoolmasterish voice, he ran through detailed appraisals of each of the performances: "No. 7 ping-pong, your top F was not nicely defined. . . . No. 6, you played a crotchet followed by a quaver in your Minuet in G rather than a dotted crotchet. Watch that, please! . . . No. 6 in the bands, your *fugato* passage in the 'Hallelujah Chorus' was most commendably executed. However . . ." It was after 1 A.M. before he got around to saying who had won. The wife of the Acting Governor-General then made the presentation of awards, and the people in the audience, most of whom had waited all this time, albeit impatiently, were free to drift out into the moist, tropical night.

THIS is my second visit to Trinidad. The last time I was here was in the spring of 1958, when the city was in the midst of a great celebration. There were fireworks on the Savannah, a festival of the arts, ceremonial processions, stately balls for the great, improvised dances in the streets for the lowly, and grandiloquent oratory for all. The festivities of that time, it was said, were the most gala and impressive ever seen in these parts, and were attended by the most glittering assemblage of notables, headed by Princess Margaret, ever to foregather on a West Indian island. The occasion for all this was the birth of a new nation, the West Indies Federation—a union of ten former British colonies, scattered like a curving cast of amber beads across fifteen hundred miles of turquoise Caribbean. Port of Spain had been chosen as the federal capital, and the first Parliament was then being inaugurated. It was a gay and joyous time, I remember, but even in the midst of the gaiety people seemed to have more enthusiasm for the grand party being thrown than for the reason it was being thrown. Very little West Indies nationalism was to be discerned. Nobody was quite clear as to what federation entailed or seemed particularly

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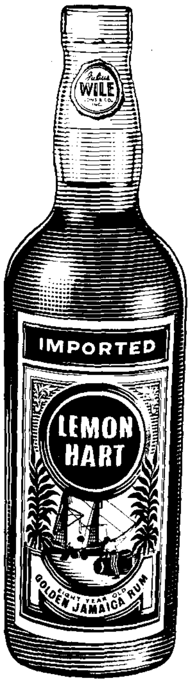

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dedicated to making it work. Sure enough, within three years the experiment collapsed, and the West Indies Federation disintegrated into the old fragments.

Curious as to what went wrong, I have talked with a number of people about the subject while here this time, conducting a sort of post-mortem on the death of a nation. The breakup is blamed on many things. Some say that the project was patently unworkable from the start, an artificial construct, imposed from above by the British Colonial Office without due regard for the needs and feelings of the islands' people. This is the judgment of Dr. Eric Williams, Trinidad's Prime Minister, who believes that though some sort of association makes sense in the Caribbean, it should have been primarily economic rather than political in character and should have been organized to include Puerto Rico and the French and Dutch colonies as well—Martinique, Guadeloupe, Curaçao, and perhaps also the Guianas. The failure to include these neighbors in some fashion was, in his opinion, a slavish perpetuation of the colonial mentality. Others think that the West Indies Federation might have worked out eventually along the lines conceived but for the inadequacy of the West Indian political leaders and their unwillingness to subordinate their petty insular powers and ambitions to a larger commonweal. Each wanted to be captain of his own cockleshell rather than serve in the crew of a greater vessel. Their reluctance to yield authority to a federal government or vote it sufficient funds to operate (the total budget was only about five and a half million dollars a year) made the Federation a joke from the start. Rivalry between the two largest and most populous islands—Jamaica and Trinidad, situated at opposite ends of the Caribbean—made it impossible even to work out an agreement for the free passage of goods and people throughout the new nation. It was probably a mistake to locate the West Indies capital on Trinidad—a decision, according to dark rumor, that was achieved by bribes to some of the small-island politicians; exacerbation of the Jamaica-Trinidad rivalry might have been avoided by putting the federal capital on Barbados. In any evaluation of the Federation's failure, economic factors are certainly basic. These palm-fringed isles, whose paradisial charms are a favorite theme in the siren songs that travel agents descant but whose poverty and economic woes have furnished the matter for many a

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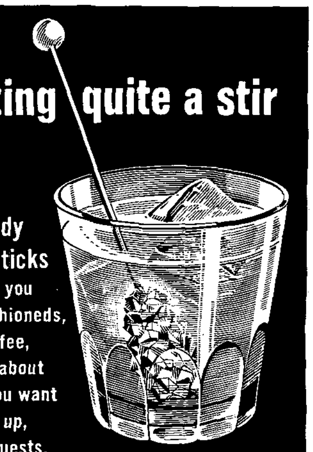

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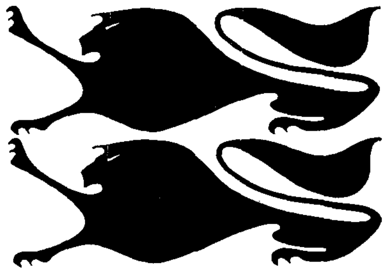

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dreary high-commission report, simply did not have the wherewithal to make a go of it as an independent nation. Many West Indians felt, as one put it, that in trying to establish a nation they were like "a group of paupers in an almshouse setting up a company without having even the money to register it." The reproach has more than once been voiced that Great Britain, which took much wealth from these islands in the heyday of Empire, should have been more generous with financial aid to get the Federation under way.

The most thoughtful analysis of the Federation's failure that I have come across was written by an Oxford-educated Barbadian political economist named Hugh Springer, who is registrar of the University of the West Indies, in Jamaica. Dr. Springer's essay, which appeared three years ago in *International Organization*, a World Peace Foundation publication, weighs the West Indies' experience against six factors that, in varying degrees, are involved in prompting any federation to come into being and hold together. (For these criteria, he acknowledges a debt to Kenneth C. Wheare's "Federal Government.") Three of them are classified as "predisposing" factors among territories considering federation—common political forms, geographical propinquity, and previous political association. The ten colonies of the West Indies did have common political forms, the government of each being modelled on the British parliamentary system. However, there had been very little sense of geographical propinquity among the islands through most of their history; it was only the development of air travel that made federation of these far-flung colonies, some of them mere specks in the sea, worth considering as a possibility. As for previous political association, it existed only vaguely, in the sense that all the colonies had been part of the same Empire. "There never was a center of authority or government for the whole of the West Indies, as Lagos was for Nigeria and Delhi was for India," Dr. Springer notes. Perhaps the most effective association that the islands had known before 1958 was the formidable West Indies cricket team, whose fortunes were followed with equal ardor by Jamaicans, Trinidadians, Barbadians, Grenadians, St. Lucians, and all the other islanders.

The three other factors are prospect of economic gain, desire for independence, and fear of attack. These, which are classified as "inducing" factors, Dr.

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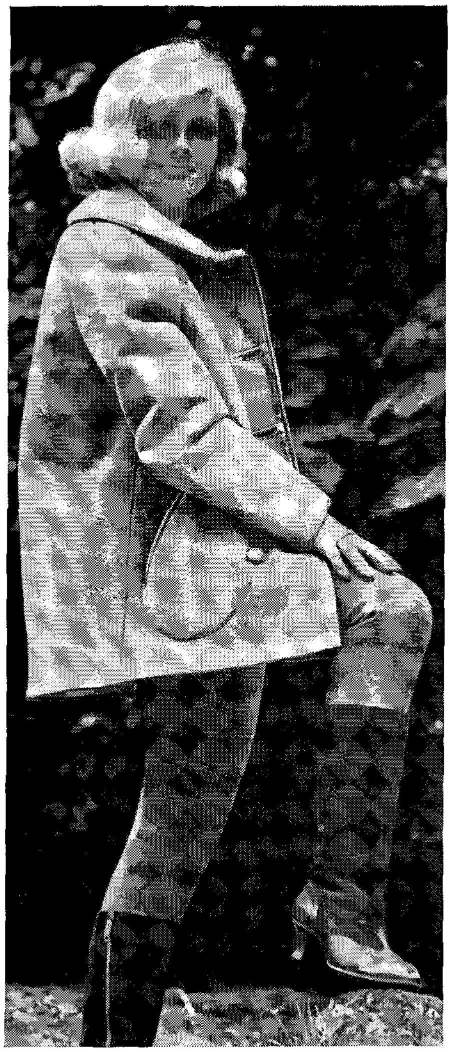

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Springer considers to be much weightier than the others. In the case of the West Indies, the hope of economic gain was the primary motive for federation. In 1947, when serious conferences on this matter began and a committee, called the Standing Closer Association Committee, was set up to explore the possibility of federation, all the islands were convinced that it was only through uniting in some larger association that there lay any prospect of alleviating their poverty. By 1958, however, Jamaica, whose income had begun to grow as a result of tourism, the exploitation of bauxite, and the start of industrialization, was assailed by fears that union with the other islands would prove a hindrance to its further progress. Similarly, in 1947, federation had seemed the only way for the ten West Indies colonies to achieve their independence from Britain, but by 1958 the larger colonies had already won internal self-government and could look forward to complete freedom on their own if they wanted it. West Indian nationalism, as such, scarcely existed. Island nationalism was stronger, but even that was not of an ardent character. A note of ambiguity and of uncertainty was to be heard in all the calls for freedom from colonial oppression, and, in fact, much of the impetus for the formation of a federation, as the most practical way for all the colonies to achieve independence, came from the British Colonial Office. The West Indians were distressed to discover that Britain was as eager to get rid of them as they were to be free, perhaps even more so.

As for fear of attack, it simply was not present. Nowhere on the dreamy horizon could the remotest shadow of a menace be seen. Yet federations that have worked out usually got started in response to threats from the outside. Dr. Springer writes, "Common defense was the chief motive in the creation of the United States of America; fear of the United States united the Canadian provinces; fear of German expansionism in the Pacific was a unifying motive in the Australian case; and fear of Russia has been a decisive factor in the integration of Europe. Fear perhaps is the only certain inducement. It is probably true that communities will *sometimes* unite with one another for economic advantage or because of the urge to independence, but that they will *always* unite if they believe that uniting will ensure their survival." I have occasionally wondered what would have become of the North

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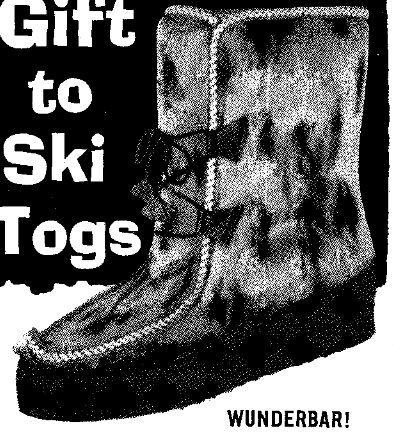

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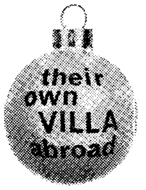

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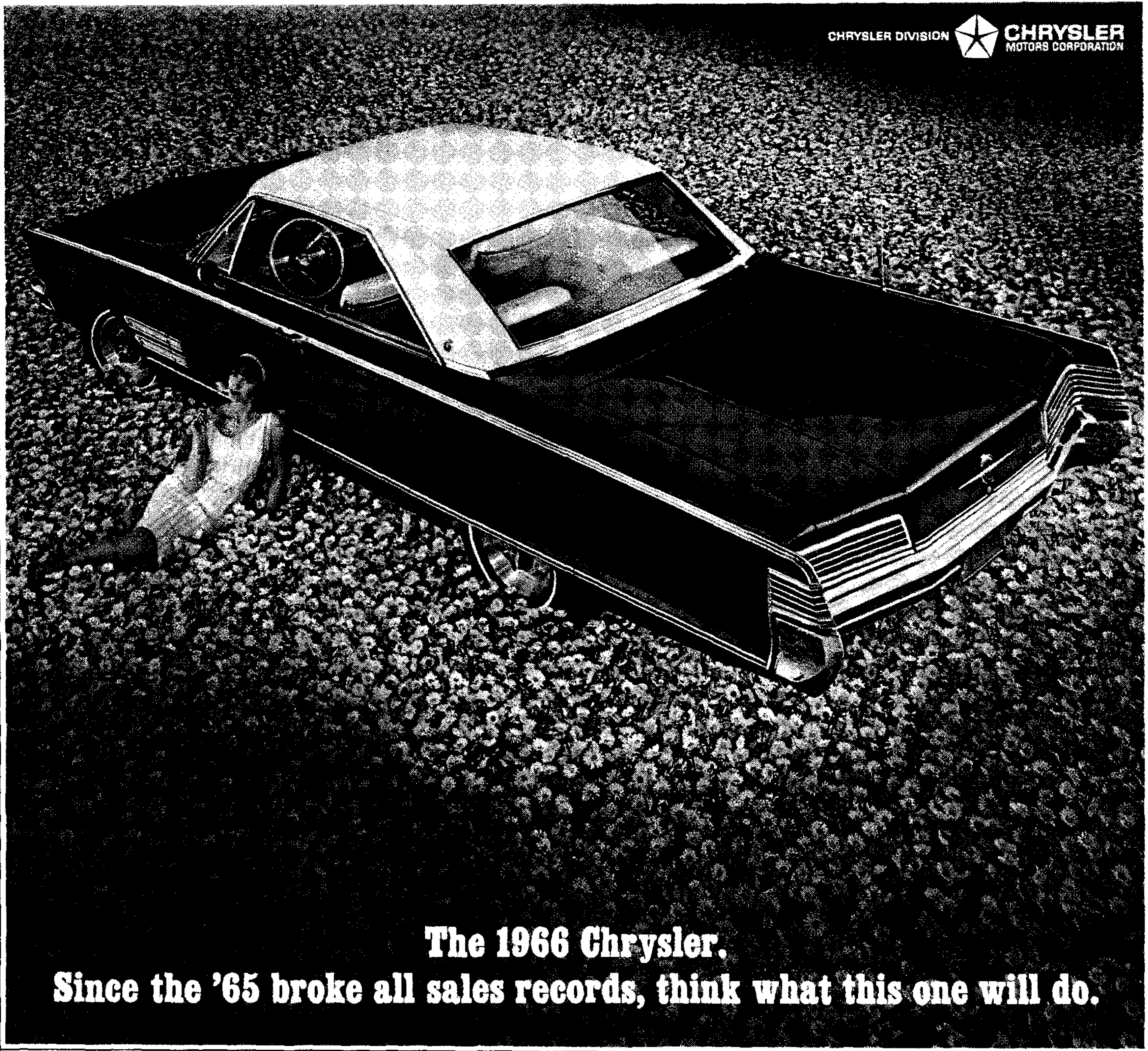
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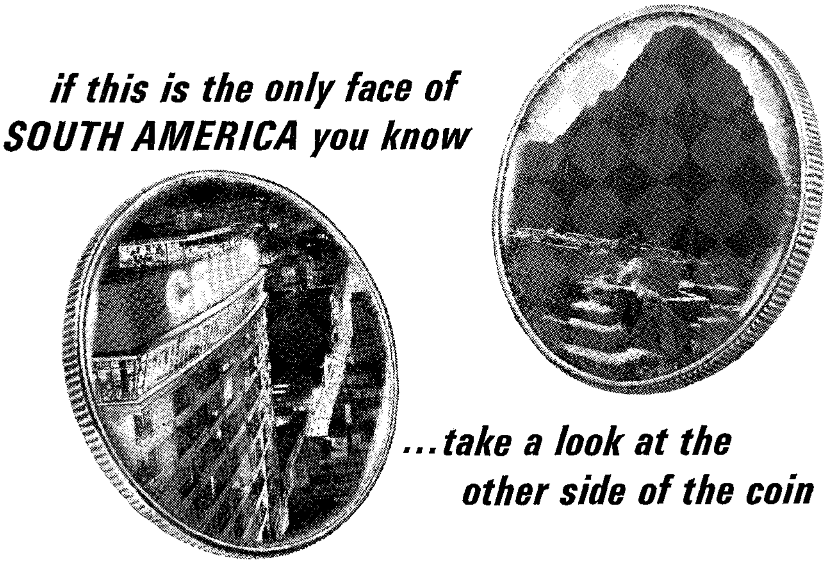
American colonies if they had not gone through the trials of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Yorktown. After all, their concerns were disparate, and in terms of ease of communication, trade, and travel they were even more cut off from one another than the West Indies colonies of the ill-fated Federation. The delegate from South Carolina during the Constitutional Convention said that the interests of the different parts of the United States were "as different as the interests of Russia and Turkey." And Madison wrote to Jefferson, a year before the Convention met, that he knew as little of the affairs of Georgia as he did of Kamchatka. He spelled the state's name "Georga." He got "Kamchatka" right, though.

The only external dispute of consequence that arose during the West Indies' brief national existence concerned the United States naval base at Chaguaramas, near Port of Spain, which the Federation wished to take over as the site for its capital but which we were most reluctant to abandon. I have heard it said here that the Federation should have imitated the small country in Peter Sellers' film "The Mouse That Roared" and declared war on the United States over the Chaguaramas issue instead of peaceably agreeing to drop it for a period of ten years. War would have unified and preserved the Federation, and as soon as it was over, which wouldn't have been long, the West Indies could have submitted, in dignified fashion, to rehabilitation—the fate of all defeated foes of the United States. The comedy in this conceit stems not merely from the disparity in size and power of the two antagonists but also from the utterly unwarlike nature of the West Indians, particularly the Trinidadians, whose territory was involved in the Chaguaramas dispute. Not that the Trinidadian is incapable of violence—he can be most bloody—but his violence is apt to be impromptu and personal. He's not very good at organizing it, being deficient, one might say, in the necessary seriousness and discipline. Abstract political issues don't much stir him. I was told of a protest march that C. L. R. James, a Trinidadian left-winger who has spent much of his life fomenting anti-imperialist movements in Africa, attempted to organize in Port of Spain over the Chaguaramas question. The march was supposed to go around the Savannah and past the United States Embassy, which is on the west side. James managed to get a good-sized turnout and started everybody off. But



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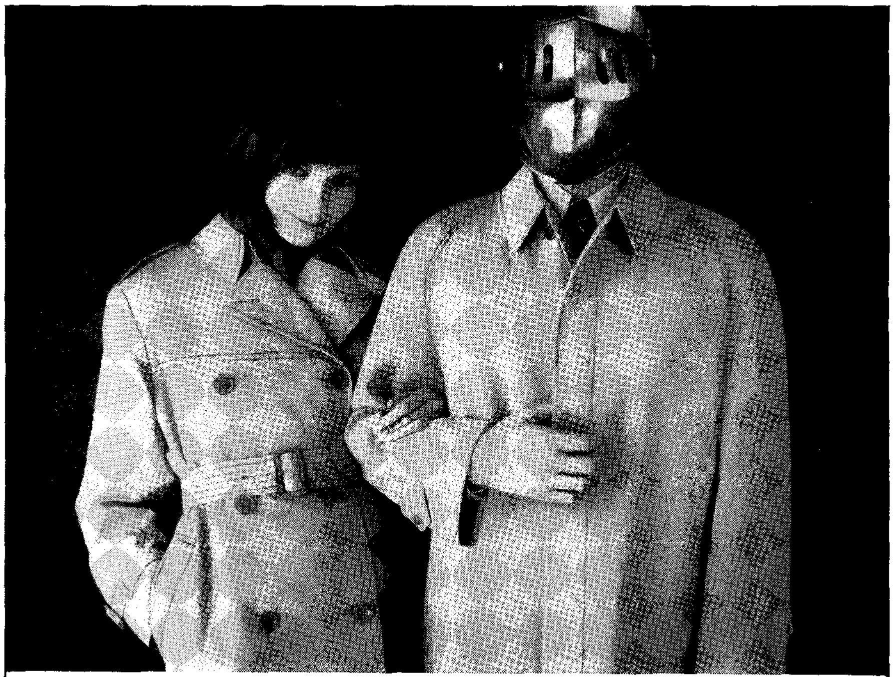

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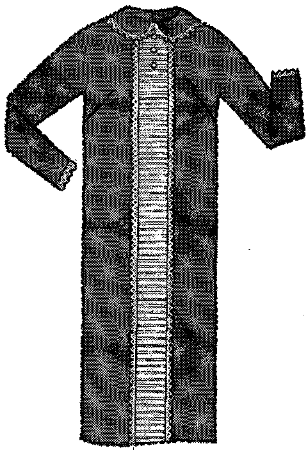

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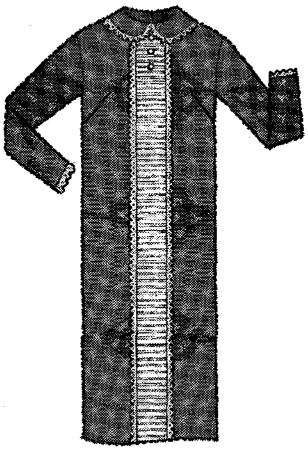

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it's very difficult for a Trinidadian not to break out into some kind of dance if he has to progress more than a few steps, and before long the demonstrators were dancing rather than marching. Suddenly it began to rain. The crowd broke ranks, and those in the vanguard rushed under the broad canopy at the entrance to the Embassy. James was appalled. "You can't take shelter *there!*" he shouted, grabbing the nearest deserter by an arm. "That's the country we're protesting against!" The demonstrator shrugged James off. "Whatcha want me to do, man—catch cold?" he replied, and scurried under the awning.

The decisive events leading directly to the Federation's breakup began in 1961, when Jamaica's Premier, Norman Manley, under pressure from the opposition party, chose to put to a popular referendum the question of whether the people of Jamaica wished to remain in the Federation. Fifty-four per cent of the Jamaican votes went against the Federation. Thereupon, Manley, though he was strongly pro-Federation himself, felt he had no option but to declare Jamaica's secession from the union. Trinidad followed suit—or, rather, took the position that the Federation no longer existed. As the island's Prime Minister put it, "One from ten leaves zero." Jamaica went on to become an independent nation on August 6, 1962. A few weeks later, on August 31st, Trinidad—or, to give the country its full name, Trinidad and Tobago—also became independent. (Tobago, a charming little cacao-and-copra island lying about twenty miles off Trinidad's northeast coast, is publicized by the local tourist bureau as the island Defoe must have had in mind when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe.") The eight other members of the Federation reverted to colonial status, but they are now engaged in trying to work out some new political grouping.

AT present, Trinidad and Tobago, with an area of 1,980 square miles and a population of 890,000, ranks as the newest nation in the Western Hemisphere. I asked Prime Minister Eric Williams, during an interview I had with him in his office at Whitehall here one afternoon, just what sovereignty meant to his country. He replied dourly, "It mainly means that other countries now take an interest in you, but only for the purpose of getting you to support some candidate or other of theirs in the United Nations. Aside from that, nobody cares much about you if you're a small country. Why,

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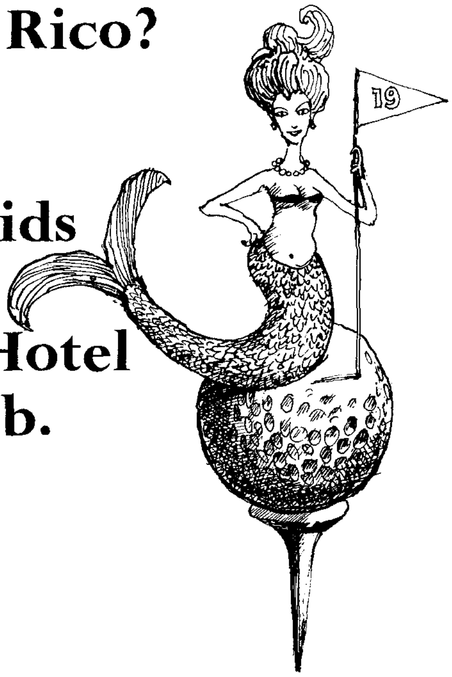
only two days ago I was insulted, right here in my own office, by a diplomat from another country. I haven't yet decided whether I'm going to ask him to leave." The Prime Minister looked hurt and indignant. "Only two days ago," he repeated.

Like his nation, Eric Williams is small, but he stands up very straight. In a country of slack spines, his stance is a marvel. Dark brown in hue, he has close-cropped curly hair, is almost never seen without his blue-tinted sunglasses or without a cigarette in his lips, and wears a hearing aid. His voice is flat and harsh—another oddity in a region where it is a joy to hear people speak—and his style of speech is pedantic, enlivened now and then by a sudden earthy colloquialism or a phrase of dialect. One would not think such a style would have much appeal in a land that relishes bombast as much as Trinidad does, but he has actually been able to make a political virtue of his pedantry. Born in Port of Spain, Williams went the scholarship-boy route from the local college to Oxford, where, in 1935, he took a First in political science and three years later earned his Ph.D. with a thesis that was later published under the title of "Capitalism and Slavery." For a number of years, he taught at Howard University in Washington, D.C., while producing several economic and sociological works on the Caribbean area. He also served on the Caribbean Commission, an international body concerned with matters of regional economic coöperation, where he had a reputation for being brilliant, prickly, aggressive, and anti-American. It was not until 1956 that he went into Trinidadian politics, founding at that time a new party, the People's National Movement. His campaign speeches were neither more nor less than lectures. He boldly advertised them as "seminars," and in inviting the public to come to Woodford Square in Port of Spain to hear him he referred to the scene as the "University of Woodford Square." Amazingly, these rallies of his were attended by crowds of as many as twenty-five thousand, who would stand and listen in attentive silence while Dr. Williams, in his flat voice and pedantic style, delivered them a two-hour lecture on colonial economics. Nine months after he began this strange campaign, his party won the elections and he was made chief Minister. Not an easy man to love, he is certainly, after nine years in office, widely respected and admired. In the calypsonians' topical songs, he is called either Little Eric or the Doctor, and

Going to Puerto Rico?



Even the mermaids play golf at the Dorado Hilton Hotel and Country Club.

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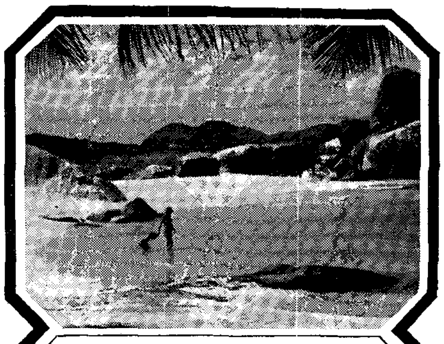
generally comes off quite well; they like his spunk.

One of Dr. Williams' primary concerns as a scholar has always been to present a corrective to the colonial bias behind nearly all that has been written hitherto about the West Indies. The European and North American historians, when they have dealt with these islands, have tended to view them as pawns in the struggle for wealth and domination among the various colonial powers. That is why, as the Jamaican scholars J. H. Parry and P. M. Sherlock have recently written, "West Indian history appears disjointed and unreal to West Indians today. It is a story told from someone else's point of view." Dr. Williams' aim is to tell it from the West Indian's viewpoint, and thus to give the West Indian a sense of identity, of reality—for, seeing himself always through other people's eyes, the West Indian has tended to have only a rather shadowy and apologetic sense of himself. Since becoming head of Trinidad's government, Dr. Williams has written two scholarly volumes, both produced, according to his prefaces, in phenomenal time. One is the "History of the People of Trinidad and Tobago," which he rushed through in exactly one month of writing in the summer of 1962, so that it would be ready by his country's independence day. The other is "British Historians and the West Indies," which he says he turned out in about a fortnight of work, all told. "There are two periods in the year," he writes in his preface, "when a Prime Minister in Trinidad and Tobago can normally and legitimately expect to be undisturbed because of the concentration of the population on 'sheer living it up.' Those periods are Carnival and Christmas. This book was begun on Carnival Monday night, February 25, 1963, and continued for the week following, when the population was recovering from its fatigue. Deferred thereafter . . . it was resumed on Christmas Day and completed one week later on New Year's Day, whilst the population was otherwise engaged." It is a poignant picture—everybody else in Trinidad out jumping and masking and revelling, while on through the night their leader, their Little Eric, labors away at his desk, excoriating Carlyle, exposing Froude, tilting with Lecky and Macaulay, all so that someday his people may be able to take themselves seriously. During my conversation with Dr. Williams, I complimented him on the remarkable speed with which he had produced these works. He replied, with stiff pride, along with perhaps a dash



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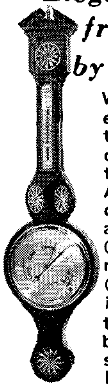

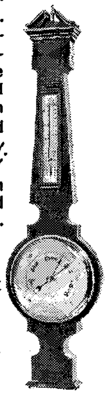

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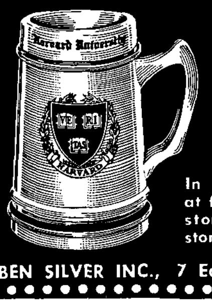

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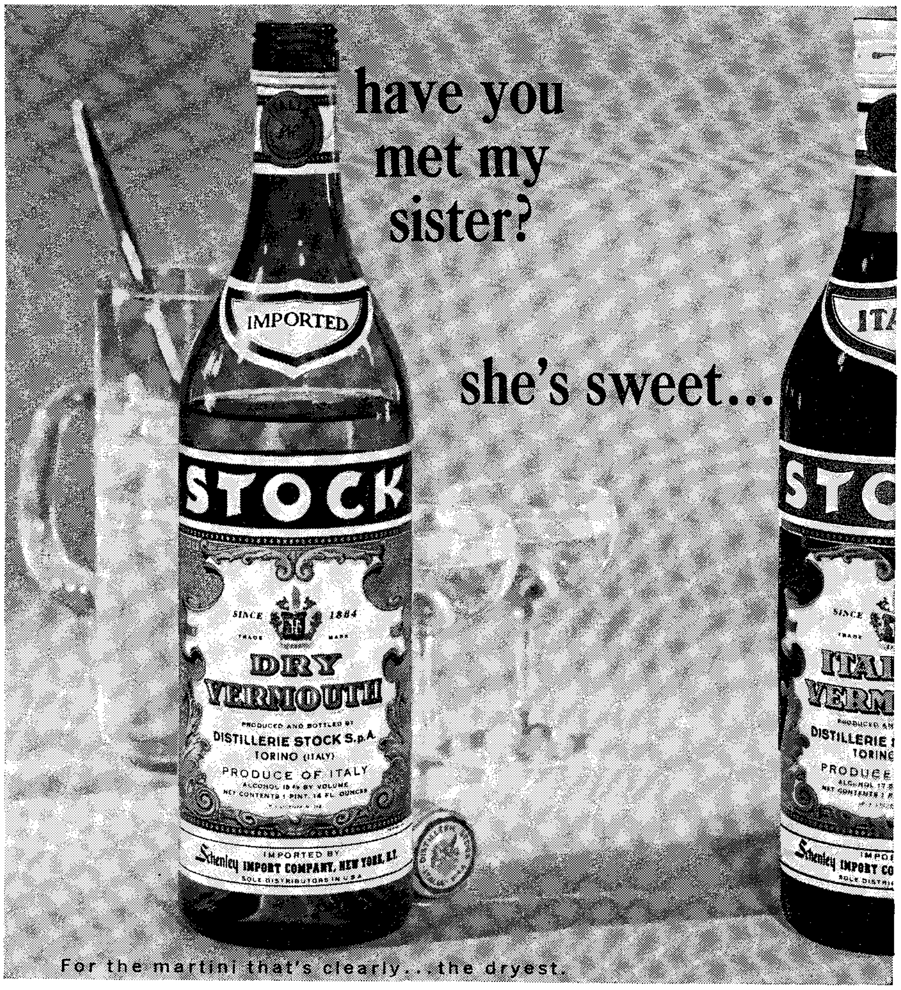
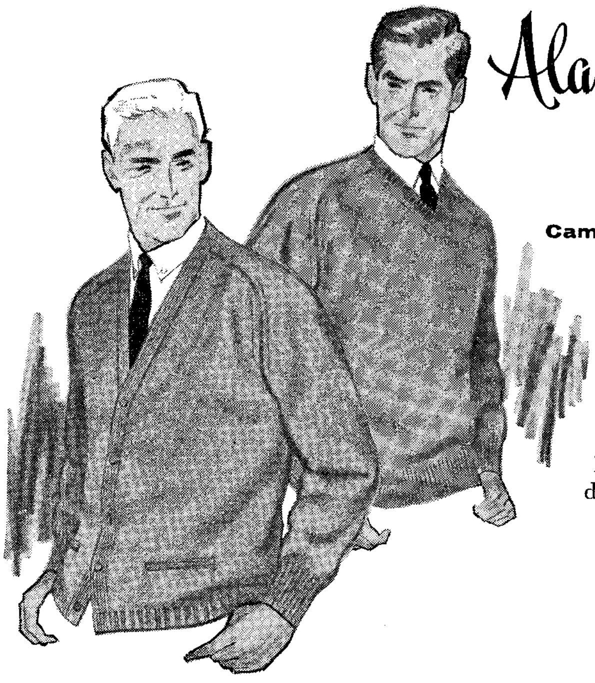
of self-pity, "It had to be done that fast, you know. In a developing country like ours, there's no time to dawdle. We're too far behind already. Fifty years' work has to be done in a year. If I don't produce these studies for us, who will? We are not so rich in ability here that those who are able can enjoy the luxury of doing only one job."

Whitehall, the Prime Minister's headquarters, is on the west side of the Savannah and is a white-turreted mansion with something of a Corsican flavor about its architecture. A single soldier, wearing a green beret, stands on sentry duty outside the door but does not challenge the entering stranger. Inside, the building is dustily mid-Victorian. One has a Dickensian impression, as one passes through the entrance hall and up a stairway toward the Prime Minister's office, of roll-top desks piled high with papers and of dark-skinned clerks in alcoves, with pens behind their ears. The Prime Minister's office is small and unpretentious. Dr. Williams, dressed in a dark suit, was standing behind his desk when I entered, and, as usual, he was smoking a cigarette. His desk was heaped with correspondence. I remarked, after he had greeted me and we sat down, on the amount of paperwork that seemed to be confronting him. "These," he said, gesturing at the pile of papers before him, "are letters addressed to me marked 'Top Priority. Urgent and Personal.' And what are they? Probably someone asking for a job as a cleaner. They write to the Prime Minister for things like that in this country. Let's just see." He picked up an envelope at random, opened it, and gave its contents a glance. "He's asking for poor relief," he said. He picked up another envelope, which had something scrawled on the back flap. "On the back it says, 'If you are too busy, please leave till later—nothing to be afraid.' " Opening it, Dr. Williams read aloud, " 'I have a problem I think only you can solve. My problem is my boy is fed up with school—' " Breaking off with a smile and a shake of his head, the Prime Minister tossed the letter back onto his desk. "See what I mean? It's my principle to have all these requests that call for action followed up at the ministerial level—with a report back to me as to what's been done. You may be thinking that these are the kind of things junior officers ought to be taking care of. I wish I could count on that, but, alas, I can't. In a new country like ours, you'll find that the top men are generally excellent but the middle level—the junior officers—are frankly





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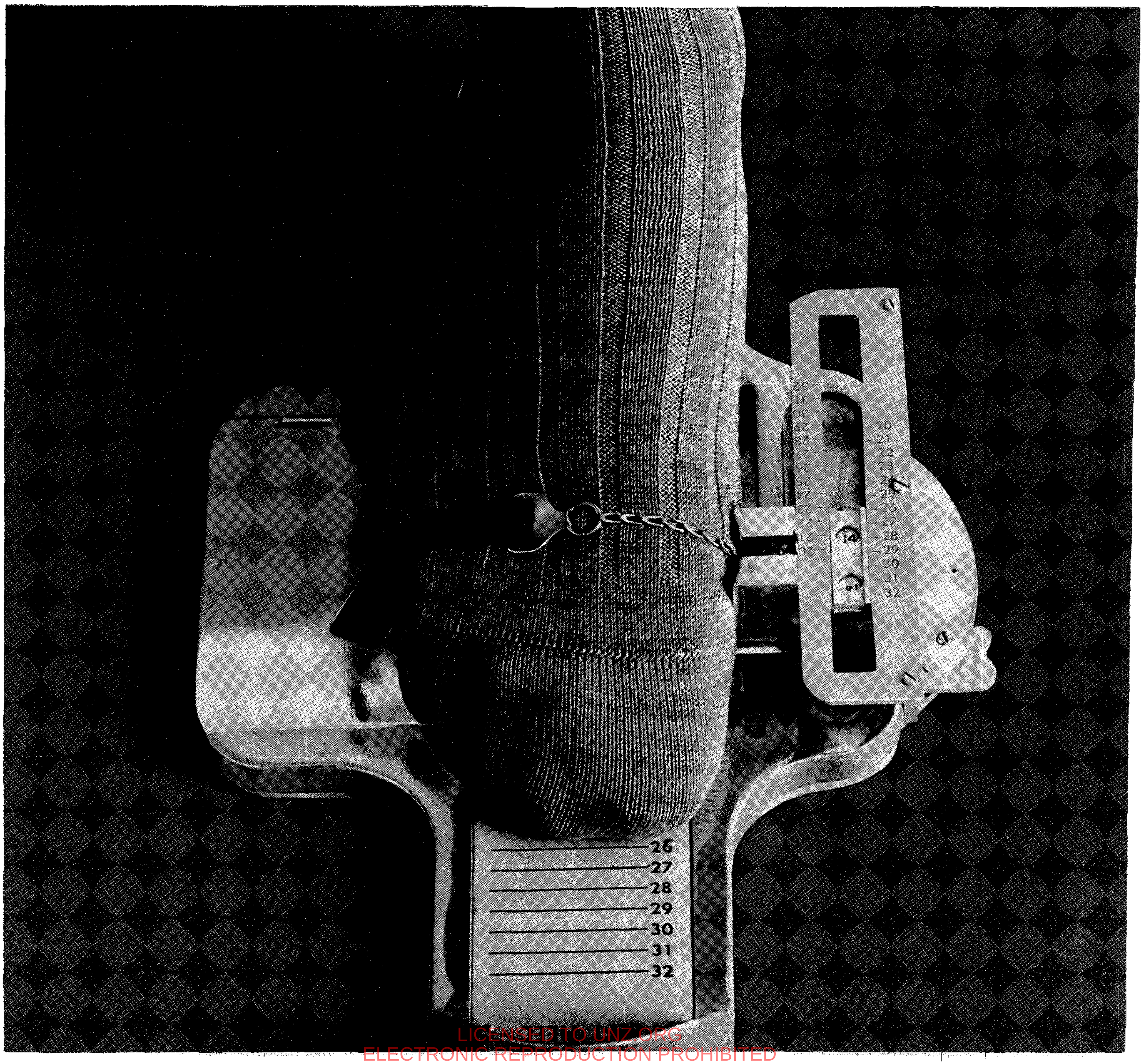
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This is the first great advance in shoe-fitting since the end of the Civil War.

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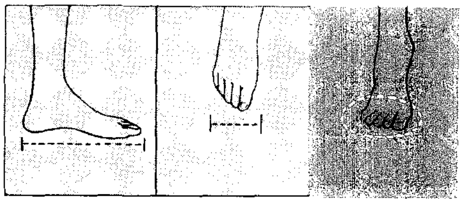

Johnston & Murphy's new Dynamic Fitting Concept changes all that. DFC makes it possible to measure the girth, too. This is the waistline of your foot... the place where poorly-fitted shoes most often pinch or feel uncomfortable. By measuring this third dimension, Johnston & Murphy eliminates guesswork from the fitting process. As a result, you know the shoe will fit comfortably even before the salesman brings it out.

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The Lincoln, top right, with our exclusive Boxertop construction. Makes this the tassel slip-on that won't slip off. Dark brown or black smooth calfskin. $35

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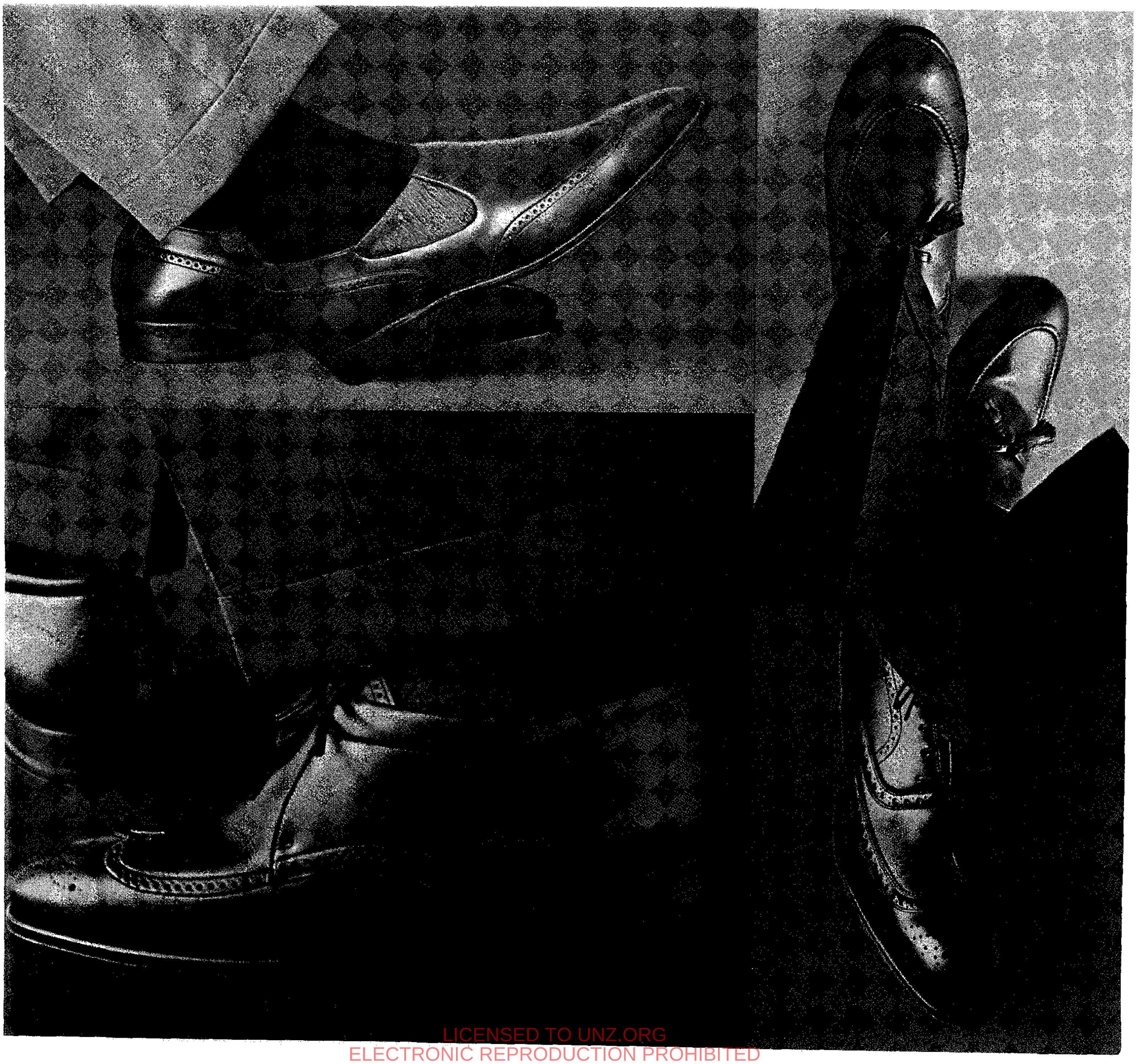
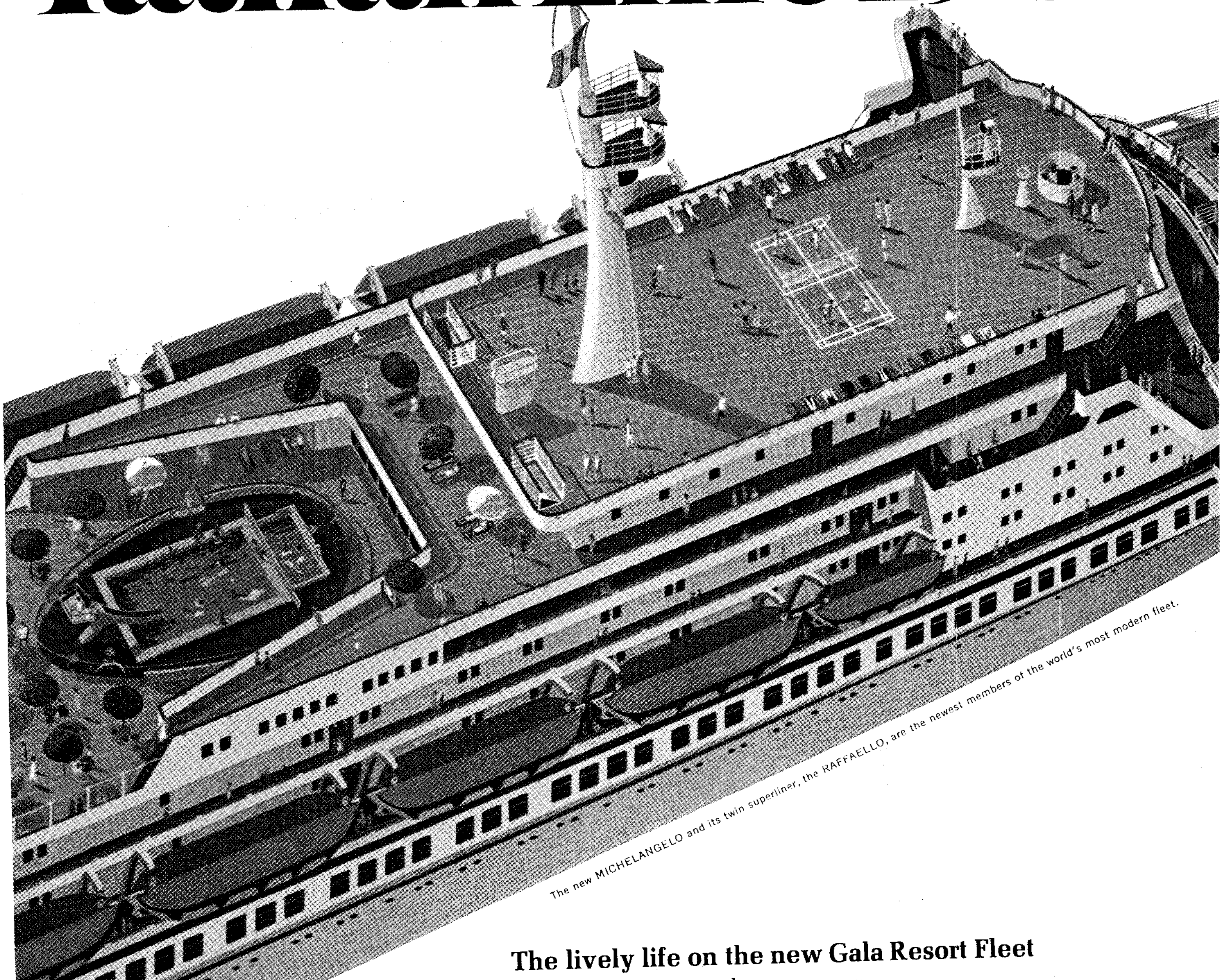


# Italian Line 1965



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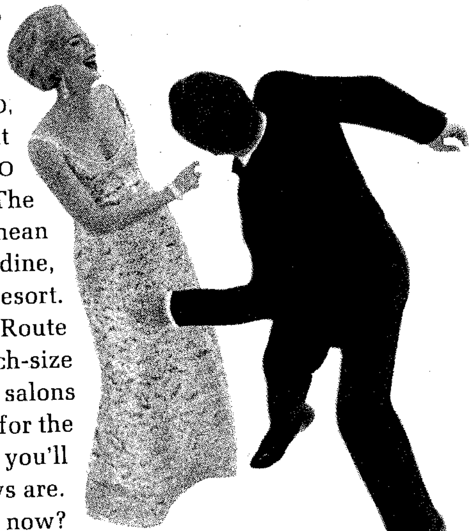
## The lively life on the new Gala Resort Fleet



If you just want to get across the ocean, fly. But if you love the lively life, this is the year to go Italian Line. On the twin new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO, which entered service this year. On the magnificent LEONARDO DA VINCI or the elegant CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. The newest fleet in the world. The biggest and fastest to Europe on the Mediterranean run. We call it the Gala Resort Fleet. You live, play, dine, dance as you do in a glittering Italian seaside resort. You'll bask in the warmth of our Sunny Southern Route and smiling service. Sprawl outdoors on beach-size sun-decks. Relax in the elegance of palazzo-like salons or your air-conditioned room. All this just for the price of transportation. Whichever class you go, you'll be in a gala mood because our ships always are. Don't you wish you were aboard one right now? Contact your travel agent soon, or write Italian Line, Dept. B-23, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019—Telephone: (212) 797-7000 not adequate. It's not just lack of ability. It's also often lack of sympathy—a kind of indifference bred by the colonial system." He stubbed out his cigarette and lit a new one. "I would hope that we could be a country in which the ordinary citizen—without fear or favor, as we say—would have the opportunity to present a grievance and have it be heard." He was silent for a moment. "That's one thing that matters to me," he went on. "Another is equal opportunity in the schools for all children. If we could achieve those two ideals, I would say that, small as we are, we might set some sort of example for the world." From afar could be heard the faint sound of cheering—another race being run off on the Savannah.

ONE Saturday, in the company of some Trinidadian friends, I took a drive out of town. We headed in a southerly direction. It wasn't long before we were in open country, with only an occasional house to be seen. For a way, the road went between sugar-cane fields, then dipped into swampy land on which low, shaggy trees grew. Here and there, an oil derrick showed up on the landscape. After we had been travelling a bit, we began passing through Indian villages, in which temples and mosques were to be seen. Hindu holy men meditated by the side of the road, and in the fields men were at work under the broiling sun, stripped to the waist, their white baggy loincloths tucked up between their legs. We drove for almost two hours, about fifty miles—which is just about as far as one can drive in a straight line on this island—passing through no large towns, for there are not many such. (Trinidad's second-largest city, San Fernando, has a population of only fifty thousand.) Our destination was Mayaro Bay, on the southeast coast—the Atlantic Ocean side of the island. Near where we had to turn off eastward, we passed not far from one of Trinidad's natural wonders—the great pitch lake, mentioned in all the tourist literature, from which Sir Walter Raleigh is supposed to have obtained caulking to repair his ship before pressing on to the mainland and up the Orinoco in his vain quest for El Dorado, and which in recent years has supplied nearly all of the world's asphalt. My friends had never visited it, and did not intend to make a detour just to see what one called distastefully "an expanse of tar." The road, which had narrowed to a bumpy path, wound

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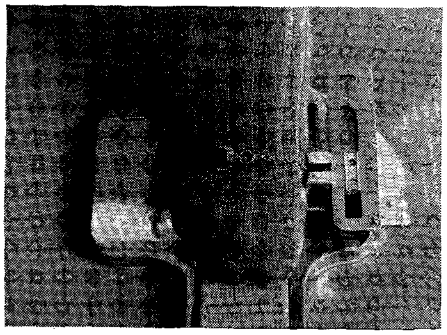

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through a thick stand of coconut palms. Here and there, among the slanted trunks, little wooden shacks were to be glimpsed. This was the village of Mayaro. We parked in a clearing. Over a slight rise was the beach, a gently curving reach of sand that stretched for miles, with, as far as the eye could see, nobody on it but ourselves. We changed into bathing suits behind some trees and went in for a dip. The water was tepid, the surf was rather heavy, my Trinidadian friends were worried about sharks; we didn't stay in long.

When we got back to the clearing, we found some dancing going on, and stopped to watch. There were six or eight of the villagers taking part, to the accompaniment of chanted songs and tamboo-bamboos, thumped against the ground. This went on all the rest of the afternoon. The dancers were supple and agile, even those among them who were of some heft. Though sweating profusely, they were obviously exhilarated by the rhythms and their own skills, and it was exhilarating to watch. Their dances were extremely varied. Some were solos. Others had couples dancing together. Still others seemed competitive in nature, with two dancers alternating, amid mounting excitement, in producing sequences of wild leaps and gyrations to the hollow, thumping bamboo rhythms; whatever one did, the other would immediately be expected to mimic and top. These last, I was told by an elderly villager among the spectators, are called "bongos" and are of African origin. They are usually danced at wakes. The idea, he said, is that a dead spirit tends to want to hang around its house and not leave. It is forlorn. But when it sees everybody jumping and dancing and having a good time, it finally decides that people can get along without it and, sometime toward dawn, reluctantly slinks away forever. That's why you have to have wakes. The old man smiled disparagingly as he told me this. I couldn't tell whether the smile meant that he held such beliefs to be nonsense or that he took it for granted I would.

Some of the dances done that afternoon, I learned, were French in origin—the French having been of much influence in Trinidad early in the nineteenth century—and others were clearly Spanish. French or Spanish patois chants accompanied some of them. I couldn't understand the words, but then I had not much more success with the English patois employed in some of the songs. The African dances were not necessarily the wildest ones.

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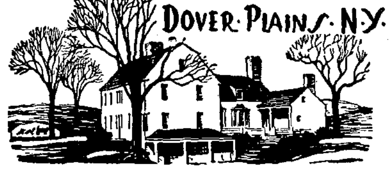

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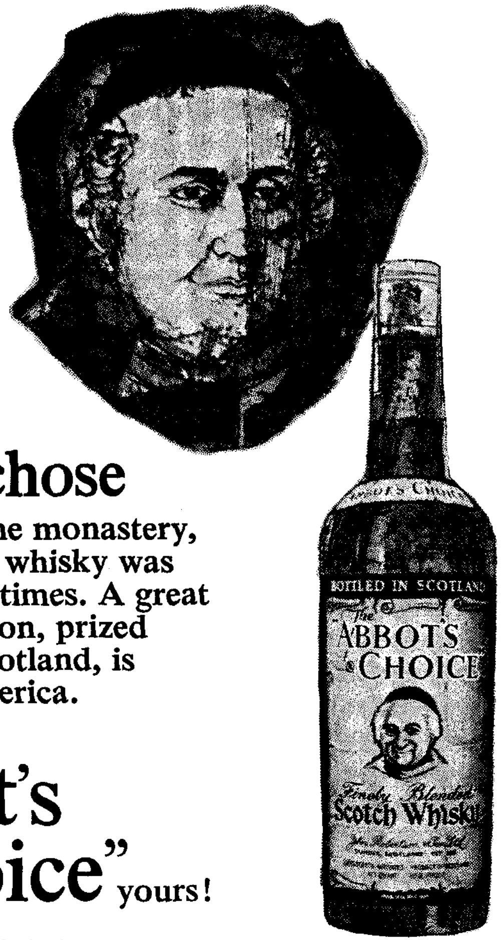
There was one dance so elegant and aristocratic in air, with such expressions of courtliness between the man and his lady, that I thought it would have to be an eighteenth-century French court dance in origin, but my informant said it was definitely from Africa, and even named the tribe that had brought it. It is not surprising that, with all these cultural overlays, anthropologists have found the West Indies, particularly Trinidad, fertile territory. In recent years, they have been all over the place, poking into everything. "The fête took place one morning on the heights,/For the approval of some anthropologist," begins a sonnet by Derek Walcott, a young St. Lucian now living in Trinidad, who is considered the finest poet in the region. Unwittingly, anthropologists make their own mark on the cultures they study, and probably become part of folklore themselves. I haven't actually run into any anthropologists during my travels in the West Indies, but I have crossed their warm spoor in a couple of places. In one back-country village, I was shown a relic left behind by one—a corncob pipe with an amber stem. Evidently, an anthropologist had been at Mayaro, too. The old villager with whom I watched the dances related a piece of lore about betrothal ceremonies during our conversation. I thought he was telling me about some Mayaro custom, but it turned out that he was passing on something the visiting anthropologist had told him about the natives of the Trobriand Islands, off New Guinea. "Curious, isn't it?" the old man said.

Night fell with tropical abruptness, and the dancers dispersed. My friends and I took a last stroll along the beach before setting off back for Port of Spain. The moon had come up, three-quarters full and very bright. A bit of a breeze rustled in the palms, whose trunks arched seaward like drawn bows along the shoreline. Under the moon's hypnotic eye, the silvered sea lay calm now in its bay. It was lovely, without doubt, yet somehow haunted. What is it that is so sad about tropical beaches, especially at night? Despite the exhilaration of the dances, I was keenly aware of this strain of sadness that night at Mayaro. I thought about something that Derek Walcott had once told me—that for his poetic mask, his persona in the Yeatsian sense, he had adopted that of the castaway. It is apt, and reflects more than just his own predicament. One feels that in a sense they are all castaways, the West Indians, including—for all their ebullience



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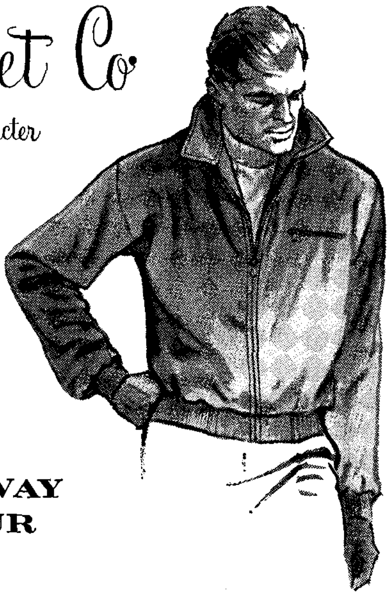

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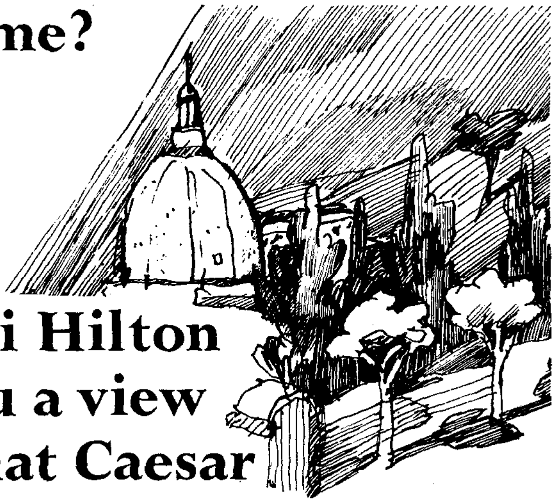

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and gaiety—the Trinidadians. Their own new flag flies above Whitehall here, but the uneasy conviction persists that they have not so much won independence as been discarded. Despite their new status, history, to them, is still what happens elsewhere—in Europe or America. Never here. They do seem, in short, marooned on their own island. Those few with talent and ambition dream nightly of the ship or plane that will rescue them and take them to where they can do something with their lives. The others pass the time in making merry.

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# BOOKS

## *One of the Family*

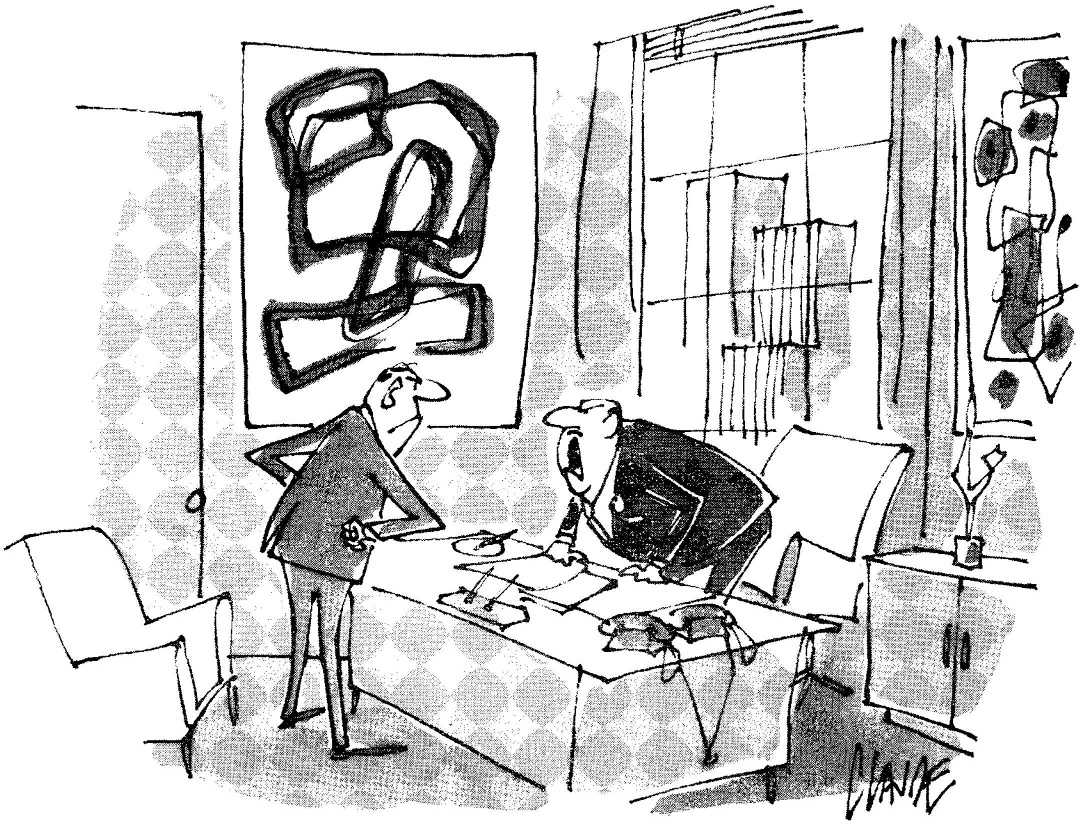
I NEVER enjoy having to find fault with a book, and when the author is someone I have met and like, I hate it. Lord David Cecil possesses all the qualifications for writing a first-class biography of Max Beerbohm—an understanding love of his hero, the industry and scholarship to insure that the facts are both correct and complete—but his "Max" (Houghton Mifflin) is not nearly so good a book as it could have been. What he has published should, I feel, have been his first draft, which he should then have spent another six months condensing to at least half its present volume. As it is, he has given us a ponderous, repetitious Victorian tome of four hundred and ninety-six densely printed pages. So expansive a commemoration is singularly unsuited to the man who once counselled a prospective biographer thus:

> My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation. But this reputation is a frail plant. Don't over-attend to it, gardener Lynch! Don't drench it and deluge it! The contents of a quite small watering-can will be quite enough. This I take to be superfluous counsel. I find much reassurance and comfort in your phrase, "a little book." Oh, keep it little!—in due proportion to its theme.

With my other objection, I have learned, I can expect very few people in this age to agree, but I must state it, however eccentric it may seem. I consider the publication of long extracts from Max's letters to Florence a violation of personal privacy for which I can see no justification whatever. Max seems to have destroyed all her letters to him—an indication, surely, that he wished their correspondence to remain private. There may be some excuse for disregarding the wishes of a dead man—though I do not myself consider it valid—if the contents of his private papers reveal important aspects of his life and character, hitherto unsuspected, but Max's letters to Florence tell us nothing we could not learn from public sources. Furthermore, to a detached reader, nearly all love letters are either boring or embarrassing. Letters between friends who share the same interests and jokes can be most entertaining, as are Max's letters to Reggie Turner, superbly edited by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis (Lippincott), and published, incidentally, with Max's consent on condition that certain excisions be made. But the noises of erotic devotion, however musical they may sound in the ears of the couple concerned, can seldom stir a third party's. As one would expect, there is nothing scandalous or shameful about Max the lover, only a certain kittenishness, harmless enough—but to me, at any rate, shy-making.

One more criticism, or, rather, suggestion. When I read biographies, I find myself constantly having to turn back and hunt for the date of the event I am reading about. I wish that when they print a biography publishers would make it their practice to set at the top of each page at least the year with which it is concerned.

Mr. S. N. Behrman's "Portrait of Max," published by Random House some five years ago, in three hundred and four pages of widely spaced print, is a better book than Lord David Cecil's, but since he confined himself to describing his encounters with Beerbohm and made no attempt at a full biography, his task was of course a very much easier one. I am astonished to find both Mr. Behrman and Lord David Cecil talking of Max as a man who deliberately adopted and cultivated a mask. To say that a man wears a mask is to say that the person as he appears to be to others, perhaps even to himself, differs from the person he really is. He may wear one for various reasons. He may simply be a crook, like the man who professes love to lonely spinsters in order to swindle them out of their savings. He may be someone who is afraid or ashamed of certain aspects of his nature, which he therefore tries to hide from others and himself. Young people, who are still uncertain of their identity, often try on a succession of masks in the hope of finding the one which suits them—the one, in fact, which is not a mask. Another possibility is described in Beerbohm's story "The Happy Hypocrite": in order to win the heart of a



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nice girl, a rake assumes a mask of virtue, but ends up by becoming in reality what at first he had only pretended to be. Lastly, among artists of all kinds—though here the use of the word "mask" is questionable—it is not uncommon for their artistic *persona* to express but a limited area of their total experience.

Max Beerbohm falls into none of these categories. He was certainly no crook. At an astonishingly early age he knew exactly the sort of person he was, and he never showed the slightest desire to be anyone else. Lucky enough to be equally gifted in two artistic media, and without any ambition to transcend his limitations, he made his caricatures and his writings between them say everything that was in him to say. The behavior and conversation of most people vary a little according to the company they happen to be in, but Max's were the same wherever he was. Indeed, if there does seem something not quite human about him, something elfish, it is because, as an adult, he retained the transparency of a child. Intentionally or unintentionally, Oscar Wilde's wisecrack about him is acute: "Tell me, when you are alone with Max, does he take off his face and reveal his mask?"

Late in his life, Max told a journalist that he had been lucky once—when he was born. And one cannot read about his family without agreeing with him. His father, a corn merchant from Memel, who took up the study of Anglo-Saxon when he was over sixty, married Constantia Draper, an absent-minded lady with literary interests, by whom he had three sons and a daughter. On her death, he married her sister, efficient but affectionate and humorous, and begot three daughters and one more son, Max. Max was four years younger than his next sister and twenty-two years younger than his eldest half brother. Eccentricity and charm ran in both families. Ernest became a sheep farmer in the colonies and married a colored lady, Herbert became the famous actor-manager Herbert Tree, Julius turned into a passionate dandy and compulsive gambler whose hopes of making his fortune were never dimmed by his repeated failures to do so. Constance helped her stepmother run the house and came out with such remarks as:

> Mr. X tells me he has a wonderful parrot. It can judge the year of wine vintages. I want to write an article about it for the papers.

(Actually, Mr. X had said "palate.") Agnes, a beauty, was "always very

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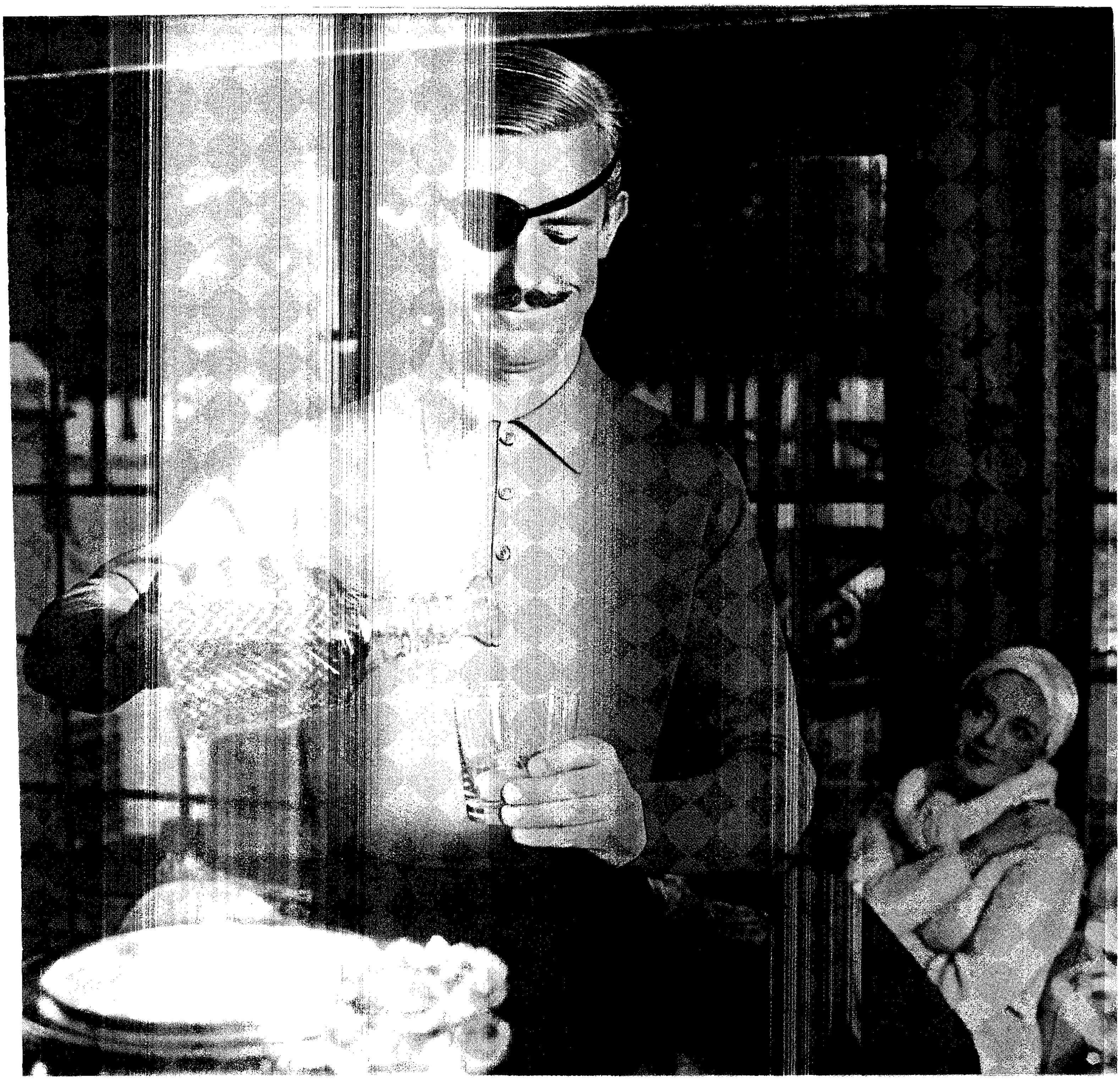

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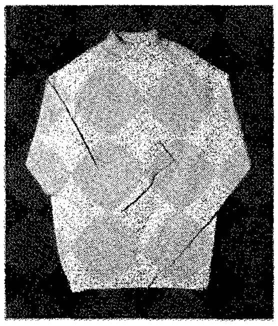

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gay," even after her marriage went on the rocks. Dora, the person to whom Max felt closest all his life, became a nun and wrote a music-hall song:

Left, right, left, right.
The girl that I left
Is the girl that is right.

And Max became Max.

This seems a good point at which to dispose of the ladies. Since his half brothers were already out in the world, Max grew up in a mainly feminine society, the adored baby boy. Such a situation encourages imaginative precocity and an unconscious selfishness, which takes it for granted that one will always be loved and looked after. The assumption, oddly, is usually justified, and at no time in his life was Max without some woman—his mother, Florence, his secretary Miss Jungmann—who was delighted to look after him. As he himself admitted:

> I can only stand life when it is made pleasant for me. Usually it *is* made pleasant for me. I have really been rather pampered than otherwise. So I have been all right, on the whole. But I do not like life when it does not offer me something nice every day. And if it ever offered me something *not* nice I should feel myself very aggrieved.

One can very well understand why he was pampered, for few people can have been by nature so adapted to a life of cozy domesticity. He was charming, affectionate, intensely loyal, good-tempered; and none of the common threats to a happy home life, like promiscuity, the bottle, or the race track, seem ever to have tempted him.

His first two attempts to find an exogamous substitute for his sister Dora ended in failure. In the case of Grace Conover—Kilseen, as he called her—the fault was his: he was evidently more fascinated by the idea of being in love than interested in her, and she was perhaps the only person in his life whom he could be accused of having treated badly. In the case of Constance Collier, the fault was mostly hers: she needed the kind of hot-blooded passion which she must have known it was not in Max to provide. When his friends learned of his engagement to Florence Kahn, they must have felt great misgivings. He, one of the most popular men-about-town, a wit, a caricaturist and writer with an established reputation; she, socially gauche, without any sense of humor, an actress who had not quite made it: how could such a union be expected to last? Had they set up house in London, it probably wouldn't have lasted, and it seems that Max himself realized this, for he did

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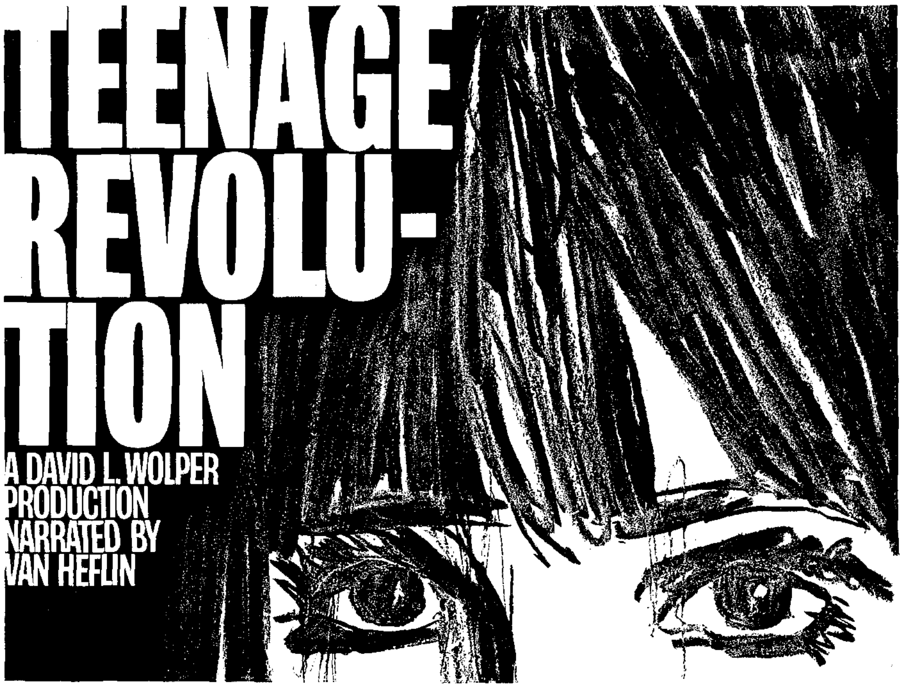

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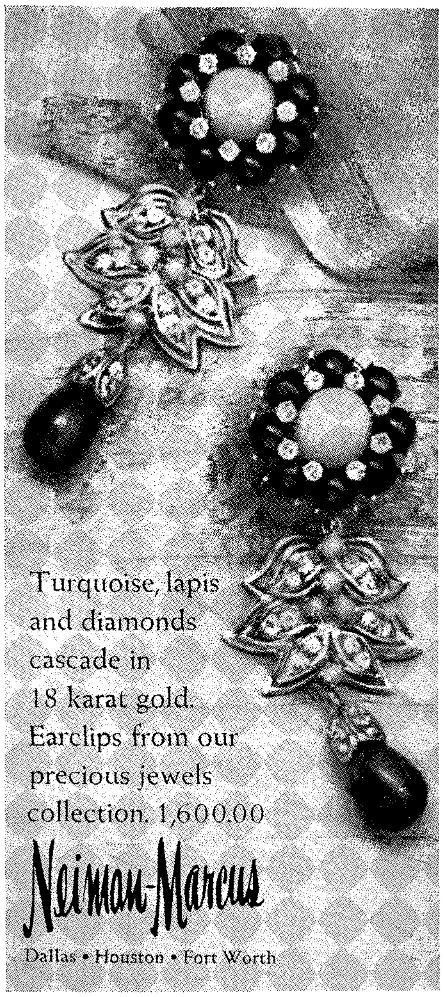

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not propose until he had decided, six years after they became acquainted, to leave England and make his home abroad.

To Reggie Turner he wrote:

> …we *may* live in Italy. One thing is certain: we shan't live in London, but somewhere that is uncomplicated and pleasant and un-fussy and lets one be oneself.… Of all my charming and uncharming acquaintance I want to get rid: they are a charming or un-charming nuisance, taking up one's time—clogs and drags. Henceforth I am going to be as exclusive as the Duchess of Buccleuch. There will be no one but Florence, and my people, and *you*—one or two others perhaps, such as the Nicholsons, but I am not sure.

One part of him had dreamed of such a life for a long time. As early as 1893, when he was only twenty-one, he had written:

> I would make myself master of some small area of physical life, a life of quiet, monotonous simplicity, exempt from all outer disturbances.

Edwardian High Society had amused him and given him copy, but at the same time living in it exhausted him:

> If I were naturally a brilliant and copious talker, I suppose that to stay in another's house would be no strain on me. I should be able to impose myself on my host and hostess and their guests without any effort, and at the end of the day retire quite unfatigued, pleasantly flushed with the effect of my own magnetism. Alas, there is no question of my imposing myself. I can repay hospitality only by strict attention to the humble, arduous process of making myself agreeable. When I go up to dress for dinner, I have always a strong impulse to go to bed and sleep off my fatigue; and it is only by exerting all my will-power that I can array myself for the final labours.… It's a dog's life.

Again, although at no time in his life well off, he never envied the rich their style of living:

> The great English country houses are built for gods; an exaggerated conception of the human being led to their scale. It is nightmarish to think of living in those terribly big rooms.

His natural taste was for a family kind of social life, intimate and on a small scale. And his imaginative life was not of the kind that needs constant outside stimulus or even an audience. He retained the child's capacity to be happily absorbed, playing games by itself or with one other. And so, though his friends sometimes found Florence difficult, the marriage was a success. He was happy and, for him, productive:

> It is no news merely to say that I am consciously happy during sixteen hours

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out of the daily twenty-four, and unconsciously happy during the other eight; and yet that is the only news I have.... Absolutely nothing "happens." Florence and I "see" nobody.... The sun shines, and the sea shines under it, and I eat a good deal twice a day, and the camellias are just beginning to bloom, and the oranges and lemons are ripe, and I do a great deal of work.

If one says that the ladies—and the men, too—were not very important in Max's life, one means that neither his character nor his art was decisively affected by his relationships with them. The decisive events in his life had already occurred at home, long before he ever met them. Important as our childhood years are to all of us, most of us cannot become ourselves without in one way or another reacting against them. Not only did Max never rebel against the values and habits of his family; he lived happily with them until the age of thirty-eight.

By the time he was eight, the adult Max begins to be visible:

> Somehow, mysteriously, when I was eight years old or so, the soldiery was eclipsed for me by the constabulary. Somehow the scarlet and the bearskins began to thrill me less than the austere costume and calling of the Metropolitan police.... It was not the daffodils that marked for me the coming of the season of Spring. It was the fact that policemen suddenly wore short tunics with steel buttons. It was not the fall of the leaf nor the swallows' flight that signalled Autumn to me. It was the fact that policemen were wearing long thick frock-coats with buttons of copper....
>
> By the time I was eleven years old I despised the Force. I was interested only in politicians—in Statesmen, as they were called at that time.

From this interest in the clothes of others, Max soon developed, stimulated by the example of his half brother Julius, a fastidiousness about his own. He never seems to have passed through an inky-schoolboy stage (a Max with pimples is unimaginable), and by the time he was fifteen he was already a dandy:

> My new black trousers are beautifully stripey and well made, perhaps a little loose about the knee but *very* nice.... I am still wearing my flower which has lasted wonderfully.

So at fifteen. At twenty-four, we find him dressed for Sunday in "flannel coat, white waistcoat, purple tie with turquoise pin, duck trousers and straw hat" and possessing "a smoking suit of purple silk with dark red facings," and at eighty, when Mr. Behrman first met him:

> He wore a double-breasted suit of gray flannel with a primrose sheen, and

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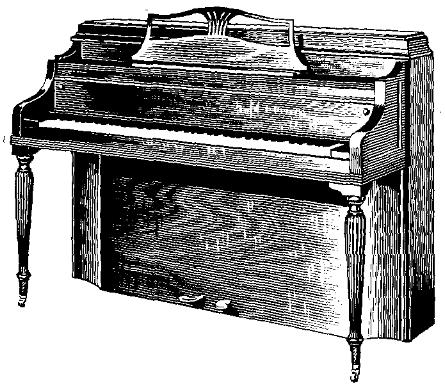

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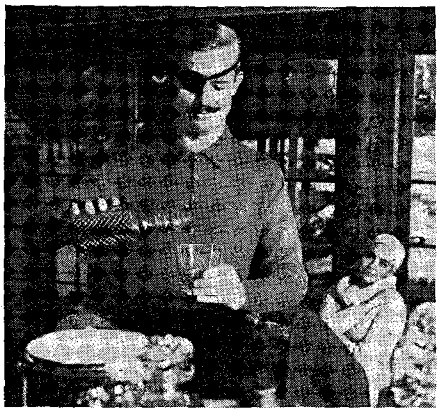

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Being one of those persons who generally look like an unmade bed, I have always felt a certain resentment when confronted by an impeccable turnout. I am therefore as delighted as I am surprised to learn that Max's was not always faultless. According to a fellow-dandy, William Nicholson, "The perfection of his toilet was occasionally marred by a missing button or a split glove."

Growing up in the society of siblings so much older than himself, his imaginative fantasies were directed very early toward grown-up life:

> I disbelieved in fairies, was not sure about knight errants, was glad to hear that the sea had been cleared of pirates and that Indians were dying out.... After dark, I was simply a man-of-the-world.... I dined at my club on chicken and cherry-tart and went to a party.... I cannot imagine what happened at the party except that I stayed late and was the guest of someone I had heard of in grown-up conversation.

A boy who on the football field wishes he were playing hunt-the-slipper and at the swimming pool looks forward to returning to the latest novel by Miss Braddon might be expected to have a hard time at his boarding school. But it was not so for Max at Charterhouse. Adolescent boys are conformists and inclined to persecute the odd individual, but only if the latter, as he usually does, shows fear; the fearlessly peculiar they leave alone and even respect. Having always at home been encouraged to be himself, Max the schoolboy had a self-confidence which made him invulnerable. He continued to draw caricatures and began also to write. In his last year at Charterhouse, he printed his first literary effort—a parody of the footnotes of Classical Scholarship of which any adult humorist could be proud. As an undergraduate, he first displayed his talent for hoaxes when he succeeded in sending no less august a personage than Professor Furnivall, the Shakespeare scholar, trotting off to the British Museum to trace down an Elizabethan heraldic device invented by Max himself. Professor Furnivall was not to be his last victim. Bernard Shaw, to mention only one, was to be bewildered:

> Max discovered a volume of photographs of Shaw in youth. Carefully he altered each for the worse; in one amplifying the nose, in another diverting the eyes into a squint. He then had these

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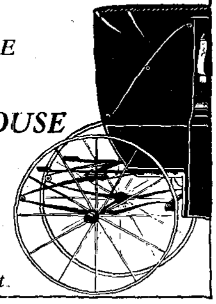

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new versions rephotographed and sent them to various friends in England accompanied by a request to post them back to Shaw along with a letter from some imaginary admirer stating that he had found the enclosed photograph of Mr. Shaw and would so much like him to sign and return it. The friends obeyed. Max was delighted to learn that as one monstrous likeness after another arrived by post, Shaw grew steadily more baffled.

Though his character and tastes were fully formed by the time he was twenty-one, it naturally took Max a little longer to find the style, visual and verbal, in which to express them. But not much longer. His first exercises in wit are modelled on Oscar Wilde's. For example:

> What is your favourite day? Tuesdays make me feel very gentlemanly, Wednesdays bring out my cleverness.... On Saturdays I am common, have you noticed that?

This was written in 1893, but four years later, in a review of a volume of verses by a Mr. Clement Scott, he has already found his own voice. After quoting a stanza by that unfortunate gentleman containing the lines "You meet me with your beauty unimpaired" and "You sit and laugh at men who loved your hair," Max gets down to work:

> It is possible that a careless reader would imagine that the lines were really addressed to some lady. We prefer to think—indeed, we are sure—that they were addressed to some seaside resort, whose identity is cunningly concealed under the pseudonym of "Violet," lest Cromer or another should wax jealous. Surely it would be rather prosaic to speak of a lady's beauty as being "unimpaired." On the other hand, if we take it that, say, Broadstairs is apostrophised, then "not built over" would be the meaning, and the phrase would be felicitous and pretty. Surely, again, no lady, worthy of the name, would sit down on a chair and guffaw at men who had loved her hair, even though their proceeding had seemed ridiculous. We are sure that the *h* in "hair" is a conversational sort of *h*, dropped in to hide a sly reference to ozone. A popular seaside resort, moreover, can afford to "laugh" at the defection of a few visitors more or less.

Similarly, while his first published caricatures show the influence of Pellegrini, the "Edwardyssey" series of 1899 could have been drawn by nobody else.

To Max, caricature was an objective art:

> When I draw a man, I am concerned simply and solely with the physical aspect of him. I don't bother for one moment about his soul.... I see all his salient points exaggerated (points of face, figure, port, gesture and vesture), and all his insignificant points proportionately dimin-

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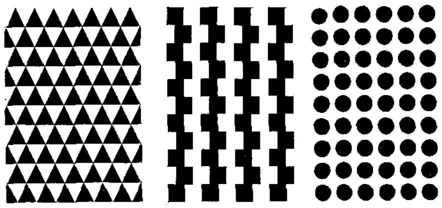
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ished.... In the salient points a man's soul does reveal itself, more or less faintly.... Thus if one underline these points, and let the others vanish, one is bound to lay bare the soul.

In literature, on the other hand, his ideal was a subjective one:

> True style is essentially a personal matter... in fact, not a mere spy-hole to things in general, but a spy-hole to things as they are reflected in the soul of the writer.... To express through printed words all the little side-lights of thought and fine shades of meaning that are in him is the task of the modern stylist; and the tricks and formalities which must be gone through in accomplishing that task carry him further and further away from his ordinary manner in colloquy.... Modern prose style is further removed from colloquialism than was the prose style of the eighteenth century, for this paradoxical reason: that colloquialism is its model.

This difference between his conceptions of the two arts, together with the fact that he began drawing as a child and started to write only in adolescence, may account for the curious contrast between his working methods in each. For caricatures he had to be in the mood, but when the mood came he drew with great rapidity and ease, almost as if in a trance. Writing, on the other hand, he always found a slow and difficult business, not only when he was faced with a journalistic chore but even when he was writing *con amore*. The initial conception of "Zuleika Dobson," for example, came to him many years before he succeeded in realizing it.

To mature so early, to be certain of one's identity, tastes, and talents at an age when most people are still floundering around, confers many blessings—a happy, contented life is practically guaranteed—but a price has to be paid for them. Biologists tell us that much of the achievement of our species may be put down to the fact that in comparison with other animals we are so slow in reaching physical maturity, and it would appear that in most fields of human activity—music and mathematics are exceptions—the greatest achievements are attained by those who, emotionally and intellectually, are late developers. The price which Max paid was that after about the year 1910 he became incapable of responding imaginatively to anything happening about him, whether in society or the arts. That he should have felt a nostalgia for the "good old days" is not unusual; anyone who has had the luck to have been born into a home where there existed love and good things to eat feels the same. And Max the man, though a Tory and at times a frightened one,

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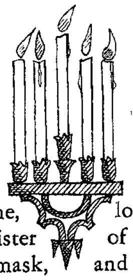

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was too intelligent and too just to become a Colonel Blimp:

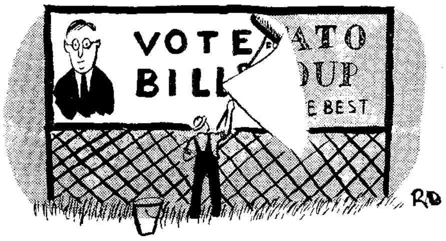
> Where are all the gentlefolk of the world gone to? Not a sign of them in London (barring in the private houses one went to). Not a sign of them in the train or on the boat or anywhere. Only this rabble of dreadful creatures—who aren't of course dreadful at all, except from the standpoint of a carefully-brought-up person who remembers the days when enjoyment of life was a thing reserved for a few other carefully-brought-up persons.

What is peculiar is that in his thirties Max should as an artist have ceased to be able to transmute his current experiences into art. Another kind of caricaturist might have agreed with him that the notables of the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds were easier to draw:

> They walked, and they walked slowly, so you could observe them. There were whiskers without mustaches and mustaches without whiskers.... Men wore beards of different shapes and different cuts; they wore their hair in varied styles; and they took much more care about their dress, and there were so many *ways* of dressing.

But another kind of artist would have felt the clean-shaven, uniform, and informal figures of the younger generation as a challenge, and studied them until he had learned how to bring out their comic points.

For many of us, some of our most important "new" experiences are discoveries about the hitherto unknown past. Max's favorite authors in his youth were Thackeray, the early George Meredith, the later Henry James. That he should have found few younger authors to add to his list is less strange than his apparent inability to add any older ones. More seriously, he never learned to see the experiences which did matter to him in any light but that in which he had first seen them. Consequently, if one compares two drawings or two books of his, it is almost impossible, on the evidence of the works themselves, to date them. Despite this lack of development, his work doesn't "date," as one would expect, and as the work of so many of his contemporaries does. If one asks why this should be so, the answer



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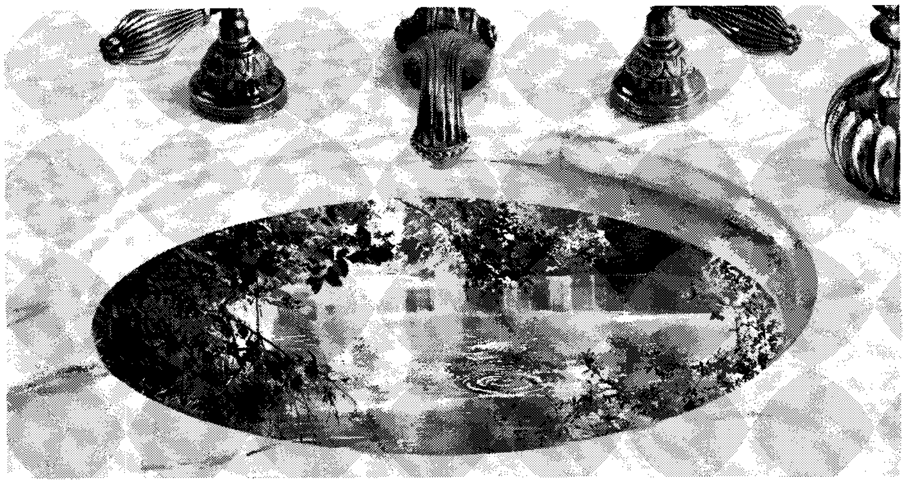

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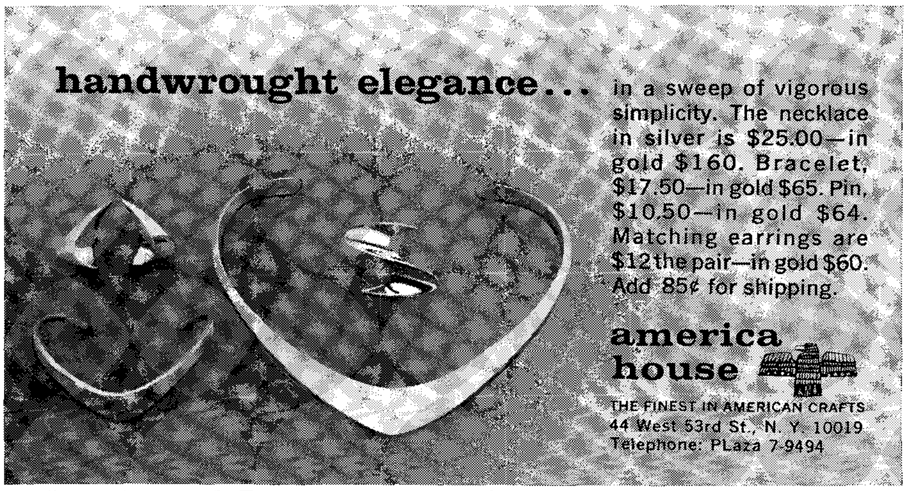

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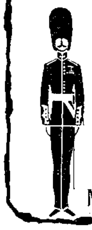

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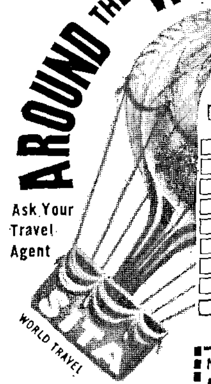

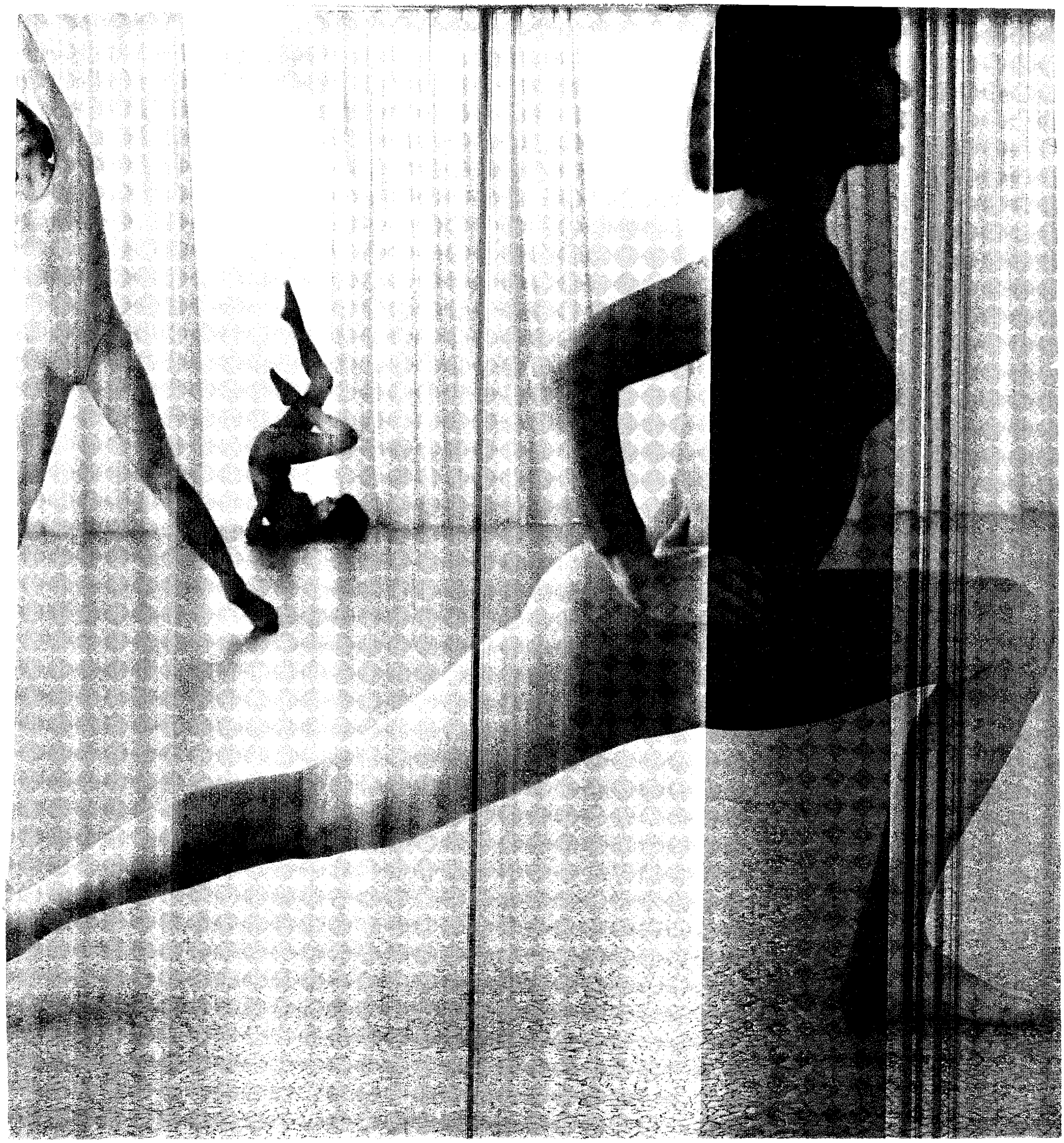

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nover. Hips, however, take some time to
e removed; so, for diversion, move head
rom side to side and examine closely the
ntricacies of the small, individual vinyl
hips in the Montina Corlon floor be-
eath you. See if you can find any two
like in coloring, size or shape.

**The midriff stretch.** Waists, too, are slow to become waspish. To avoid boredom during this exercise, there's a little game you can play called "Find The Seam In The Montina." It's more challenging than you'd suspect. Montina comes in rolls six feet wide, you see, so there are almost no seams.

**The lunge.** Tones the muscles, makes double chins—and sometimes consciousness—disappear. To keep from passing out, concentrate on the way the light dances along Montina's nubbly surface. No, your eyes aren't playing tricks. It's just Montina Corlon's surface texture. Or is it your blood pressure? Steady now.

or your free sample of Montina Vinyl Corlon write Armstrong, 6510 Payne Rd.,
ancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 105-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.

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